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September
1916

Everybody's Magazine

ERNEST POOLE

Begins a Gripping Story of the City

"HIS FAMILY"

BOOTH TARKINGTON

A Laugh that Centers around a Hyphen

"BRUDIE'S PICKLE"

PERRITON MAXWELL

Some Folks You Know—Done in Ink and Mud

HOLWORTHY HALL

The Love-God Takes a Tough Trench

"FIRST-HAND"

The All-Round Magazine
Fifteen Cents

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"My Muvver told me CREAM OF WHEAT
Would make me big and fat –
Now, how much will I have to eat
To grow as big as *that?*"

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Everybody's Magazine
Number Three September 1916 Volume xxxv

HIS FAMILY

By

ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Harbor," etc.

Illustrations by Balfour Ker

ALL during its life EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has from time to time published stories and articles by Ernest Poole—all marked by a modern view-point, and by a fresh and individual style. Last year Mr. Poole published his first long story—"The Harbor"—and won for himself high place among the country's novelists. "The Harbor" was probably the most important book of 1915. In the novel which begins here serially Mr. Poole has done a story even bigger and better. It is a story of a father and three daughters in the midst of the modern city's conflicting currents; a story tense with emotion, alight with vision, vitally interesting from the very start.—THE EDITOR.

HE WAS thinking of the town he had known. Not of *old* New York—he had heard of that from old, old men, when he himself had still been young and had smiled at their garrulity. He was thinking of a *young* New York, the mighty, throbbing modern town to which he had come long ago as a lad from the New Hampshire mountains.

A city of pulsing energies, a place of turbulent thoroughfares, the crack of whips, the clatter of wheels; a town of teeming offices, of enterprise, adventure, youth, the center of a boundless land. A port of commerce with

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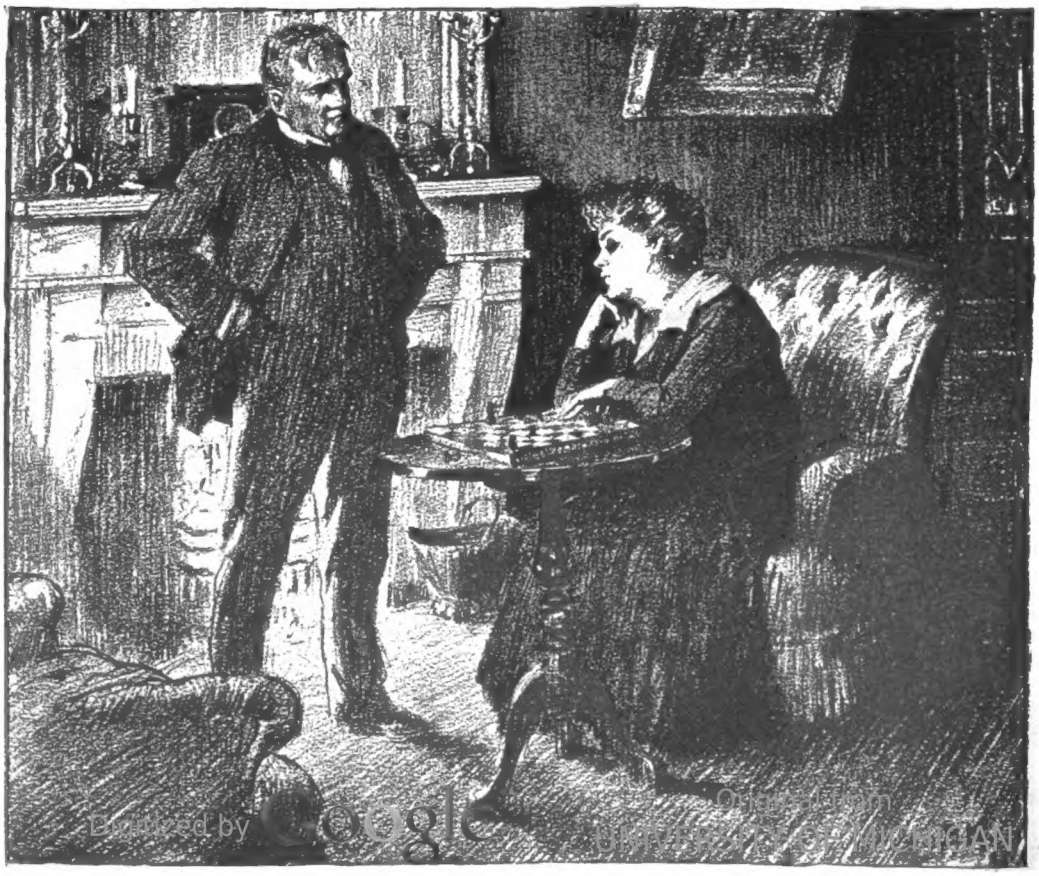
the world, of ships with snowy, spreading sails. A fascinating pleasure town, with throngs of eager travelers hurrying from the ferry-boats and rolling off in hansom cabs to the huge hotels on Madison Square. A city where American faces were to be seen upon all its streets, a cleaner and a kindlier town, with more courtesy in its life, less of the vulgar scramble, the savage strife for power and wealth.

A city of houses, separate homes, of quiet streets with rustling trees, with people on the door-steps upon warm summer evenings, and groups of youngsters singing as they came trooping by in the dark. A place of music and romance. At the old opera-house down-town, on those dazzling evenings when he had been an usher there for the sake of hearing the music, as he had shown people to their seats how the rich joy of being alive, of being young, of being loved, had shone out of women's eyes! Shimmering satins, dainty gloves and little jeweled slippers, shapely arms and shoulders, vivacious movements, nods and smiles, swift glances, ripples, bursts of laughter, an exciting hum of voices. Then silence, sudden darkness, and music, and the curtain—the great curtain slowly rising . . . . The city in which he had been young and had seen youth on every side. Youth and beauty, love and dreams, warm, thrilling aspirations.

But all that had passed away.

Roger Gale was a rugged, heavy man, not quite sixty years of age. His broad, massive features were already deeply furrowed, and there were two great flecks of white in his hair. He lived in a narrow, red-brick house down on the lower west side of the town, in a neighborhood swiftly changing. His wife was dead. He had no sons, but three grown daughters, of whom the oldest, Edith, had been married many years. Laura and Deborah lived at home, but they were both out this evening. It was Friday, Edith's evening, and as was her habit she had come from her apartment up-town to dine

BY THE WAY SHE WAS PLAYING THE GAME HE SAW HOW OLD SHE THOUGHT HIM.



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with her father and play chess. In the living-room, a restful place, with its lamplight and its shadows, its old-fashioned high-back chairs, its sofa, its bookcases, its low marble mantel with the gilt mirror overhead, they sat at a small oval table in front of a quiet fire of coals. And through the smoke of his cigar Roger watched his daughter.

Edith had four children, and was soon to have another. A small, demure woman of thirty-five, with light soft hair and clear blue eyes, and limbs softly rounded, the contour of her features was full with approaching maternity, but there was a decided firmness in the lines about her little mouth. As he watched her now, her father's eyes, deep set and gray, and with signs of long years of suffering in them, displayed a grave, whimsical wistfulness. For by the way she was playing the game he saw how old she thought him. Her play was slow and absent-minded, and there came long periods when she did not play at all. Then she would recall herself and look up with a little affectionate smile, that showed she looked upon him as too heavy with his age to have noticed her little lapses.

HE WAS grimly amused at her attitude, for he did not feel old at all. With that whimsical hint of a smile that had grown to be a part of him, he tried various moves on the board to see how far he could go without interrupting her reveries. He checkmated her, then relit his cigar and waited until she should notice it. And when she did not notice, gravely he moved back his queen and let the game continue. How many hundreds of games, he thought, Edith must have played with him in the long years when his spirit was dead, for her now to take such chances. Nearly every Friday evening for nearly sixteen years.

HIS LOVE OF LIFE HAD BEEN BRED ON A FARM UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Before that, Judith, his wife, had been here. It was then that the city had been young, for to Roger it had always seemed as though he were just beginning life. Into its joys and sorrows, too, he had groped his way as most of us do, and had never penetrated deep. But he had meant to, later on. When in his busy city days distractions had arisen, always he had promised himself that sooner or later he would return to this interest or this passion, that life still lay before him with its enthralling interests, its beauties and its pleasures, its tasks and all its puzzles, intricate and baffling, all some day to be explored.

This love of life and this deep zest had been bred in his boyhood on a farm up in the New Hampshire mountains. There his family had lived for many generations. And from the old house, the barn and the mill, from animals, grown people, and still more from other boys, from the meadows and the mountain above with its cliffs and caves and forests of pine, young Roger had discovered, even in those early years, that life is rich, abundant, with countless glad beginnings.

At seventeen he had come to New York. There had followed hard struggle in lean years, but his rugged health had buoyed him up. And there had been genial friendships and dreams and explorations, a search for romance, the strange glory of love, a few furtive ventures that left him dismayed. But though love had seemed sordid at such times it had brought him crude exultations. And if life had grown more and more obscure, it had been somber only in patches, the main picture dazzling still.

And still he had been just making starts. He had ventured into the business world, clerking now at this, now at that, and always looking about him for some big opportunity. It had come and he had seized it, despite the warnings of his friends. What a wild adventure it had been—a bureau

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of news clippings! But he had been sure that here was growth, he had worked at it day and night, and the business, widening fast, had revealed vast ramifications that went winding away into every phase of American life.

Then had come his marriage. Judith's family had lived long in New York, but some had died and others had scattered until only she was left. This house had been hers, but she had been poor, so she had leased it to some friends. It was through them he had met her here, and within a few weeks he had fallen in love. He had felt profound disgust for the few wild oats that he had sown, and in his swift reaction he had overworshiped the girl, her beauty and her purity, until in a delicate way of her own she had hinted that she, too, was human and a passionate lover of life, in spite of that quiet voice of hers, and those demure and sober eyes.

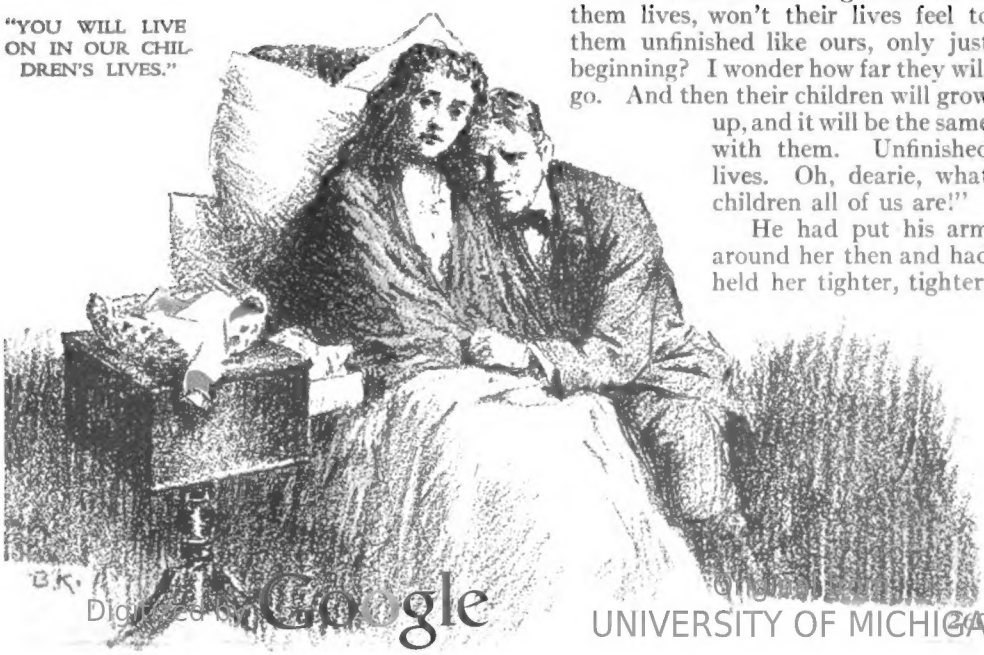
And what beginnings for Roger now, what a piling up of intimate joys, surprises, shocks of happiness. There had come disappointments, too, sudden severe little checks from his wife that had brought him occasional questionings. This love had not been quite all he had dreamed, this woman not so ardent. He had glimpsed couples now and then that set him to imagining more consuming passions. Here again he had not explored very deep. But he had dismissed regrets like these with only a slight reluctance. For if they had settled down a bit, their love had grown deeper, wider, and they had looked happily far ahead. What a woman she had been for plans!

It had not been all smooth sailing. There had come reverses in business, and at home one baby, a boy, died. But on they had gone and the years had swept by until he had reached his forties. Absorbed in his growing business and in his thriving family, it had seemed to Roger still as though he were just starting out.

But one day, quite suddenly, the house had become a strange place to him with a strange, remote figure in it, his wife. For he had learned that she must die. There had followed terrible weeks in a world of stark realities. Then Judith had faced their disaster. Little by little she had won back the old intimacy with her husband, and through the slow but inexorable progress of her ailment, again they had come together in long talks and plans for their children. At this same chess-board, in this room, repeatedly she would stop the game and, smiling, she would look into the future. At one such time she had said to him:

"I wonder if it won't be the same with the children as it has been with us. No matter how long each one of them lives, won't their lives feel to them unfinished like ours, only just beginning? I wonder how far they will go. And then their children will grow up, and it will be the same with them. Unfinished lives. Oh, dearie, what children all of us are!"

He had put his arm around her then and had held her tighter, tighter.



"YOU WILL LIVE ON IN OUR CHILDREN'S LIVES."

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And, feeling the violent trembling of her husband's fierce revolt, slowly bending back her head and looking up into his eyes she had continued steadily:

"And when you come after me, my dear, oh, how hungry I shall be for all that you will tell me. For you will live on in our children's lives."

And she had asked him to promise her that.

But he had not kept his promise. For after Judith's dying, in a long, slow agony, he had felt himself terribly alone, with eternity around him, his wife slipping far away. And the universe had grown strange and hard, impersonal, relentless, cold. A storm of doubts had attacked his faith. And though he had resisted long, for his faith in God had been as the mountains of New England, in the end it had been swept away, and with it he had lost all hope that either for Judith or himself would there be any life beyond the grave. So death had come to Roger's soul.

Nights by the thousand here alone. Like a gray, level road in his memory now was the story of his family.

WHEN had his spirit begun to awaken? He could not tell, it had been so slow. His second daughter, Deborah, who had stayed at home with her father when Laura had gone away to school, had done little things continually to rouse his interest in life. Edith's winsome children had attracted him when they came to the house. Laura had returned from school, a joyous creature, tall and slender, with snapping black eyes; and he had caught glimpses of her life. One day in the early afternoon as he entered the house there had burst on his ears a perfect gale of laughter, and peering through the portières he had seen the dinning-room full of young girls—a crew as wild as Laura herself. Hastily he had retreated up-stairs. But he had enjoyed such glimpses. He had liked to see her fresh, pretty gowns, and to have her come in and kiss him good night.

Then had come a sharp, heavy jolt. His business had suffered from long neglect, and suddenly for two tense weeks he had found himself facing bankruptcy. Edith's husband, a lawyer, had come to his aid and together they pulled out of the hole. But he had been forced to mortgage the house. And this had brought to a climax all the vague feelings of guiltiness that had so long been stirring within him over his failure to live up to the promise he had made his wife.

And so Roger had looked at his children.

And at first, to his profound surprise, he had it forced upon him that these were three grown women, each equipped with her own peculiar feminine traits and desires, the slow accumulations of lives that had expanded, while his own spirit had been dead, in a tumultuous city that had reared to the very skies in the many years of his long sleep.

But very slowly, month by month, he had gained a second impression, which seemed to him deeper and more real. To the eye they were grown women all, but inwardly they were children still, each groping blindly and hungrily into life for her happiness, no one of them getting very far, each held back as he had been either by checks within herself or by the distractions of the town. He saw each of his daughters, parts of himself. And now he remembered what Judith had said: "You will live on in our children's lives." And he began to get glimmerings of a new immortality, made up of generations, an endless succession of other lives extending into the future.

Some of all this he remembered now, in scattered fragments here and there. Then from somewhere in the distance a great bell began booming the hour, and it roused him from his reverie. He had often heard the bell of

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late. A deep-toned intruder on his life, it had first struck in upon his attention something over two years ago; and he had found that it was on the top of a tower a little to the north, one of the highest pinnacles of that tumultuous modern town, the city of his children's lives. But the bell was not tumultuous, it was measured, slow, and solemn, and as he listened it seemed to say: "There is still time, but you have not long."

Edith, sitting opposite him, looked up at the sound with a stir of relief. Ten o'clock. It was time to go home. "I wonder what's keeping Bruce," she said. Bruce was still in his office down-town. As a rule, on Friday evenings, he came with his wife to dinner here, but this week he had some new business on hand. Edith was vague about it. She said that Bruce was working too hard, and her father grunted assent.

"Bruce ought to knock off every summer," he said, "for a good solid month, or better two. Can't you bring him up to the mountains this year?" He referred to the old New Hampshire home which he had kept as a summer place. But Edith smiled at that idea.

"Yes, I could bring him," she replied, "and in a week he'd be perfectly crazy to get back to his office."

Then as they talked of summer plans, she knitted her brows a little. It was hard in her planning not to be sure whether her new baby would come in May or early June. It was only the first of April now. While she talked her father watched her. He liked her quiet fearlessness in facing the ordeal ahead. Into the bewildering city he felt her searching anxiously to find good things for her children, to make every dollar count, to keep their little bodies strong, to guard their hungry little souls from many things she thought were bad. Of all his daughters, he told himself, she was the one most like his wife.

While she was talking Bruce came in. Rather small, of a slender, wiry build, his bright, kindly smile of greeting did not conceal the fine, tight lines about his mouth and between his eyes. His sandy hair showed streaks of gray, although he was not quite thirty-eight, and as he lit a cigarette his right hand twitched a little.

Bruce Cunningham had married just after he left law school. He had worked in a big law office which took receiverships by the score, and through managing these bankrupt concerns, by slow degrees he had made himself a financial surgeon. Three years ago he had set up an office of his own, and

LAURA'S EYES BRIMMED WITH AMUSEMENT OVER BOTH HER VICTIMS, BUT AT LAST SHE HAD COMPASSION AND TOOK MRS. SLITTOM OUT OF THE ROOM.

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was already doing splendidly. But he worked under fearful tension. Bruce had to deal with bankrupts who had barely closed their eyes for weeks, men half out of their minds from the strain, the struggle to keep up their heads in those angry waters of finance which Roger vaguely pictured as a giant whirlpool. He liked to hear Bruce's stories of business, when Edith would let her husband talk. But this she would not often do, for she said Bruce needed rest at night. She reproved him now for staying so late; she wrung from him the fact that he'd had no supper.

"Well, Bruce," she exclaimed impatiently, "now isn't that just like you? You're going straight home—that's where you're going——"

"To be fed up and put to bed," her husband grumbled good-naturedly. And he turned to his father-in-law: "What do you think's my latest?" he asked, and he gave a low chuckle that Roger liked. "Last week I was a brewer; to-day I'm an engineer," he said. "Can you beat it? A building contractor! Me!" And in terse, quick sentences he explained how a huge steel-construction concern had gone to the wall, through "building sky-scrapers on spec," and outstripping even the growth of New York. "They got into court last week and the judge handed me the receivership. He and I have been chums for years. He has hay-fever—so do I."

"Come, Bruce, I'm ready now," said his wife.

"I'VE been in their office all day," he went on. "Their general manager was stark mad. He broke down and cried like a babbling fool. He'll be in Matteawan in a week——"

"You'll be there yourself if you don't come home," broke in Edith's voice impatiently.

"And out of that poor devil, and out of the mess his books are in, I've been learning engineering!"

He had followed his wife out on the steps. He turned back with a quick, appealing smile: "Well, good night, old chap; see you soon."

"Good night, my boy," said Roger. "Good luck to the engineering."

"Oh, father dear," cried Edith, from the taxi down below. "Remember supper, Sunday night!"

"I won't forget," said Roger.

He watched them start off up the street. The night was soft, refreshing, and the place was quiet and personal. The house was one of a dozen, some of red brick and some of brown stone, that stood in an uneven row on a street but a few rods in length, one side of a little triangular park enclosed by a low iron fence, inside of which were a few gnarled trees and three or four park benches. On one of these benches his eye was caught by the figure of an old woman there, and he stood a moment watching her, some memory stirring in his mind.

Occasionally somebody passed. Otherwise it was silent here. But even in the silence could be felt the throes of change; the very atmosphere seemed charged with drastic things impending. Already the opposite house line had been broken near the center by a high apartment building; and another, still higher, rose like a cliff just back of the house in which Roger lived. Still others, and many factory lofts, reared shadowy bulks on every hand. From the top of one an enormous sign, a corset pictured forth in lights, flashed out at regular intervals; and from farther off, high up in the misty haze of the night, could be seen the gleaming pinnacle where hour by hour that great bell slowly boomed the time away. Yes, here the old was passing. Already the tiny parklet was like the dark bottom of a pit, with the hard,

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HE WAS THINKING OF THE TOWN HE HAD KNOWN—THE MIGHTY, THROBBING MODERN TOWN TO WHICH HE HAD COME LONG AGO AS A LAD FROM THE NEW HAMPSHIRE MOUNTAINS

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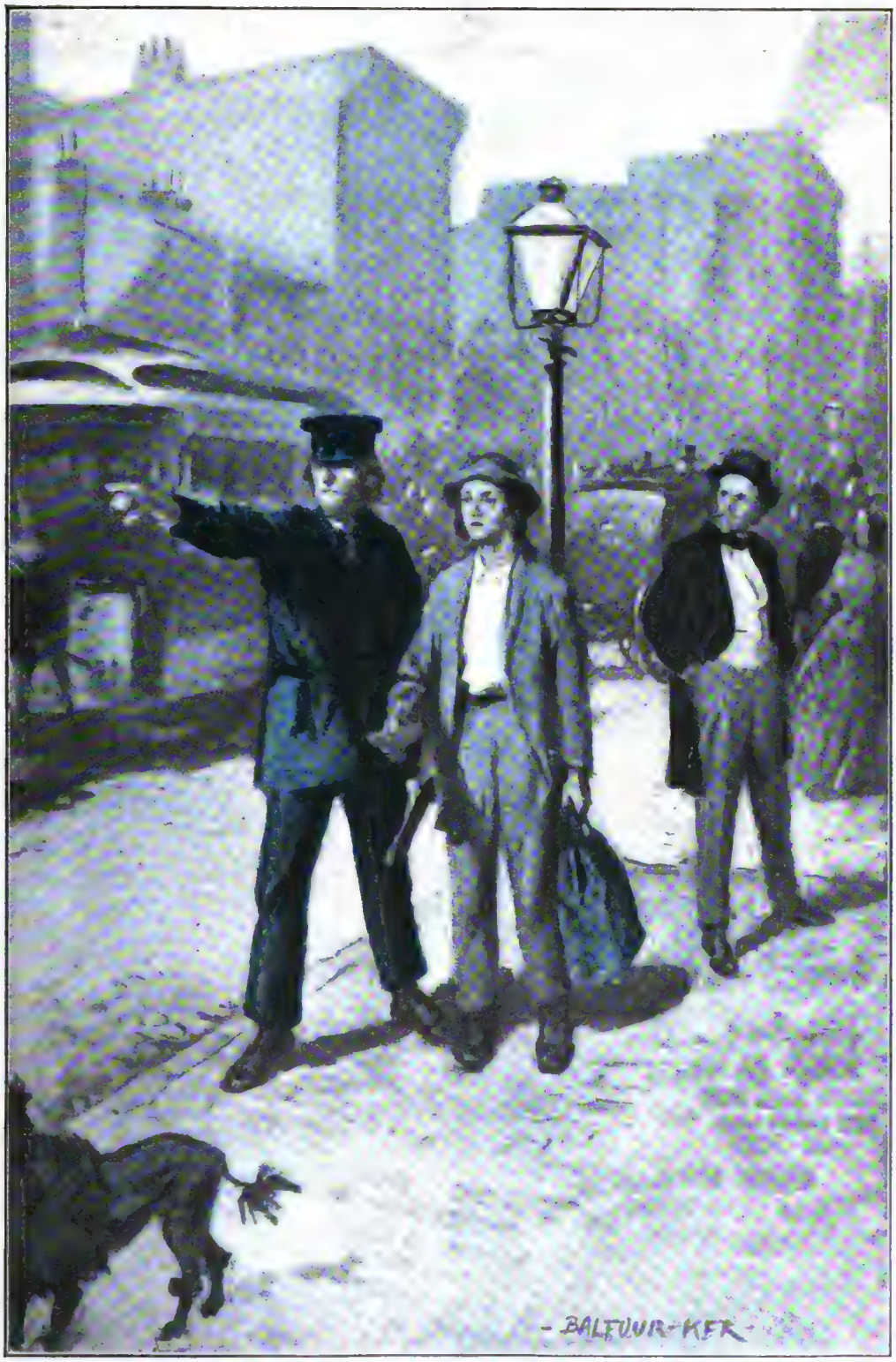

A FASCINATING PLEASURE TOWN, WITH THRONGS OF EAGER TRAVELERS HURRYING FROM THE FERRY-BOATS—A CLEANER AND A KINDLIER TOWN.

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sparkling modern town towering on every side, slowly pressing, pressing in, and glaring down with yellow eyes.

But Roger noticed none of these things. He watched the old woman on the bench and groped for the memory she had stirred. Ah, now at last he had it. An April night long, long ago, when he had sat where she was now, while here in the house his wife's first baby, Edith, had begun her life. Slowly he turned and went inside.

CHAPTER TWO
Deborah.

HIS hearing was extremely acute. Though the room where he was sitting now, his study, was at the back of the house, he heard Deborah's key at the street door, and he heard the door softly open and close.

"Are you there, dearie?" Her voice from the hallway was low; and his answer, "Yes, child," was in the same tone, as though she were with him in the room. This keen sense of hearing had long been a peculiar bond between them. To her father, Deborah's voice was the most distinctive part of her, for often as he listened the memory came of her voice as a child—unpleasant, hurried, and stammering. But she had overcome all that. And the voice she had acquired, with its deep magnetic quality, its clear and easy articulation, was to him an expression of Deborah's inner self, her growth. As she took off her coat and hat in the hall, she said, in the same low tone as before:

"Edith has been here, I suppose."

"Yes."

"I'm so sorry I missed her! I tried to get home early, but it has been a busy night."

Her voice sounded tired, comfortably so, and she looked that way as she came in. Though only a little taller than Edith, she was of a sturdier build and more decided features. Her mouth was large, with a humorous droop, and her face rather broad, with high cheekbones. As now she put her soft black hair up over her high forehead, her father noticed her birthmark, a faint curving line of red running up from between her eyes. It showed when she was tired. With none of her sister's prettiness, she was still far from homely, and could be fascinating when she chose, for the magnetism in her voice was felt in Deborah's face as well, in its eager, fearless expression and in her smiling, challenging eyes, as she told of small human happenings in the big school in the tenements where she had taught for many years, or stories she had culled from the papers, gossip of the teeming town. She gave herself hard, without stint, to her work, but she had such a good time through it all. She had a way, too, he reflected, of always putting things in their place. As now she came in and kissed him and sank back on his leather lounge with a long, tranquil breath of relief, she seemed to be dropping school out of her life.

Roger picked up his paper and continued his reading. Presently they would have a talk, but first he knew that she wanted to lie still for a little while. Vaguely he pictured her work that night, her class-room packed to bursting with small Jews and Italians, and Deborah at the blackboard with a long pointer in her hand. The fact that for the last two years she had been the principal of her school had made little impression upon him.

And meanwhile, as she lay back with eyes closed, her mind, still taut from the evening, called up no simple class-room, but far different places, one after the other in swift succession—a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall, where she had just been speaking, some schools that she had visited out in

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IN SPITE OF THAT STORM WHICH HAD SWEPT AWAY HIS FAITH, THE FEELING HAD COME TO HIM OF LATE THAT SOMEWHERE, IN SOME MANNER, HE WAS TO MEET HIS WIFE AGAIN.

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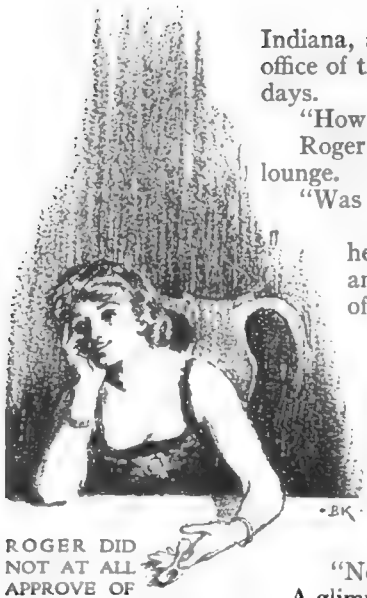

ROGER DID NOT AT ALL APPROVE OF LAURA'S LIPS.

Indiana, a block of tenements far down-town, and the private office of the mayor. For her school had long, curious arms these days.

"How did Edith seem to-night?" she asked her father presently.

Roger finished what he was reading, then looked over to the lounge. "Oh, about the same," he answered.

"Was Bruce here?"

"Yes, he came in late." And Roger went on to tell her of Bruce's "engineering." At once she was interested and plied him with quick questions, for Deborah was fond of Bruce.

"Has he bought that automobile he wanted?"

"No. Edith said they couldn't afford it."

"Why not?"

"This time it's the dentist's bills—young George's teeth being straightened."

"Poor Georgie," Deborah murmured. George, who was Edith's oldest and the worry of her days, was Roger's favorite grandson. "Has he been bringing home any more sick dogs?"

"No, this time it was a rat—a white one," Roger answered. A glimmer came into his eyes. "He brought it home the other night. He had on a pair of ragged old pants."

"What on earth——"

"He had traded his new pair of pants for the rat."

"No! Oh, father! Really!"

"His school report," said Roger, "was quite as bad as ever."

"Of course it was!" said Deborah. "Do you know what we're going to do some day? We're going to put the rat in the school! We're going to take a boy like George and study him till we think we know just what interests him most. And if in his case it's animals, we'll have a regular zoo in school. And for other boys we'll have other things that they really want to know about. And we'll keep them in school until five o'clock—when their mothers will have to drag them away!"

Her father looked bewildered. "But arithmetic, my dear."

"You'll find they'll have learned their arithmetic without knowing it," Deborah answered.

"Sounds a bit wild," murmured Roger. Again to his mind came the picture of hordes of little Italians and Jews. "My dear, if I had *your children* to teach, I don't think I'd add a zoo," he said. And with a breath of discomfort he turned back to his reading. He knew that he ought to question her, to show an interest in her work. But he had a deep aversion for those millions of foreign tenement people, always shoving, shoving upward through the filth of their surroundings. They had already spoiled his neighborhood, they had flowed up like an ocean tide. And so he read his paper, frowning guiltily down at the page.

He glanced up abruptly and saw Deborah smiling across at him, reading his dislike of such talk. The smile which he sent back at her was half apologetic, half an appeal for mercy. And Deborah seemed to understand. She went into the living-room, and there at the piano she was soon playing softly. Listening from his study, again the feeling came to him of her deep and abundant vitality. He mused a little enviously on how it must feel to be strong like that, never really tired.

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And while her father thought in this wise, Deborah at the piano, leaning back with her eyes half closed, could feel her tortured nerves relax, could feel her pulse stop throbbing so, and the dull, heavy aching over her eyes little by little pass away. She played like this so many nights. Soon she would be ready for sleep.

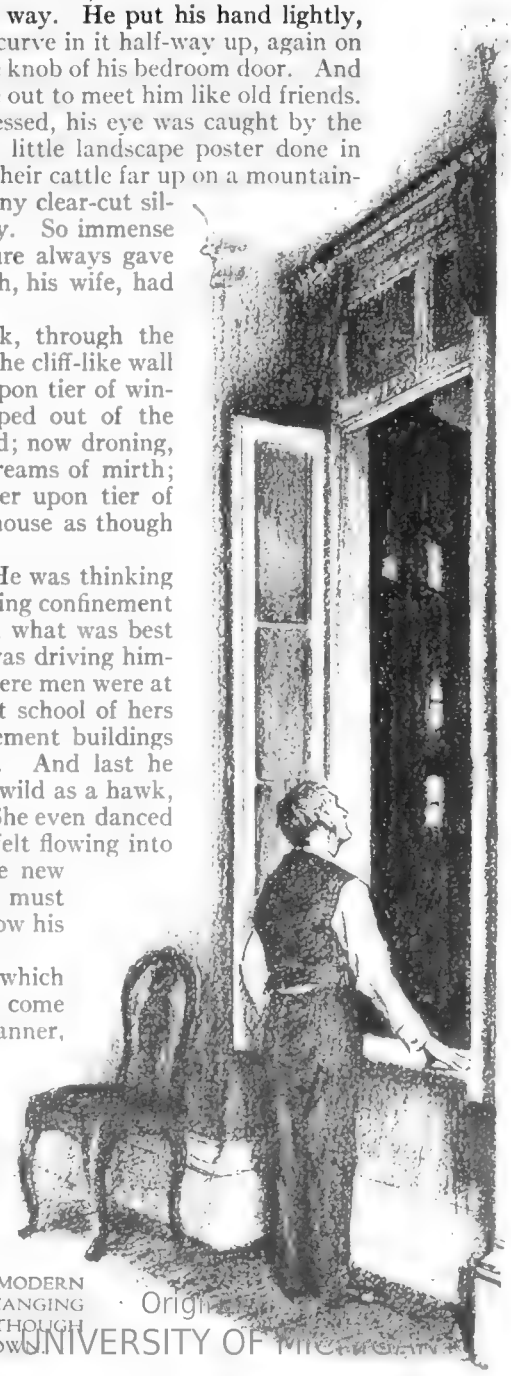
After she had gone to bed, Roger rose heavily from his chair. By long habit he went about the house trying the windows and turning out lights. Then he came to the front door. There were double outer doors with a ponderous system of locks and bolts and a heavy chain. Mechanically he fastened them all; and putting out the light in the hall, in the darkness he went up the stairs. He could so easily feel his way. He put his hand lightly, first on the foot of the banister, then on a curve in it half-way up, again on the sharper curve at the top, and last on the knob of his bedroom door. And it was as though these guiding objects came out to meet him like old friends.

In his bedroom, while he slowly undressed, his eye was caught by the picture upon the wall opposite his bed, a little landscape poster done in restful tones of blue, of two herdsmen and their cattle far up on a mountainside in the hour just before the dawn, tiny clear-cut silhouettes against the awakening eastern sky. So immense and still, this birth of the day, the picture always gave him the feeling of life everlasting. Judith, his wife, had placed it there.

From his bed, in the room now dark, through the window close beside him he looked up at the cliff-like wall of the new apartment building, with tier upon tier of windows from which murmurous voices dropped out of the dark; now soft, now suddenly angry, loud; now droning, sullen, bitter, hard; now gay, with little screams of mirth; now low and amorous, drowsy sounds. Tier upon tier of modern homes, all overhanging Roger's house as though presently to crush it down.

But Roger was not thinking of that. He was thinking of his children's lives—of Edith's approaching confinement and all her anxious groping about to find what was best for her family, of Bruce and the way he was driving himself in that unnatural world down-town where men were at each other's throats, of Deborah and that school of hers in the heart of a vast, foul region of tenement buildings swarming with strange, dirty little urchins. And last he thought of Laura, his youngest daughter, wild as a hawk, gadding up-town, the Lord knew where. She even danced in restaurants! Through his children he felt flowing into his house the seething life of this strange new town. And drowsily he told himself he must make a real effort, and make it soon, to know his family better.

For in spite of that storm of long ago which had swept away his faith, the feeling had come to him of late that somewhere, in some manner, he was to meet his wife again. He rarely tried to think this out, for as soon as he did it became a mere wish, a hungry longing, nothing more. So he



TIER UPON TIER OF MODERN HOMES, ALL OVERHANGING ROGER'S HOUSE AS THOUGH PRESENTLY TO CRUSH IT DOWN

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had learned to let it lie, deep down inside of him. Sometimes he vividly saw her face. After all, who could tell? And she would want to know of her children. Yes, he must know them better.

Suddenly he remembered that Laura had not yet come home. With a sigh of discomfort he got out of bed and went down-stairs, relit the gas in the hallway, unfastened the locks and the chain at the door. Then he came back and was soon asleep. He must have dozed for an hour or two. He was roused by hearing the front door close and a big motor thundering. And then like a flash of light in the dark came Laura's rippling laughter.

CHAPTER THREE

Laura Breaks the News.

ON THE next evening, Saturday, while Roger ate his dinner, Laura came to sit with him. She herself was dining out. That she should have dressed so early in order to keep him company had caused her father a little surprise, and a faint suspicion entered his mind that she had overdrawn at the bank. Her manner certainly was a bit strange.

But Roger put the thought aside. Whatever she wanted, Laura was worth it. In a vague, tingling fashion he felt what a glorious time she was having, what a dazzling town she knew. It was hard to realize that she was his own daughter, this dashing stranger sitting here, playing idly with a knife and caressing him with her voice and her eyes. The blue evening gown she was wearing to-night made her figure even more supple and lithe, set off her splendid shoulders, her slender neck, her creamy skin. Her hair, worn low over her temples, was brown, with just a tinge of red. Her eyes were black, with gleaming lights; her lips were warm and rich, alive.

He did not at all approve of her lips. Once, when she had kissed him, Roger had given a little start and his heart had jumped into his throat. For his daughter's lips were rouged, and they had reminded him of his youth. He had asked her sister to speak to her. But Deborah had told him she did not care to speak to people in that way.

All very well, he reflected, but somebody ought to take Laura in hand. She had been like a light in the sober old house, fascinating while she disturbed him. He liked to hear her high-pitched voice, now gossiping in Deborah's room, now in her own dainty chamber chatting with the adoring maid who was dressing her to go out. He loved her laugh. And he would have missed her from the house as he would have missed Fifth Avenue if it had been dropped from the city. For the picture Roger had formed of this daughter was more of a symbol than of a girl; a symbol of the ardent town—spending, wasting, dancing mad. It was Laura who had kept him living right up to his income.

"Where are you dining to-night?" he asked.

"With the Raymonds." He wondered who they were. "Oh, Sarah," she added to the maid. "Call up Mrs. Raymond's apartment and ask what time is dinner to-night."

"Are you going to dance later on?" he inquired.

"Oh, I guess so," she replied. "On the Astor Roof, I think they said."

Roger went on with his dinner. These hotel dances, he had heard, ran well into Sunday morning. He hesitated uneasily. "I don't especially care for this dancing into Sunday," he told his daughter bluntly. For a moment he did not look up from his plate. When he did, he saw her smiling at him, affectionately and rather amused.

"Oh, do you mind? I'm sorry. I won't, after this," she answered.

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And Roger colored angrily, for the glint of amusement in Laura's lustrous deep-black eyes revealed quite unmistakably that she regarded both her father and his feeling for the Sabbath as very dear and quaint and old. Old? Of course he seemed old to *her*, Roger thought indignantly. For what was Laura but a child? But he determined then and there to show her he was in his prime. He began by talking to her about books, books of the most modern kind. Stoutly he lied and said he was reading a certain Russian novel of which he had heard Deborah speak. But Laura had never heard of the book.

"I get so little time for reading," she murmured. And meanwhile she was thinking: "As soon as he finishes talking, poor dear, I'll break the news."

Then Roger had an audacious thought: He would take her to a play, by George! Mustering his courage, he led up to it by telling her of a play which Deborah had seen, a full-fledged modern problem play, all centered upon the right of a woman "to lead her own life." And as he outlined the story, he saw he had caught his daughter's attention. As she sat with her head on one hand, watching him and listening, she appeared much older now, and she seemed suddenly close to him.

"How would you like to go with me and see it some evening?" he inquired.

"See what, my love?" she asked him, and he looked at her in astonishment.

"That play I've just been speaking of!"

"Why, daddy, I'd love to!" she exclaimed.

"When?" he asked. And he fixed a night. He was proud of himself. Eagerly he began to talk of opening nights at Wallack's. Roger and Judith, when they were young, had been great first-nighters there. And now it was Laura who drew him out, and as he talked on she seemed to him to be smilingly trying to picture it all. "Now I'd better tell him," she thought.

"Do you remember Harold Sloane?" she asked a little strangely.

"No," replied her father, a bit annoyed at the interruption.

"Why—you've met him two or three times."

"Have I?" The queer note in her voice made him look up sharply. Laura had risen from her chair.

"I want you to know him—very soon." There was a moment's silence. "I'm going to marry him, dad," she said. And Roger looked at her blankly. He felt his limbs beginning to tremble. "I've been waiting to tell you when we were alone," Laura added awkwardly. And then, still staring up at her, he felt a rush of tenderness and a pang of deep remorse. Laura in love and settled for life! And what did he know of the affair? What had he ever done for her? Too late! He had begun too late! And this rush of emotion was so overpowering that while he still looked at her blindly she was the

AT WASHINGTON SQUARE HE CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF A MOTOR-BUS.

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first to recover her poise. She came around the table and kissed him softly on the cheek. And now more than ever Roger felt how old his daughter thought him.

"Who is he?" he asked hoarsely.

And she answered, smiling, "A perfectly nice young man named Sloane."

"Don't, Laura—tell me! What does he do?"

"He's in a broker's office—junior member of the firm. Oh, you needn't worry, dear, he can even afford to marry *me*." There was a ring at the front door. "There he is now, I think," she said. "Will you see him?"

"See him? No!" her father cried.

"But just to shake hands," she insisted. "You needn't talk or say a word. We've only a moment, anyway." And she went quickly out of the room. Roger rose in a panic and strode up and down. Before he could recover himself she was back with her man, or rather her boy—for the fellow, to her father's eyes, looked ridiculously young. Straight as an arrow, slender, his dress-suit irreproachable, the chap nevertheless was more than a dandy. He looked hard, as though he trained, and his smooth and ruddy face had a look of shrewd self-reliance. So much of him Roger fathomed in the indignant cornered glance with which he welcomed him into the room.

"WHY, good evening, Mr. Gale—glad to see you again, sir!" Young Sloane held out his hand. Roger took it and muttered something. For several moments, his mind in a whirl, he heard their talk and laughter and his own voice joining in. Laura seemed enjoying herself, her eyes brimming with amusement over both her victims. But at last she had compassion, kissed her father gaily, and took her suitor out of the room.

Soon Roger heard them leave the house. He went into his study, savagely bit off a cigar, and gripped his evening paper as though he meant to choke it. A few moments later he came to his senses and found himself smoking fast and hard. He heartily damned this fellow Sloane for breaking into the family and asking poor Laura to risk her whole life—just for his own selfish pleasure, his whim! Yes, "whim" was the very word for it! Laura's attitude, too! Did she look at it seriously? Not at all! Quite plainly she was seeing life as one long Highland fling and dance, with this Harry-Boy as her partner. Whom had he danced with in his past? The fellow's past must be gone into, and at once, without delay!

Here, indeed, was a jolt for Roger Gale, a pretty shabby trick of Fate. This was not what he had planned; this was a little way life had of jabbing a man with surprises. For months he had been slowly and comfortably feeling his way into the lives of his children, patiently, conscientiously. But now, without a word of warning, in popped this young whipper-snapper, turning the whole house upside down! Another young person to be known, another life to be dug into, and with pick and shovel too! The job was far from pleasant. Would Deborah help him? Not at all. She believed in letting people alone. A devilish easy philosophy! Still, he wanted to tell her at once, if only to stir her up a bit. But Deborah was out to-night. Why must she always be out, he asked, in that infernal zoo school? But no, it was not school to-night. She was dining out in some café with a tall, lank doctor friend of hers. Probably she was to marry *him!*

"I'll have that news for breakfast!" said Roger grimly to himself, and he smote his paper savagely. Why couldn't Laura have waited a little? Restlessly he walked the room. Then he went into the hall, took his hat and a heavy stick, which he used for his night rambles, and walked off through

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the neighborhood. It was the first Saturday evening of spring, and on those quiet down-town streets he met couples strolling by. A group of young Italians passed, humming "Trovatore," and it put him in mind of the time when he had ushered at the opera. Would Laura's young man be willing to usher? More like him to *tango* down the aisle!

He reached Washington Square feeling tired but even more restless than before. He climbed to the top of a motor-bus, and on the lurching ride up-town he darkly reflected that times had changed. He thought of the Avenue he had known, with its long lines of hansom cabs, its dashing broughams and coupés with jingling harness, liveried footmen, everything sprucely up to date. How the horses had added to the town. But they were gone, and in their place were these great cats, these purring motors, sliding softly by the bus. Roger had swift glimpses down into lighted limousines. In one a chap had a girl in his arms. Lord, how he was hugging her! Laura would have a motor like that, kisses like that, a life like that. She was the kind to go it hard. He looked down at the huge shop-windows, softly lighted with displays of bedrooms richly furnished, of gorgeous women's apparel, of silks and lacy, filmy stuffs. And to Roger, in his mood of anxious premonition, these bedroom scenes said plainly: "Oh, come, all ye faithful wives. Come let us adore him, and deck ourselves to please his eye, to catch his eye, to hold his eye! For marriage is a game these days!"

Yes, Laura would be a spender, a spender and a speeder too. How much money had he, that chap? And, damn him, what had he in his past? How Roger hated the very thought of poking into another man's life! To-night they were dancing, he recalled, not at a party in somebody's home, but in a public restaurant where girls of her kind and fancy women gaily mixed together! How mixed the whole city was getting, how mad and strange, the city of his children's lives crowding in upon him!

CHAPTER FOUR

Family Councils.

HE BREAKFASTED with Deborah late on Sunday morning. He had come down at the usual hour despite his long tramp of the previous night, for he wanted to tell her of Laura's affair and talk it all out before Laura came down. And so, as he waited and waited, and still Deborah did not come, Roger grew distinctly annoyed; and when at last she did appear, his greeting was perfunctory:

"What kept you out so late last night?"

"Oh, I was having a very good time," said Deborah contentedly. She poured herself some coffee. "I've always wanted," she went on, "to see Laura really puzzled—downright flabbergasted. And I saw her just like that last night."

Roger turned with a jerk of his head. "You and Laura—together last night?"

"Exactly—on the Astor Roof." At his look of astonishment she smiled. "Well, why not?" she asked him. "I'm quite a dancer down at school. And last night with Allan Baird—we were dining together, you know—he proposed that we go somewhere and dance. He's a perfectly awful dancer. and so I held out as long as I could. But he insisted and I gave in, though I much prefer the theatre."

"Well!" breathed Roger, and then he said, "I suppose you know what you're about."

"Oh no, I don't," she answered. "I never know what I'm about. If you always do, you miss so much. You get into a solemn habit of trying

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nothing till you're sure. But to return to Laura. As we came gaily down the room we ran right into her, you see. That's how Allan dances. And when we collided, I smiled at her sweetly and said, 'Why, hello, dearie—you here, too?' " And Deborah sipped her coffee. "I have never believed that the lower jaw of a well-bred girl could actually drop open. But Laura's did. With a good strong light, Allan told me, he could have examined her tonsils for her. Rather a disgusting thought. You see, until she saw me there, poor Laura had me so thoroughly placed—my school-marm job, my tastes and habits, everything, all cut and dried. She has never had time to come to my school, and in all the talks we've ever had there has always been some perfectly good and absorbing reason why we should talk about Laura alone."

"There is now," said Roger glumly. He was in no mood for tomfoolery.

His daughter saw it and smiled a little. "What is it?" she inquired.

And then he let her have it. "Laura wants to get married."

Deborah sharply caught her breath. "Which one?" she asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Tell me! Is it Harold Sloane?"

"IT IS."

"Oh, dad." She sank back in her chair.

"What's the matter with Sloane?" he asked. At the look in her eyes he was dismayed.

"Oh, nothing, nothing—it's all right—" He waited, but she said no more.

"He has money enough, apparently—and they'll spend it like March hares."

"What did she tell you?" Deborah asked.

"Not very much. If she had, she would have been late to her dinner," Roger answered gloomily. Deborah pressed her questions, and he gave her brief replies. "What shall we do about it?" he asked.

"Nothing—until we know something more."

Roger eyed her fiercely. "Why don't you go up and talk to her then?"

"She's asleep yet——"

"Never mind if she is! If she's going to marry a chap like that and ruin her life, it's high time she was up for her breakfast!"

While he scanned his Sunday paper he heard Deborah in the pantry. She emerged with a breakfast tray and he saw her start up to Laura's room. She was there for over an hour. And when she returned to his study he saw that her eyes were shining. How women's eyes will shine at such times, he told himself in annoyance.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Better leave her alone to-day," she advised. "Harold is coming some night soon."

"What for?" asked Roger savagely.

"To have a talk with you," she said.

Her father smote his paper. "What did she tell you about him?"

"Not much more than she told you. His parents are dead—but he has a rich widowed aunt in Bridgeport who adores him. They mean to be married the end of May. She wants a church wedding, bridesmaids, ushers—the wedding-reception here, of course——"

"Oh, Lord!" breathed Roger dismally.

"We won't bother you much, father dear——"

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"You *will* bother me much," he retorted. "I propose to be bothered a lot! I'm going to look up this fellow Sloane——"

"But let's leave him alone for to-day." She bent over her father compassionately. "What a night you must have had!"

Roger looked up grimly. "You like all this!" he grunted. "You, a grown woman, a teacher, too."

"I wonder if I do," she said. "I guess I'm a queer person, dad, a curious family mixture—of Laura and Edith and mother and you, with a good deal of myself thrown in. But it feels rather good to be mixed, don't you think? Let's stay mixed as long as we can—and keep together the family."

That afternoon, to distract him, Deborah took her father to a concert in Carnegie Hall. She had often urged him to go, of late, and despite his liking for music Roger had refused before, simply because it was a change. But why balk at going anywhere now, with Laura up to such antics at home?

"Do you mind climbing up to the gallery?" Deborah asked as they entered the hall.

"Not at all," he answered curtly. He did mind it very much, and as they made the slow ascent, pettishly he wondered why Deborah must always be climbing to queer places. But when they reached the top at last, Roger had to agree with her that the scene was indeed dramatic. She had seated him far down in the front of the great gallery, over at the extreme right, and from here they could look back and up at a huge dim arena of faces. As the symphony started below, these faces all grew motionless.

And now, as the music cast its spell, Roger's imagination began to work upon this scene. He saw many familiar American types. He felt he knew what they had been doing on Sundays only a few years before. After church they had eaten large Sunday dinners. Then some had napped and some had walked and some had gone to Sunday-school. At night they had had a cold supper, and after that some had gone back to church; while others, as in Roger's house in the days when Judith was alive, had gathered around the piano for hymns. Young men callers, friends of their daughters, had joined in the family singing. He could almost hear from somewhere the echo of "Abide with Me."

BUT over this memory of a song rose the surging music of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique." And the storm of human passions, of yearnings and fierce hungers in this tumultuous music swept all the hymns from Roger's mind. Once more he watched the gallery, and this time he became aware that more than half were foreigners. Out of the mass from every side individual faces met his eye, grew distinct for the moment, swarthy, weird eyes staring hungrily into space. And to Roger the whole shadowy place, the very air, grew pregnant, charged with all these inner lives bound together in this mood, this mystery that had swept over them all, immense and formless, baffling, this furious demanding and this blind wistful groping, which for many, many years, ever since his wife had died and he had lost his faith in God, had been his own turbulent inner life. What was the meaning of it all if life was nothing but a start, if there was nothing but the grave?

"You will live on in our children's lives."

He glanced around at Deborah. Her eyes were grave, deep, shining wells. Was *she* so certain, so serene? "What do I know of her?" he asked. "Little or nothing," he sadly replied. And he tried to piece together from things that she had told him, her life as it had passed him by, her work in that

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strange tenement world. Had she always been so sure? Had there been no questionings, no sharp disillusionments? There must have been. He recalled irritabilities, small acts and exclamations of impatience, boredom, "blues." And suddenly, as he watched her now, he was sure that her life had been like his own. Despite its different setting, its other aims and visions, it had been a mere beginning, a feeling for a foothold, a search for light and happiness. And Deborah seemed to him still a child.

THEY went to Edith's for supper.

The Cunninghams' apartment was upon the upper west side. It was not the part of town that Edith would have chosen, for nearly all the nice people she knew lived east of the park. But rents were somewhat lower here—she could get more space for the money; and there was at least an abundance of fresh air for her family. Edith had found that her life was full of these perplexing decisions. It was all very simple to resolve that her children be old-fashioned, normal, wholesome, nice. But then she looked into the city—into schools and kindergartens, clothes and friends and children's parties, books they could read.

And through it all, to her dismay, she felt conflicting currents, clashes between old and new. She felt New York. And anxiously she asked herself, "What is old-fashioned? What is normal? What is wholesome? What is nice?" So she had groped her way along.

When her father and Deborah arrived, her day was already close to its end. For the children would soon begin going to bed; and once the children were all asleep, nothing much happened in Edith's home. Placidly, while Bob and Tad romped about the living-room, she asked Roger and Deborah where they had been. And when she heard they had gone to a concert on Sunday, though this was far from old-fashioned and something she would not have done herself, it did not bother her half so much as the fact that Hannah, the Irish nurse, had slapped little Tad that afternoon. She had never known Hannah to do that before. Could it be that the girl was tired or sick? Perhaps she needed a few days off.

"I must have a talk with her," Edith thought, "as soon as father and Deborah go."

Roger always liked to come here. Say what you would about Edith's habit of keeping too closely to her home, the children to whom she'd devoted herself were a fine, clean, happy lot. Here were new lives in his family, glorious fresh beginnings, he thought, as he sat on the floor with her three boys, watching the patient efforts of George to harness his perturbed white rat to Tad's small wagon.

George was a lank, sprawling lad of fourteen, all legs and arms and elbows, with rumpled hair and freckled face, a quick bright smile and nice brown eyes, frank, simple, understandable eyes. All but one of Edith's children were boys, and boys were a blessed relief to a man who had three grown-up daughters.

And while Roger watched them, with a gentle glow of anticipation he waited for what should follow, when, as had been already arranged, Deborah should break to her sister the news of Laura's engagement. And he was not disappointed. The change in Edith was something tremendous. Until now so quietly self-absorbed and oblivious to the presence of outsiders in her life, at the news that one of them was to be married instantly she was all alert.

Sitting there in the midst of her children and facing a time of agony

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now only a few weeks ahead which would add one more to her family, Edith's face grew flushed and radiant as she exclaimed:

"What a perfectly wonderful thing for Laura! Now, if only she can have a child!"

Her questions followed thick and fast, and with them her thoughts of what should be done. Bruce must look up this suitor at once. Bruce demurred stoutly but without avail. She eagerly questioned her sister as to Laura's plans for the wedding, but plainly she considered that Deborah was no woman to give her the full information she wanted. She must see Laura herself at once.

For though she had thoroughly disapproved of the gay helter-skelter existence of her youngest sister, still Laura was now to be married, and this made all the difference.

Just before Roger and Deborah left, Edith drew her father aside, and with a curious look of concern and pity in her eyes, she said: "I'm so sorry I sha'n't be able to help you with the wedding, and make it the dear old-fashioned kind that mother would have wanted. Of course there's Deborah; she'll be there. But her head is so full of new ideas. I'm afraid she may find the house rather a burden after Laura has gone away."

And this gave him a deep shock of alarm. "So she thinks that Deborah will find the housekeeping too hard," he reflected anxiously. And as he walked home with his daughter, he kept glancing at her face, which for all its look of quiet had so much tensity beneath. She had packed her life so full of ideas. What if she wanted to give up their home? "She'll try, of course, she'll try her best—but she'll find it too much of an added strain." And again he felt that sickening dread. Deborah said nothing. He felt as though they had drifted apart.

And that night in his bed, as Roger stared up at that beetling cliff of apartment windows just outside, drearily he asked himself how it would feel to live like that. Here in this house his wife had lived from the days when she had been a child, here he had met her and fallen in love, here they had lived and planned and dreamed, and here their children had been born.

"You will live on in our children's lives."

Suppose they should ask him to give up the house!

The next instalment of ***"His Family"*** *will appear in the October number.*

BOYS WERE A BLESSED RELIEF TO A MAN WHO HAD THREE GROWN-UP DAUGHTERS.

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POSITIVELY THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN MUD

You Know Them All!

Modeled and Writ by Perriton Maxwell

IT'S his jaw that does it. And you can read into that declaration either the literal or the slang interpretation, as you please.

Every man is dominated by some one of his physical characteristics. Physiognomists and phrenologists to the contrary notwithstanding, people are governed by their own noses, or impelled by the penetration of their own eyes, or swayed by the insistence of their own close-fitting or aviating ears; some are pushed forward in the world by the kind of a brow that is said to beetle.

With our President, the jaw rules the man. It's a wonderful projection; solid, adamant, abnormal in its architecture, yet suavely molded. It's a jaw all the more amazing in a nation of men conspicuous for aggressive

PORTRAIT NUMBER ONE

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chins and rigid jowls. The Wilson jaw has carried its owner through the labyrinths of higher mathematics, over the crags of petty collegiate politics, and landed him first on top of a gubernatorial stool and then inside the White House. Ever since that fortuitous event the jaw has wagged the jawee in and out of a thousand difficulties; difficulties of a kind no President of these United States has had to face since Lincoln's day.

The Wilsonian inferior maxillary is better than its anatomical definition; it rises above it, overshadows it, as the dome of the nation's Capitol overshadows the gentleman from Pickle Corners or the Solon from Shake Rag. Reduce the dimensions of that gristly facial foundation and you have only the schoolmaster; shove back its overhang and there's nothing left but bookworm; add another half inch of bone or outward thrust to it, and you get the pugnacity that leads early in life to the prize-ring.

Hyphenates, peace-bargainers, ardent Teddyites, and little hearstikins hate this jaw; it stands in their way, blocking the road of their selfish traffic like a granite boulder. Snorting demagogues and political demi-mondaines have tried to uppercut this jaw, and got a broken hand for their pains. You might as well slap the stone face of the great Egyptian Sphinx and expect to see it wince, as to attack the Wilson jaw in the hope of disturbing its rigidity. Congress knows the jaw, Bryan knows it, Germany and Mexico know it.

And now people are wondering if the jaw is big enough, liked enough, to get its possessor a second election to the Presidency. Probably Hughes has a jaw strong enough to compete with it, but nobody knows what the Judge's jaw is like because he hides the light of his countenance under a bushel of whiskers. We all know the Rooseveltian jaw—know it for a square, aggressive one; but it pales in the presence of the world's most remarkable dental exhibit. Anyhow, win or lose, the Wilson jaw will go down into history, an inverted monument of sound Americanism, a cutaneous Bunker Hill of determination, a dermal Declaration of Independence.

PORTRAIT NUMBER TWO.

SIX FEET from the ground he carries a mental mechanism that works with the cold precision of a chronometer. He is the soul of logic, the mentor of method, exactitude in a top-hat. His repute has been that of a congealed personality, aloof, silent, a bit baronial in manner. But his blue-gray eyes filmed with the surge of his emotion when they told him of his unsought nomination for the Presidency. And he has since exposed, with perfectly human abandon, a set of strong, square teeth amid the jungle of his beard; that guffaw, permanentized by the camera head-hunters of the press, will constitute a campaign asset.

Big of bone, put together like an old town pump, he is neither lank nor beefy. He has in him the complex strain of five nationalities: England gave him his reserve, Ireland his caustic tongue, Scotland his canny foresight, Holland his phlegm, America his ambition. To these you may add a Puritan conscience and a Baptist rigidity of moral view-point. Religion is real to Charles Evans Hughes.

His recreations are golf and Epictetus. His dissipations are Euclid, his family, a mechanical piano-player, and the swashbuckling fancies of the elder Dumas. But he can swim, and differentiate the two ends of a boat. He hates with masculine, native fervor all hyphenates, bunk statesmen, and piffling politicians. He believes in the high cost of patriotism, and the economic value of dreadnoughts. If luck and the people are with him on

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PORTRAIT NUMBER TWO

Election Day, he may later find himself the chief instrument of the longed-for peace pact of war-torn Europe. A steadfast Republican all his days, he wears no party shackles, yields no covert servitude to private interests. He may be an animated icicle; he is not a conciliatory Judas.

Twice Governor of New York State, he smashed the precedents of that office, blasted some dear old traditions, refused to be ruled by gumshoe advisers, and nailed up the back-stairs entrance to his business reception-room. He let the daylight into the Executive Mansion and threw out the grafters. He is not a "holier than thou" person, but a "good as you are" aristocrat. Many people hate him for his self-sufficiency; many like him for the lone hand he plays. He made an ideal Judge sitting in the country's highest tribunal and realizing, in the flesh, the popular conception of a superman dispensing with stern, uncompromising, impersonal stoniness the last word in law—Justice supreme in pants.

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He is a good fighter. He wins by sheer intellectual force. His most engaging public fight was with the race-track gamblers and their Albany hirelings; he ran over them like a train of cars. His more spectacular collision with the life-insurance companies of New York made him nationally conspicuous; he tore down the defenses of his antagonists like the onsweep of a glacier. His record as a prober into business irregularities, coupled with Roosevelt's indorsement from Washington, placed Hughes at the civic head of his state. He buried his opponent, William Randolph Hearst, with a plurality of 57,897 votes.

One vivid and historic thing he has achieved in this year of grace and turmoil: he has resurrected the whimsical whisker as a fee simple and appurtenance general of Presidential aspiration. True, he has cut down somewhat the bush of his countenance since his nomination. But enough of the Hughes herbaceous fringe remains for the sport of cartoonists. From Lincoln to Garfield the beard held sway in the White House. Will the renaissance of fimbriated facial decoration begin with the next administration? The Hughes plumage is of rare and arborescent wealth, a generous and flocculent frieze worthy the seers and prophets of old. If there is Samsonian virtue in hair and wisdom in a beard, the Republican nominee is, above all men of the hour, the most virtuous and wise. We may yet see

PORTRAIT NUMBER THREE

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emblazoned on our seal of state a pair of mustachios rampant, with mossy chin-curtains couchant, gules, a brace of sideburns on a field of floss, and the motto

Facies non omnibus una,

which, loosely Englished, may read "Few of us have the same kind of a mug."

But the big question of the moment is: Has Hughes a greater claim upon the suffrages of the American people by very reason of his ornamental façade, than Wilson shamelessly shorn and standing barefaced before the nation? Will Democracy, brazenly denuded, triumph over Republicanism, modestly shrouded in a portière hirsute? This is the throbbing problem which six million voters will have to solve next November.

PORTRAIT NUMBER THREE.

A NECK like a nail-keg, set on concrete shoulders always squared for combat; bullet-headed, close-cropped, mustached like a mandarin—he is a trousered catapult in a seventeen collar. Thick-lipped, his mouth is less than a shroud and more than a veil for his triumphal army of teeth, champing ivory heralds of torrential talk, an onrush of words which to-day may sting the nation into hot resentment and to-morrow win its whole-hearted approval.

His voice, intended by nature to be a fatal handicap, wallops your tympanum like the well-known rasping of a file across the belly of an old iron pot. But when the sentient engine behind the broad, squat brow has been at its work five minutes, you begin to enjoy the man's tenor vibrations. Restless as a grand marshal on St. Patrick's morn, goggled like a Vanderbilt Cuppist, his eyes, electric, needle-pointed, are glued on the future with great, hard gobs of the stick-fast stuff called Ambition. If you were given to talking under your breath you would say to yourself: "Here is personified Success! I know it by the way it wears its thumbs in its armpits!"

Born among the ideal rich, this man is a choice potpourri of Puritan, pugilist, and policeman. He has the golden gift of winning steadfast friendships and the easy ability of embrewing bitter and lasting enmities; his right hand knoweth not whom his left foot kicketh. A zealot in patriotism, he dines on jingo pudding, sups on civicism, and devours with every meal a hearty half-portion of standard 36 x 54 non-fade, all-bunting, double-hemmed American flags, with halyards. He lays in his annual supply of Old Glory along with his coal and wood. You can never swoop down on him unexpectedly and find *his* ice-chest lacking a nice platter of Stars and Stripes snuggled right up alongside the beer and celery.

"Masticate the national emblem and you assimilate the first principles of patriotism," says he. "The only way to solve American problems is to swallow American emblems," is his ringing avowal. And he knows—this national banner epicure—he knows.

Fierce in his antipathies, lusting for political knight-errantry, he is Hotspur and Don Quixote with a leavening lump of Dutch insensibility. His impatience of chicanery romps hand in hand with a schoolboy's disregard of consequences. He is dauntless, he is Fabian, he is mingled dynamite and taffy. Put him back six centuries and he will be fighting the Big Business Barons of his day or chartering a galleon in search of El Dorado.

Dogged in his determination, a glutton for printers' ink, he is buoyant in defeat, a perfect stranger to rancor, and scornful of self-pity. The pigeon-hearted and smock-faced are his especial abomination. But wag a truculent forefinger in front of his stubborn nose, cry "Wilson" three times or "Bryan" once, or let him whiff the acrid odor of battle—*any* battle—

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and he is in the whirling dust of it, slashing about with his verbal scimitar to the mortal hurt of both combatants and bystanders, every head a bloody objective and every minute of the scrimmage a holy, sweating joy.

A centaur in puttees, a viking in buckskin and Stetson; soldier, hunter, author, stump-speaker, vivid, spoiled, meddlesome—he is a compound of cowboy and preacher, a peace advocate with a Winchester over his right shoulder and a .45 Colt's slapping his thigh as he harangues the crowd on preparedness and the virtues of the simple life. With all his frailties of bursting courage and red precipitation, he remains a hard-headed logician, a keen analyst of history. Call him what you will, sneer at him, damn him, praise him, put him in limbo, and he remains the essential masculine, the cardinal homo, an upstanding, megaphoning ego; an American from heel to pate, *the* American—Theodore Roosevelt.

SOMETHING over two decades ago he was a stable-boy in Naples. He swabbed down horses and swept out their stalls, and he sang at his work. His boss was the Count di Bari; his specific job that of under stud-groom. He had a single consuming ambition—to be one of Di Bari's postilions, wear a scarlet-and-gold tail-coat, and ride ahead of the Count's bedizened coach. To this exalted position he never attained. He was too fat and clumsy; the Count told him so.

PORTRAIT NUMBER FOUR

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But Enrico Caruso, heavy of heart, went right on working and singing—always singing. He has been singing ever since; though to-day there is no stable—only the Diamond Horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera-House. His wage has been increased; it is $2,500 a night now—the actual not the advertised rate. His life-story is a fairy-tale out of Perrault, but his fame is no fairy-tale; neither is his bank-roll, safely deposited near his home in Florence, out of reach of the United States income-tax collector.

A boy of ten, Caruso sang in the choir of his parish church. There he served eight years. Then came his stable career, and then his apprenticeship to a mechanic. His day's work done, he took instruction from a Florentine music master—a humble man, who later became puffed up over the glory of his pupil. Enrico paid what he could for these vocal lessons—and it wasn't much. But Destiny was at work for him, and the great golden voice that was to turn every note into a dollar, grew in richness, in volume, more plastic, more wonderful, each day. He continued to earn his macaroni by the sweat of his brow. Then Opportunity, acting up to its well-known method, sidled along and thrummed a dithyrambic on his door-panel, and he made his début at the Nuovo Theatre, in Naples.

That was in 1894. He is still stout, though no longer clumsy, and he wears an effulgent smile always—a smile that advertises financial ease and self-approval. Nature gave him a unique set of vocal chords, and with these he has caroled his way into the hearts and pocket-books of half the globe. He is some Caruso.

PORTRAIT NUMBER FIVE.

"THE world is better for his having lived!" Few men truly deserve that bromidic tribute, favorite aphoristic flourish of unimaginative toastmasters and tame funeral eulogists. One man, an American, it fits like his skin. World-famed, he is wholly unmindful of his own importance. No man living has achieved more lasting results for humanity's good with the equipment of a fine brain and one capable pair of hands. When he, too, passes into the shade, no street in the civilized world will be without his monument, and none but the homes of abject poverty without some symbol of his far-reaching genius.

In the nation's archives there are recorded against his name a round thousand of his realized dreams, for this man is a poet who weaves his vagrom fancies into commercially solid and highly profitable merchandise; a necromancer who, with bubbling caldron and enchanted wand and the splendid sorcery of science, has caused the dark byways of the earth to be illumined with mechanical suns. He has subjugated to his will Time, Space, and the Elements. He has wrought awesome miracles that once would have brought him, untried, to the fiery fate of witches.

Born in poverty, he wears the mantle of a monarch; a plain, old man, he is revered throughout the planet. At sixty-nine his average day's work would leave most youngsters fagged unutterably. Simple in his needs, monk-like in his habits, he is tireless, sleepless, a-brim with natural courtesy, careless of dress, a cheerful, optimistic sage.

Watch him at his work. The world is asleep. A storm rages outside the big, bare room. Profoundly isolated is that loose figure, the white head bent over a rude table strewn with shining bits of metal, with coils of wire, with fat-bellied bottles holding strange liquids. For hours the white head has bobbed about within the circle of a single suspended electric lamp, green-shaded. Darkness everywhere and silence; only the round spot of illumination on the crude table, only the tinkle of a glass stopper

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being thrust back into the neck of a bottle, the crisp clink of metal

The white head stops bobbing for a moment, the strong eyes are fixed on the bubbling contents of a glass retort. Outside, the wind throws a clump of earth against the laboratory window-pane. The white-haired man is not even conscious that it is storming. He wrinkles his forehead and purses his lips. He is not pleased with the dance of the little atom-devils inside the retort. He turns down the tiny flame under the simmering bulb. He adds something from one of the fat bottles. He toys with a strip of copper as the little atom-devils begin a new and livelier dance. He takes down a well-thumbed book and turns to a page of formulas.

Somewhere back in the factory gloom a sonorous clock strikes three. The white-haired one is very deaf; besides, it would not interest him to know the hour. He is putting into actuality one of his dreams. We may not know what it is—not yet, not until it is a perfect realization. Probably there is a fortune brewing in the retort; probably a revolution is being born in the industrial world to the liliputian cavortings of the atom-devils.

Suddenly the thread of flame is turned off, there is a faint hissing sound as a hot liquid is poured into a shallow earthen bowl. The liquid is deftly run into a metal tube, to one end of which is attached a covered wire; the wire leads to a small battery on a ledge of the window that is being bombarded with wind and rain. Little clicking sounds, a spray of tiny sparks,

PORTRAIT NUMBER FIVE

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a pungent odor, a brighter, broader light. What is it all about? Who knows? Only one man: the man with the white hair; and he has turned to a near-by desk, switched on a flood of lights, and is jotting down figures and half-words on a large sheet of ruled paper, absorbed in his thoughts and his calculations—the master who never ceases to be the student, the Thor of invention, a modern Columbus forever seeking new wonderlands in the uncharted seas of induction and experiment.

To have achieved a single utility such as bears his name would have placed the average ingenious man upon the pedestal of popular acclaim. But the mold of him was irrevocably scrapped when Nature summoned Thomas A. Edison into being.

PORTRAIT NUMBER SIX

A THUNDER-CLOUD for background, and with five million mummers to do his bidding, the author-stage-manager of the world's most spectacular drama was ready, after long years of rehearsal, to give the fateful word, "Ring up the curtain."

And up it rolled, two years ago this August. For audience the imperial producer of the piece had all the people of the earth, and the plot involved the safety and the sanity of Europe. Clad in white and gold—the symbols of peace and prosperity—the premier entertainer of our day stood in the wings, his demeanor calm, but his eyes alight with the hope of success. His signal given, the action began, first with a mighty marching of the mummers, all clad in gray, amid the crashing reverberations of a thousand earthquakes. The story was a simple one, the theme fascinating beyond description, though as old as the thoughts of man; but the vastness of this piece overshadowed everything that had been staged before.

Watching the action, one saw millions of stalwart men put away from them the cherished things of life—their home ties, their ambitions, their futures, their arts and sciences, their businesses, their love of existence. And to their motive they gave the name of patriotism.

Then the gray millions mingled confusedly with other millions in drab and in blue, and together the seething human mass went down, row after row of them, ground into the mire, tortured with inconceivable pain, victims of more kinds of strange, new physical disaster than the most learned doctors could have imagined; everywhere death in its most hideous distortions, disintegration beyond belief, terror in twisted limbs, and God's own images turned in a twinkling into horrid, bleeding Things.

The play went on, absorbing the world's attention, holding it spell-bound. And yet this fearsome, palpitant performance evoked but little applause, produced no laughter—this side of hell.

To-day the author-stage-manager, no longer in white and gold, but pale with his responsibility, still moves behind the scenes; the feverish mimes, greatly reduced in number, are still working out the tragic masque. But the earth-audience has become restless, a little resentful over the monotony of the long-drawn-out show.

And on this horrific presentation called "war," while many of its humble figurants curse it as they die, the author-stage-manager can not now let fall the curtain if he would; the actors have taken the play into their own hands; the prompt-book has been

THE AUTHOR'S OWN IDEA OF HIMSELF—IN MUD.

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tossed aside as worthless; the maddened mummers have swarmed over the footlights and have filled the auditorium. It matters not to them that civilization stands still, that wives and mothers, the very young and the very old, are perishing by thousands, of hunger, of exposure, of broken hearts and shattered minds. It is all part and parcel of the military masterpiece, the spectacular "hit" of all histrionics.

And what of the author-stage-manager? His fame will pass on to posterity along with that of Cæsar, of Alexander, of Napoleon. Some day, where or how no one may now predict, this tragic harlequinade of many acts, this play of one setting and a too continuous story, will come to a sudden close. What, then, is to be the reception accorded the regnant dramatist who launched the piece? Shall we wreathe his worried brow with the gilded bay-leaves of recognized genius? Shall we toss the flowers of approval at his feet?

Doubtless his world-audience will be divided in its estimate: some will bitterly revile this author-stage-manager, and many of these will be his own trained mummers; some will praise him for the stupendous scope of his bloody divertissement, and among these will be his present implacable enemies.

Whatever the consensus of critical opinion, once the curtain is lowered and the carnage over, all must agree that the ambitious playwright Kaiser, standing war-worn but imperious in the revealing calcium of Christendom, has made a mighty splash upon the page of contemporaneous annals—a splash of crimson, but a splash too broad, too deep, too vivid, too permanently ingrained ever to be wiped out of human memory or time's record.

PORTRAIT NUMBER SIX

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H S V U S

Photograph from Brown Brothers.

AN ENDORSEMENT
BY
GOVERNOR CHARLES S. WHITMAN
OF NEW YORK

Where laws have recently been enacted making physical and military training compulsory for boys in the public schools.

I GIVE my unstinted approval to the campaign that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is conducting for the adoption of a sane military training course by the high schools of the United States. It is a work of purest patriotism, and should receive the support of all Americans who have the national defense at heart. Since Congress has refused to embody the principle of universal training into law, it is only by such private energy and unselfishness that this great and necessary movement may be carried forward. Each year witnesses the inspiring spectacle of one million youths coming into man's estate. Give even a portion of this vast number military training, even as we give them education, and the result will be a citizen soldiery that will enable America to pursue its destiny in peace and tranquillity.

It is a system that has the virtues of economy, democracy, and efficiency. It brings home the twin truths that citizenship carries with it the inescapable obligation of national defense, and that patriotism rests with equal weight on rich and poor, high and low. It bulwarks the nation with a virile, intelligent manhood even while it raises a defense force overwhelming in its size and effectiveness. It works no interference with the normal pursuits of civil existence, for the bulk of the training falls during the school years, and the review instruction periods fit in with the average vacation.

Instead of militarism, it means the death of militarism, confiding the safety of democratic institutions to a peace-loving citizenship adequately trained, rather than continuing it in the care of a professional class.

At the recent session of the legislature, I urged and signed two bills of supreme importance: one providing physical instruction for all boys and girls above eight in the elementary and secondary grades, and the other providing military instruction for boys between sixteen and nineteen. These laws constitute New York's answer to the stupid policies of the past that have sent raw, untrained youths to the firing-line, doomed to death through their ignorances and unfitness.

Pray God the dread shadow of war may never come between us and the sun of our ancient faith; but since it stands proved that not even the utmost devotion to peace may protect a nation against unbearable aggression, it is the ultimate crime to deny our defenders the simple preparation that may save them and their nation in a day of danger.

CHARLES S. WHITMAN.

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THE SECRETARY OF WAR
WASHINGTON

July 13, 1916.

The so-called "Wyoming System" of military instruction for boys in high school is in large part the creation of Lieut. Edward Z. Steever, a talented and enthusiastic officer of the Army. It gives military training without militaristic ideas. The result is that boys are taught obedience and cooperation, and are brought under a wholesome discipline. So long as this system of physical and mental training is administered by officers who realize the superiority of the ideals of peace and justice to those of force and aggression, it cannot fail to be wholesome and beneficial for the youth of the country.

Secretary of War.

A MESSAGE FROM
THE SECRETARY OF WAR

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THE BADGE

A small button, with a design like this, will go to every high-school boy who enlists for military training in a school where the Wyoming system is put in operation.

AS THIS PAGE GOES TO PRESS——

SIX Chautauqua lecturers, men who stand in the first rank of publicists and builders of national thought, are telling their audiences about Wyoming's method of training schoolboys for true citizenship——

Bundles of letters are reaching the headquarters of the High-School Volunteers of the United States, asking for full information about the Wyoming system—that plan of military training in the high school which, after five years of *acid test*, has proven itself to be so wholesome, so democratic, so useful in the building of sound bodies, clean minds, true citizenship, that it has won the active support of the people of Wyoming, regardless of class or circumstance, creed or prejudice——

It is clearly apparent that the H. S. V. U. S. is to receive wide and enthusiastic support; the soundest sort of endorsement. Each month EVERYBODY'S will devote some of its space to telling the news of this movement.

EVERYBODY'S has entered this work believing that the spread of the "Wyoming Idea" will be a great step toward an adequate defense for this country—*universal military training.*

Every high-school student, every parent, teacher, preacher, and public officer who believes in an adequate preparedness for the preserving of our ideals and the safeguarding of our institutions, is earnestly asked to join us in this effort to build up in our high schools the beginnings of a genuine national defense.

Wyoming *has proved* that the plan in operation in her high schools is sound, democratic, *powerful for good* in the physical, mental and moral development of America's young manhood; a real asset to the boy, the school, the community.

We are prepared to cooperate with you in introducing into *your own high school* a method of sane military instruction which has received the endorsement of such men as Newton D. Baker, Franklin K. Lane, Leonard Wood, and Charles S. Whitman.

Get a group together and *start to-day*. If we can help, write us. This is the address:

HEADQUARTERS
High-School Volunteers of the United States
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
New York, N. Y.

THE FIRST ONE IN

Waukegan Township High School, W. C. Knoelk, Principal,
Waukegan, Ill.

July 18, 1916.

Editorial Offices, Everybody's Magazine,
Gentlemen:

Your letter of the 10th inst. is before me. I am very glad to say that the matter of having this school affiliate itself with the High-School Volunteers of the United States was passed upon favorably at the last meeting of the Board of Education. Should there be anything we can do in addition to furnishing the impetus that goes with enthusiasm, a word of suggestion will suffice.

Yours truly,
(Signed) WM. C. KNOELK.

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VOLUNTEERS

United States Post-Office, Santa Anna, Texas, July 24, 1916.

This summer, as a private in the Training Camp at San Antonio, Texas, it was my pleasure to meet and to talk at length with that prince of gentlemen, Lieutenant Steever. And certainly in no spirit of flattery do I say, I have never met with one more courtly, nor with one more enthused over a work than was he with the High-School Cadet work. In a letter received to-day from General Guessaz of San Antonio, Texas, he said to me that they had every assurance that the Cadet Corps would be included next year in their school work. I hope they may be so fortunate as to secure Lieutenant Steever to head the work.

I want to help you in Texas. What can I do? For two years now I have been visiting rural schools, inspecting them, and striving to instil into their student bodies a greater conception of what it means to be an American citizen. Just at this time, I am working on a plan to put an "OLD GLORY" in every public school in this county, and then to teach the student body the courtesy due the flag. I have every assurance of cooperation in this work. I want to get into this larger work—my time is at your command, without stint and without price. Any and all correspondence I will be glad to handle—in fact, I want to be in this work of building for America of to-morrow, a sturdier, more patriotic, and loyal citizenship. PUT ME TO WORK.

It is a vain endeavor to impress upon those who are older very much of what REAL PREPAREDNESS means; but with the boy, his heart pulsing with life, his young mind eager to grasp something new, his soul easily kindled in a holy cause, the defense of his country; this is work that means for to-morrow a grander, nobler, greater Republic; a Republic more splendid, built upon the broken and forgotten idols of unpreparedness.

Trusting you will find use for my efforts, feeble though they are, I am

Sincerely,
M. J. NORRELL, Postmaster.

London, Kentucky, July 25, 1916.

For the past few months I have been reading your articles on preparedness in EVERYBODY'S, and I was especially interested in your article on the Wyoming idea.

I wish to say that I desire to submit my services, if there is anything that I can do toward the organization of military training in our schools here. There are two high schools in London, and one of them had military training a few years ago, but abandoned it. They still have some equipment, and I think it would be comparatively easy to induce them to join in the movement.

I am merely a student in this high school, but if there is anything that I can do, my services are at your disposal.

Yours sincerely,
W. L. JONES.

Rigby, Idaho, July 27, 1916.

We have written to several different sources to obtain information about the subject that you take up in the current issue of EVERYBODY'S, and we would appreciate more than you could understand to obtain this information that will put our high school in the class of having a body of boys that are fit to fill their positions in life.

Please send us full information, and if it is possible we will do exactly as has been done in Wyoming.

Respectfully,
A HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

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SAYS SENATOR OWEN-DEMOCRAT-

WE ASKED them to say it concisely, so that the busy reader might find out exactly what each party stands for without eye-strain. Here it is. Party platforms and past performances condensed by official experts for your quick information.—*The Editor.*

PARTIES must be judged by their conduct, *not* by their virtuous protestations. What have the Democrats done in the last few years?

First, they overthrew machine rule or Cannonism in the House of Representatives, and overthrew machine rule in the Senate.

They fought for and established direct election of United States Senators.

They lowered the monopoly-promoting features of Republican prohibitive tariff schedules to the revenue-producing point, while affording all the incidental protection that American industries honestly required.

They put the necessaries of life on the free list.

Under this tariff act our exports and imports have increased from four billion to six billion in two years. Our imports, in spite of the war, have increased from eighteen hundred and ninety-three millions to two billion, one hundred and fourteen millions; our balance of trade from four hundred and seventy millions to nineteen hundred and seventy millions, and the Treasury is in magnificent condition, with a net balance of over $230,000,000 in the general fund, and $1,825,233,000 of gold, and $501,496,000 in the Treasury vaults.

U. S. SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN OF OKLAHOMA

The Democrats established a progressive INCOME TAX and a progressive INHERITANCE TAX, placing more largely the taxes upon those who can pay them without suffering.

The Democrats have taken steps to provide a permanent, non-partisan TARIFF COMMISSION for the express purpose of safeguarding American manufacturing interests.

The Democrats have passed a

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SAYS SENATOR HARDING-REPUBLICAN-

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION ACT for the purpose of protecting honest business men against the unfair practises of powerful competitors.

The Democrats have passed the CLAYTON ANTI-TRUST BILL making unlawful various unfair practises, preventing conspiracies and monopolies in their incipiency, preventing unfair price discrimination, interlocking directorates, monopoly-promoting contracts; removing labor from the commodity class, and giving the American laboring man a new charter of industrial freedom, by providing a trial by jury in Contempt Cases, by abolishing government by injunctions and recognizing the right of legitimate organized cooperation.

The Democrats passed the FEDERAL RESERVE ACT, taking the control of the credit system out of the hands of the money trust and placing it where it belonged, in the hands of the people of the United States, giving freedom to all independent banks and to the business men of the nation; making panics impossible, stabilizing industry, commerce, transportation and finance, and establishing a sound basis for the magnificent prosperity now moving forward in the United States. Under this great act the national banks increased their deposits over two billions in two years, while the state banks increased their deposits over two hundred millions.

Why did the stand-pat Republicans violently filibuster against these wise and just legislative acts? Under these laws both Capital and Labor are busy and happy.

The Democrats passed the SEAMAN'S ACT, giving liberty to all sailors who entered our ports, providing for safety at sea by adequate lifeboats and rafts.

Why did the Republican leaders strenuously oppose this bill and then let it pass both Houses *without a record vote?*

The Democrats have strenuously demanded a government-owned merchant marine, providing ships as an auxiliary for the Navy, for

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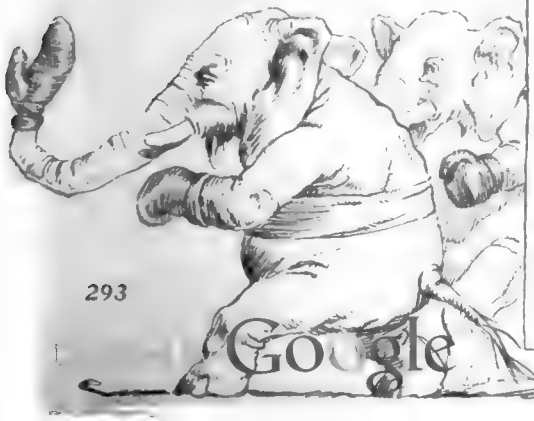
U. S. SENATOR WARREN G. HARDING OF OHIO



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transports, supply ships, coaling ships, repair ships, hospital ships, tenders, etc., and will pass it this Session after having exhausted Republican opposition.

The Democrats *repealed the Republican act giving FREE TOLLS* to the Atlantic coastwise shipping trust through the Panama Canal. They thus removed the charge against the United States of international injustice and of the violation of our treaty with Great Britain and Colombia, secured a fair deal to the Federal Treasury, and put the honor and integrity of the United States on the high plane it should always occupy.

The Democrats passed the famous AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION ACT for the systematic promotion of agriculture, animal industry and farm economies. Under it thousands of farm demonstrators are organizing the farms of the nation along the most intelligent lines, and organizing thousands of boys' and girls' clubs, contesting for supremacy in corn, cotton, animal industry, canning and farm economies.

The Democrats passed the RURAL CREDITS BILL providing a means by which the farmers of the country may obtain cheap money on long time, thus stimulating agriculture, and enlarging the food supply and raw materials of America, while making the farm more attractive and valuable.

The Democrats passed the GOOD-ROADS BILL, which will, within the next five years, expend eighty-five million dollars in organizing the states of the nation in good road-building.

The Democrats passed the TRANSPORTATION EMPLOYEES ARBITRATION AND CONCILIATION ACT.

The Democrats have vigorously favored the CONSERVATION BILLS, for the conservation of water-power on navigable streams and on the public domain, the conservation of our mineral lands, forests, and the reclamation of arid and swamp lands.

The Democrats have promptly met every emergency. When the European war broke out, they instantly expanded the Vreeland-Aldrich Currency Act, and furnished the people of the United States five hundred millions of currency, all of which has been retired. The Democrats furnished money and ships with which to bring distressed Americans from Europe, in the summer of 1914.

The Democrats, through the Secretary of the Treasury, placed millions of the people's funds at the disposal of the people for the purpose of *moving the crops*, when the New York banks indecently declared themselves unequal to the task, in 1913 and 1914.

The Democrats have magnificently developed the PARCELS POST and the RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

They provided for the building of a government-owned RAILROAD IN ALASKA to develop the enormous treasure-house belonging to the American people in that vast territory.

The Democrats negotiated PEACE TREATIES with all the great nations of the world with whom it was possible—twenty-four in number, including France, Great Britain, Russia, Spain, Italy, China, Norway and Sweden.

The spirit of these treaties is that there shall be no war until the differences are thoroughly investigated and reported on by a permanent

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international commission, nor for twelve months after diplomacy has failed. The nations who have agreed to this system involve twelve hundred million people.

The Democrats, in revising the tariff, *drove the corrupt lobby from Washington City*, and exposed their nefarious practises and Republican affiliations.

The Democrats have strengthened the CORRUPT PRACTISES ACT that will put an end to the wrongful use of money in controlling government by corruptly influencing party nominations and party elections, and have put in the penitentiary many who used corrupt practises in federal elections.

They have passed a CHILD LABOR BILL to conserve the child life of the nation; in this the Republicans cooperated in deference to the overwhelming sentiment of the American people.

They have taken steps, the Republicans assisting, to fully prepare the United States against invasion by foreign enemies.

In the matter of the PREPAREDNESS PROGRAM, the Democrats have had the support of the Republican leaders.

The Democrats, under the leadership of President Wilson, have carried out with firmness and with resolution the traditional and unbroken policy of the Government of the United States of *settling grievances by diplomatic negotiations*, undismayed by political abuse at home.

From President Washington down to President Wilson, this has been the unbroken American policy, wherever it was possible to arrange peaceful settlement in that way.

President Wilson, with infinite skill and patience, has firmly and steadily adhered to this policy, and has avoided declaring war on Austria and Germany, and obtained from them without going to war a recognition of the principles of international law for which we contended.

In like manner our grievances against Great Britain for trespasses upon our commerce have already been adjusted in large measure by diplomatic negotiations.

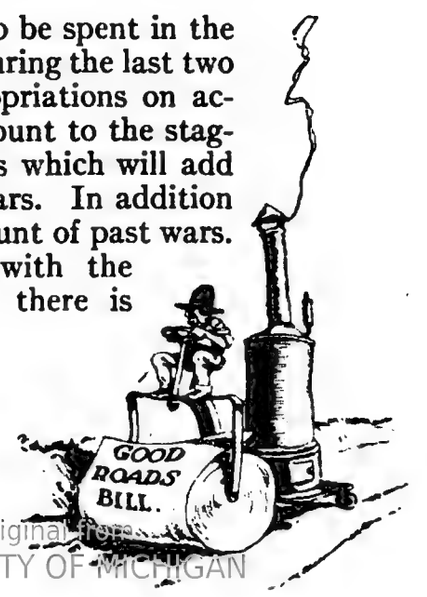
The Administration has been severely denounced for not resorting to more drastic action. To have gone further than President Wilson did go, could have meant nothing less than war with the European nations, with its far-reaching and disastrous consequences to life, to property, and to the stability of the whole world.

Mr. Root in his New York Republican key-note speech, denounced the Democratic Administration for its "lack of foresight to make timely provision for backing up American diplomacy by actual and assured military and naval force."

Mr. Root himself and his associates, had charge of the government for twelve years preceding Mr. Wilson's administration, and had not exercised the foresight which he finds lacking.

Mr. Wilson in two years authorized seventy millions to be spent in the fighting force of the Navy, as against twenty-six millions during the last two years of the Taft Administration. The Democrat appropriations on account of the Army and Navy for the ensuing year will amount to the staggering sum of $693,783,000, not to mention authorizations which will add to the expenditure $477,454,000, during the next three years. In addition we provide for $158,000,000 annually, for pensions on account of past wars.

The Democratic preparedness program is meeting with the cordial support of the Republicans in Congress and there is



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in fact no issue between the two parties on this ground, and few citizens will counsel higher taxes on the American people than these expenditures must impose.

Regarding our FOREIGN AFFAIRS, Mr. Root himself, as Secretary of State, instructed the American delegates to the Hague Conference in 1907 that the condition upon which the American delegates signed the Hague Convention was that:

"Nothing contained in this Convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions of policy of any foreign State," etc.

Yet the Republicans, with obvious hypocrisy, denounce Mr. Wilson for not having protested the violation of the neutrality of Belgium.

THE Democrats are denounced for not intervening in Mexico, but, in respecting the sovereignty of the Mexican people, and not intervening to settle their domestic revolution, the Democrats have followed the policy laid down by all administrations, and never more forcibly than by Abraham Lincoln, April 6, 1861 (S. Doc. 361, 64th Cong., 1st Sess., p. 16).

Senator Root himself opposed intervention in Mexico (Ibid. 17).

Following the unbroken policy of the United States of non-intervention, President Wilson, in accordance with the wish of all the republics of North and South America, has *kept us out of war with Mexico.* The people of the United States do not want war, not even with the weakest of our neighbors. The American people do not want to take away from the poor Mexicans anything they have. The American people do not want to play the bully toward Mexico, nor to take advantage of the extreme distress in which those people find themselves in their revolutionary attempts to overthrow the military clique which had seized everything of value in Mexico under the form of a republic, while exercising the powers of a commercialized military oligarchy.

The Democrats truly sympathize with the common people of Mexico, as the Republicans loudly claim to do in their national platform of 1916.

The Democrats in their national platform point out in part the Democratic accomplishments, for ADEQUATE PREPAREDNESS, for PATRIOTIC AMERICANISM, for PAN-AMERICAN CONCORD, for the MONROE DOCTRINE, for a MERCHANT MARINE, CONSERVATION OF OUR RESOURCES, for GOOD ROADS, for a LIVING WAGE TO ALL EMPLOYEES, an EIGHT-HOUR WORKING-DAY, the ADOPTION OF SAFETY APPLIANCES, SANITARY CONDITIONS FOR LABOR, ADEQUATE COMPENSATION FOR INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS, STANDARDS FOR A UNIFORM LABOR LAW WHERE MINORS ARE EMPLOYED, for SPECIAL CONSERVATION OF THE COMFORT AND HEALTH OF WOMEN IN INDUSTRIAL PURSUITS, for the CARE OF SUPERANNUATED EMPLOYEES, for the CHILD-LABOR LAW, a FEDERAL BUREAU OF SAFETY, the EXTENSION OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF MINES, the EXTENSION OF EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS, the ADJUSTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL STRIKES BY CONCILIATION, for the CIVIL SERVICE, for the PROTECTION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH, for ECONOMY and a BUDGET SYSTEM, for PRISON REFORMS, for a GENEROUS SYSTEM OF PENSIONS TO SOLDIERS AND THEIR

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WIDOWS, for WOMAN SUFFRAGE, for the DEVELOPMENT OF ALASKA, for the GOVERNMENT OF TERRITORIES THROUGH BONA-FIDE RESIDENT OFFICIALS, for CLOTURE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

The Republican platform takes no issue with these proposals, but solemnly assures the country that it is loyal to American traditions, that it knows no allegiance except to the Constitution, to the Government and to the flag of the United States. The Republicans assert their belief in the Monroe Doctrine, in better relations with Pan-America, express their deep sympathy with Mexico, declare their belief in protecting the rights of citizens, favor rural credits, rural free delivery, merchant marine without government ownership, economy and a national budget, conservation, civil service reform, governing territories by bona-fide resident officers, child-labor law, workmen's compensation law, accident compensation law, woman suffrage.

They find themselves unable to criticize the great constructive legislative program which the Democrats have carried out with the exception that they object to the Underwood Tariff Act, because, "under its administration imports have enormously increased, while the revenues of which we stand in such dire need, have been greatly reduced."

The fact is, our revenues are larger than ever and the Treasury is full to overflowing. Our imports and exports combined have increased fifty per cent. in two years. The balance of trade has *increased* in our favor by fifteen hundred millions of dollars per annum, and is now over one billion, nine hundred million dollars, for the fiscal year to June 30, 1916, and Europe is paying this balance by shipping American securities into this country, where they are being absorbed at the rate of about five million dollars a day. The country was never in a more prosperous condition and it is due directly to the wise and humane statutes which the Democrats have passed and put into prompt execution.

Nor is our prosperity temporary, nor due merely to the war. Our shipments of war supplies are less than a billion; while our internal commerce exceeds a hundred billions.

THE Republicans have attempted to make a fictitious issue of PREPAREDNESS and AMERICANISM, but it is impossible to make this an issue, because both parties are in thorough accord in making adequate preparation and in maintaining American ideals.

The Republicans dare not go before the American people and assail the Income Tax, although they were opposed to it.

They dare not assail the Clayton Anti-Trust Bill, although they fought it.

They dare not condemn the Federal Trade Commission Act, although they were opposed to it.

They dare not condemn the Federal Reserve Act, although they filibustered against it.

Neither do they now, in their platform, condemn the Seaman's Act, the Agricultural Extension Act, the Industrial Employees Arbitration Act, the Grain and Cotton Standards Act, the Rural Credits Act, the Good-Roads Act, the Alaska Railway Act, the Development of a Parcels Post, the Improved Marketing System, the passage of the Government-Owned Armor-Plate Act, or the Act to build Government Nitrate Plants.

They do not condemn the Secretary of the Navy for saving millions of

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dollars by requiring competition in the letting of contracts for projectiles, armor-plate, etc.

They do not condemn Secretary Daniels for educating all the sailors in the service of the United States, and teaching them self-support.

The magnificent performance of our Department of State, through the foreign-trade advisers, the Department of Commerce, our Department of Agriculture and our Department of Justice—they do not dare to condemn. They confine themselves to broad generalities and emphasize their attachment to the Constitution and the flag.

The loss of confidence which the Republican Party experienced in 1912 when their corrupt party management was boldly guilty of high-handed fraudulent practises against their own associates in the national convention, can not be repaired by mere protestations of present virtue, so long as men known for their machine methods are in active control of the party management.

The American people were never before in their history more free to make up their independent judgment than they are now. Party ties never sat more lightly, and there are millions of men who will exercise their own independent judgment in this campaign.

The Americans have a very wise maxim of "letting well enough alone," and another—"not to swap horses while crossing a stream."

The great spirit of the modern democracy which has given birth to the *Regenerated Democratic Party*, and which truly animated very many of the Progressive Party, has been to make *the combined powers of the people* acting through their government, *the faithful and diligent servants* of *all* the people, *dealing justice and mercy without fear and without favor*. It is this spirit which has moved the *new Democracy*, which has largely moved very many members of the Progressive Party, and which has even measurably influenced some of the Stand-pat Republicans.

THE stand-pat Republicans who still control the Republican organization are not in heartfelt sympathy with the spirit of the Progressive Democracy, but they prefer to have a *working understanding with Big Business*, and to rely upon Big Business to raise *big campaign funds* with which to carry on their campaigns and with which to put them in power. The day has nearly gone by in the United States when the people of this republic will permit their governing powers to be controlled by funds contributed by private persons and self-seeking corporations.

Every citizen must make his choice and judge parties by their acts.

The Old Democratic Party was overthrown in 1856 by the revolt of American citizens, under Lincoln's leadership, who would not submit to the *slavery* of *black men* in the United States.

The Old Republican Party was overthrown in 1912 by the revolt of American citizens under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson at the head of a Regenerated Democracy, and Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the Progressives, who would not submit to flagrant corruption, nor the *slavery of white and black men by* the servants of the "Invisible Government."

Those who question the sincerity of the deathbed repentance of the Old Guard and their amusing protestations of attachment to Progressive policies will support Woodrow Wilson, whose loyalty is beyond all doubt.

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SAYS SENATOR HARDING:

LEADERS may seek to make the issue of a political campaign, but the people have a faculty of measuring and determining for themselves the importance of public questions. Very recently the Senate wasted the greater part of a day listening, as much as the Senate ever listens when not interested, to a discussion of the Federal Reserve Act as the source of our present-day prosperity. The claimants on behalf of this Democratic modification of a Republican creation admitted that a war panic was averted by the operation of the Vreeland Act, given to the country by the Republicans, but a Western Democratic Senator solemnly declared that the country's anticipation of the Federal Reserve Banking System gave the country the confidence which proved its financial salvation. This miracle of the imagination is possible to the highly developed senatorial mind, but it will not stir the country.

The present prosperity of the United States is due to the war in Europe, and everybody knows it—from the powder-maker in Delaware to the wheat-grower in Kansas or North Dakota. Any attempt to base the present war prosperity on any constructive legislation of the Democratic Congress will be laughed out of the campaign; nevertheless prosperity and its preservation will be much discussed. In 1914 the Republicans carried twenty-three states which have a total of 288 electoral votes—twenty-two more than necessary to elect a President—and they carried these states largely on the fight against the Underwood Tariff law. To be sure, that campaign was launched before the European war, begun in August, relieved the fast-developing American paralysis, and gave us the immunity which the new Democratic tariff policy denied us; but war has not altered the basic situation, however much it temporarily relieved the distress.

It is difficult to see how Americanism can be made the foremost issue of the campaign. It will be much discussed, it will afford the florid campaign orators their most inspiring theme, but it is the obvious thing, about which the parties essentially are agreed. There can be no argument about the thing itself, because the platforms are in practical accord. The candidates proclaim the 24-carat quality of unmixed and undivided American allegiance, and mean it, but clearly it is not an issue between the two major parties.

There will be a lot of denunciation of the unheeding foreign-born residents who have violated

CORTIN' DAYS
BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

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neutrality and propriety in promoting, in this country, the cause of their native lands engaged in war, and much of it will be justified. The extreme pro-Ally forces, quite as lacking in neutrality but more guarded in both action and words, will proclaim Mr. Hughes to be the Kaiser's candidate and hypercritically attempt to discredit his genuine Americanism thereby; but this sort of endeavor will be revealed in its true light by its geographical tempering. Moreover, Mr. Hughes's attitude, as expressed in both his telegram and speech of acceptance, will stand out clearly, the sincere and manly utterance of a great and genuine American.

IT IS not my thought to belittle Americanism. On the contrary I would magnify the importance of new standards, and an all-inclusive and undivided and unqualified American allegiance. American citizenship is worth the renunciation of every former allegiance, and worth undivided devotion to every American hope and aspiration; but in the very midst of much preaching we are to witness the wide-spread employment of the chief disrupting agency which divides or dilutes our Americanism. There will be the organized and authorized appeal of foreign-born to their fellow-born, for campaign purposes, not by one party but by all parties, and we shall be less genuinely American in the midst of the campaign than in its anticipation or the aftermath. It is to be regretted, but it is the truth.

So, then, *with party declarations in accord, and practises in violation of declarations, I can see Americanism at issue only as we question party capacity or courage for its promotion. In this connection will come the discussion of the failure of the Democratic Administration in stamping out the violations of American neutrality in their beginning, along with neglect in asserting American rights, and the Administration's worse than failure in dealing with Mexico—sure to be the most-discussed topic in the campaign.*

Democratic campaign leaders will seek to cloak the Mexican fiasco by placing much emphasis on the preservation of peace, and the proclaimed right of any people to do with its government as it pleases; but the record challenges every statement, and reveals an instability of purpose and a vacillating value of American rights which never can inspire the Americanism which exalts the soul. President Wilson has frowned on "butting-in," and repeated his belief in the Mexican right to do as Mexico pleases with its own government; but the record shows his official questioning of its de facto government, and his war on Huerta; recites the sending of an armed expedition to Vera Cruz to enforce a salute to our flag. There was no salute, but there was added sacrifice of American lives, military and civilian.

Certainly Mr. Hughes and Republican campaigners will make much of the "butting-in" by those who denounce it—meddling to promote the fortunes of Villa in rebellion against his Government, and then chasing him with an American army on Mexican soil. They can not forbear ridiculing the changing attitude toward Carranza, the tolerance of his affronts and treachery, and they will denounce the sacrifice of American lives and the destruction of American property in Mexico and north of the border, on our own soil, and charge it all to pitiable weakness and political play, where straight-out, unflinching Americanism would have avoided the sacrifices.

I have heard it argued that "Republicans would play the part of the bully with Mexico and dodge responsibility in Europe." The cases are not parallel. The maintained Monroe Doctrine fixes our sponsorship in Mexico, and makes us responsible for orderly government there, even though we have no regard for the rights of Americans who went there under treaty

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provisions and the assured guarantees of civilization. Europe has kept hands off in protecting her citizens and their rights in Mexico, in deference to the Monroe Doctrine, and is holding us responsible for their mounting millions in claims. These claims constitute one of the undisclosed menaces of "watchful waiting" which will bring a real shock when the revelation is made, and may involve us in embarrassment undreamed of.

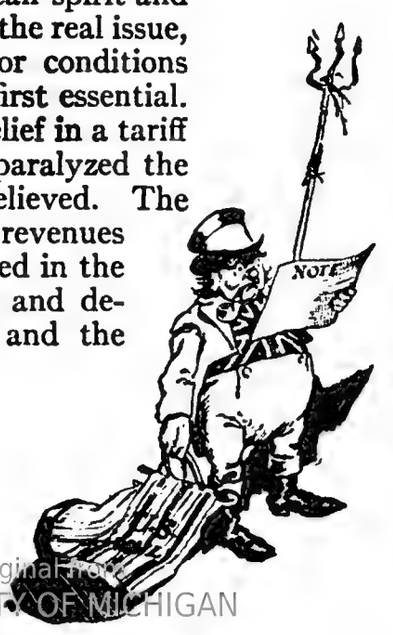
Nothing the Democratic Administration or its defenders can say or do will lessen the failure recorded in handling the Mexican situation. It has discredited our Americanism and halted the progress of New World civilization. It has revealed the folly of vacillation and intermeddling, and made for costly sacrifice in lives and treasure where a sturdy voice like that of Mr. Hughes would have saved the humiliation and strengthened the peace for which all parties have declared.

The Democratic party means to make an issue of the preservation of peace. The intelligence of the country will answer that there never has been any danger of war, except as intermeddling has brought it near, and a straightforward course would have held us secure in peace with all the world and held every American right respected and protected.

Preparedness is not an issue in the platforms of the two great parties. It can not be strongly an issue in the campaign, so far as naval and military preparedness is concerned, because the preliminary steps have been taken by Congress, and the zeal for armed preparedness will be modified by geographical location. Speeches and votes in Congress have revealed sections opposed to the increase of army and navy, and party leaders from these sections have sensed the opposition and yielded to it.

This does not apply to one party. A good many men in politics are more interested in reflecting sentiment than in creating it. Moreover, the people of the United States have not yet learned to think as they ought on national lines. The big seaport cities have uttered their contempt, at times, for the valleys and plains of the interior, and the agriculturist and villager of North Dakota or Kansas do not see danger in a possible bombardment of New York, Boston or San Francisco. Alas! We are still sectional! Not divided on the old Mason and Dixon line, but East and West and North and South, coast and interior, financial and industrial on the one hand and agricultural on the other. And the Democratic Party is adding to the sectionalism by appealing to one against the other and battering the bonds that unite and hold them together. The loftiest Americanism and the most helpful preparedness would be the exaltation of the American people to a national interest where the welfare of one becomes the concern of all, and common weal is the impelling force in our modern progress.

LINKED with industrial self-reliance, productive independence and commercial freedom, along with the exaltation of the American spirit and the riveting of American allegiance, preparedness will be the real issue, and the discussion will hinge on party capacity to make for conditions sought. The Democratic Party does not believe in the very first essential. It does not favor industrial preparedness. It reaffirms its belief in a tariff for revenue only, and endorses its 1913 revision which nearly paralyzed the country, and which the European war has temporarily relieved. The existing tariff law is proven a failure; there is a deficiency in revenues in spite of an increase of imports, and the blunder is confessed in the hasty committal to the Tariff Commission plan, denounced and destroyed by the Democratic Party only three years ago; and the



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blundering is magnified by the new revenue measure which resorts to direct taxation for Federal funds and makes distinction in classes. The latter has menaced the progress of every government since the world began.

I am well aware of the derision of protection as an issue, in many high places. New York and Boston and Baltimore may revel in their handling of imports and be blind to the American productiveness which is the first essential in national exchanges. But the hundreds of industrial cities, which glorify the land, are not indifferent to the policy so vital to them. The people generally and the working man in particular know that war has made the high mark in exports and the country is prospering in its reflexes, but they are more concerned about the high tides of peace.

We exported nearly four and a half billions last year, against imports of considerably more than two billions. Both are top notches, and the latter, mind you, in spite of the war which paralyzed the export trade of the Central Powers, and also in spite of the "disturbed imports" which are urged as the reason for the deficiency in revenues.

But note this important fact—of the nearly four and a half billions in exports, more than two billions were in war-stuffs—food, clothes, arms and supplies for the belligerent nations of Europe. The additional impetus to our export trade may be accounted for in part by our securing markets which war has denied to the Central Powers, and securing, too, that export trade of the Allies which has been hindered by the conflict on the seas.

We know the market for war supplies must end, and we may expect a desperate effort on the part of European nations to regain lost markets when the armed conflict is ended. Towering export figures and attending employment and high wages quickly will disappear. *Worse, the rehabilitation of commercial Europe involves a struggle for markets, which means an American invasion by foreign products such as we have never experienced heretofore, and which no American toiler and no American business man can contemplate with composure.* Perhaps this is what Secretary Redfield had in mind when recently predicting a lowered cost of living. Republicans will urge preparedness for this industrial and commercial conflict, and my judgment, remembering the campaign of 1914 and noting the tendency of the day, is that *protective preparedness will be a very important issue in the campaign. There is deep and abiding interest in American material good fortune, and it can be maintained only by that protected production which holds American workmen the best paid in all the world.*

A VERY serious question is raised in the Republican platform by its condemnation of the violated sphere of private enterprise by the establishment of Federally owned and Federally operated industries and means of transportation. It is not so much the things thus provided which alarm, but the danger is in the policy of the Democratic Party, which has reversed its attitude so radically, and has begun the employment of Federal millions to destroy private industry. Federally owned shipping is not intended so much as a paternal enterprise as it is an evasion of much-abused terms.

The Democratic Party shouted so loudly and long about subsidies and subventions that direct employment of such a necessary aid to American shipping is unthinkable; but a ship bought or built with Government money and leased at favoring prices conveys the subsidy under another name, and consistency is seemingly preserved. It may deceive the public, but I think not. The reestablishment of a permanently rebuilt merchant marine is yet to be proven. Meanwhile our coastwise and Great Lakes shipping,

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admirably developed through private enterprise, may also contemplate the invasion of Federal capital. The issue thus presented may not interest the great body of voters, but it will have a place in political history.

PARTY platforms ought to be generally read and taken seriously, and they must be made sacred if we are to have effective popular government through political parties. If they were, a comparison of party utterances would be interesting and important, and a comparison of the Democratic platform with previous utterances of that party would be revealing. Lest the temptation lead too far, let us be content to read that the Democratic Party, once rugged in its simplicity, has ceased to "denounce" extravagance and now "demands" economy. One must smile. In the unheeding grab the "pork-barrels" have been enlarged and the "log-rolling" goes on unhindered, so far as the majority is concerned. It need hardly be stated that the majority is responsible, and has a presidential veto to emphasize its power. But its incapacity and ineptitude are proven in inordinate and inexcusable appropriations at a time when a mistaken policy has made revenues inadequate for normal requirements, and the urgency of preparedness and the needless involvement with Mexico have combined to make abnormal needs.

In the growing establishment of commissions and the added functions of government, unnecessary and futile, the Wilson Administration, up to August first, had added more than seventeen thousand places to the administrative forces, costing $23,000,000 a year, and has appropriated $21,000,000 more for additional employment. The list of "faithful" additionally provided for will exceed thirty thousand in all, will cost the Treasury close to $50,000,000 a year, and the means of providing the cost are left until last, to soften the blow to the conscience which once "viewed with alarm" and "denounced" profligacy and extravagance.

It seems to me that the discussion of the increased cost of government must receive serious attention this year. It is more pressing than the high cost of living, and largely is responsible for the latter. The new and offensive methods of raising the revenues will bring the problem directly to those who must assume the burdens, and the resentment will find expression in votes to restore Republican capacity and efficiency.

A recital of issues does not contemplate personal reference to candidates, but one characteristic of Mr. Hughes appeals to me strongly in this connection. I am a partisan, and delight in the reward of party service. In the preconvention campaign the most emphasized objection to Mr. Hughes was that he would not care for party-workers after his election. It safely may be assumed that President Hughes will desire Republican efficiency throughout his administrative forces, but I can see in his devotion to efficient government and his exceptional freedom the very promise the American people are eager to acclaim. He is strong and resolute enough to halt the forces which have come to believe the Federal treasury some miraculous thing in which everybody wants to share and to which nobody desires to contribute. I believe he will accomplish the needed reformation, and thereby add new assurance to the stability of popular government under resolute leadership. His fitness is proven, his high character unquestioned, his accord with Republican policies is emphatically declared. In the blend of them all is the manifest Americanism which will lead us in confidence and respect to complete restoration and maintained eminence which befits the greatest republic in the world.

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BRUDIE'S PICKLE

by Booth Tarkington

AUTHOR OF "THE TURMOIL," "PENROD," "SEVENTEEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

"I'M A Forty-Eighter!" said the oldest Mr. Albert Alberger on the morning of his ninetieth birthday. "I'm a Forty-Eighter, and don't you fergit it, Brudie! Don't you once ever fergit it for one second ever once at all!"

He spoke with vigor, addressing his grandson, the youngest Mr. Albert Alberger. "I got good enough eyesight yet," the old man went on, tapping with his cane upon the little oblong of cardboard which had dropped from his grandson's pocket to the floor. "I got good enough eyesight to see it's a caller's card. So much airs you got to go pudding on!"

"That isin't 'airs,'" Albert protested. "Everybody has their cards."

"Business cards, yes. Caller's cards, no! I got good eyesight—anyway, I got good enough through my spegtickles to see if it ain't a caller's card. Hand it to me, you Brudie."

The youngest Alberger picked up the card and placed it upon the extended palm of his grandfather, whereupon the latter shuffled to the strong light of the open window.

"Caller's card! Didn't I knew it?" he cried. "You got a new name?" he demanded, after a second scrutiny of the card. "You got a double name?"

"It's nothing at all," said the young man. "I don't see what you're so cross about."

"Look!" the grandfather exclaimed. "You read dot card! Speak it out loud, I ask you!"

The grandson, irked but obedient, read aloud what was engraved upon the card:

" 'Mr. Albert Alberger, Second.' "

"I hear it!" his grandfather cried fiercely. "What you put on behind you?"

"What?"

"What you put on behind you?"

"You mean 'Second,' gran'pa?"

"What means it—'Second'?"

"Why, that's nothing," said Albert. "It's only so's people can tell you and papa and me apart."

"So!" the old man shouted. "You expect nobody can tell me and your papa from you unless you got a 'Mister' in front of you and a 'Second' stuck on behind you, sittin' on a caller's card? You want to be a aristocracy, I guess so! What you expect I come to America for? To git granchilten born to grow up makin' monkey-shines? No, sir, you're wrong, I'll show you! I marched wit' a *gun* against monkey-shines! I tell you I'm a Forty-Eighter!"

"Well, what you expect me to do?" young Albert inquired plaintively. "I got to have a name of my own, don't I? You're Albert Alberger, aren't you?"

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"You bet!"

"And papa's Albert Alberger, Junior?"

"All right."

"Well, I got a right to something, haven't I? I don't know for sure, but I think it's the *law* I got to be Albert Alberger, Second."

"Listen!" said his grandfather. "It's plendy fer you peoble can say, 'He's dot young Alberger fella from "Albergers' Imported Wines, Bowling and Beer-Garden."' Ain't it plendy enough you're from Albergers'?"

"No, it certainly is not!" the young man replied with emphasis.

" 'Chunior,' dot's all right," the ancient man continued. " 'Second,' dot's aristocracy!"

In the grandson's opinion, this ruling was consistent with the unreasonable character of Mr. Albert Alberger, First; and young Albert had learned that, no matter how impulsively the old man spoke, he never afterward confessed a change of view; therefore the only way to deal with him was to reach a deadlock as soon as possible, and allow matters to remain in that state. Accordingly, young Albert said:

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to keep the 'Second' on my name; and I'm going to keep the calling-cards, too."

"What you do?" the grandfather cried angrily. "You go pay calls on some silly female monkeys on Maple Street? What else you got 'em for, I bet you! You want to go cut some shines on Maple Street!"

Albert's face had become pink, and his hand shook a little as he extended it in a warning gesture. "Now, you look out!" he cried, with sudden huskiness. "You be careful how you talk! I'm not going to stand everything, around here! I got a right to go calling on Maple Street if I want to."

Upon this the countenance of the nonagenarian gave a demonstration of its plasticity. Already remarkable as a bit of eccentric modeling, it ran

"WHAT YOU DO?" THE GRANDFATHER CRIED ANGRILY. "YOU WANT TO GO CUT SOME SHINES ON MAPLE STREET!"

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through a series of such radical alterations in contour that the oldest Alberger seemed to be giving impersonations of a whole gallery of elderly men, none of them much resembling himself, except in the matter of age. Subsequently he chewed with incredible rapidity upon nothing, the process shortening his face appallingly. Then, all at once, he became placid.

"So you want to git mat, iss it?" he said; and sat down in the chair by the open window. "How olt are you, Brudie?"

"I'm twenty years old."

"So? It's a shame!"

"Why is it 'a shame'?"

"Because twendy years olt you ought to know anyhow a little!" replied the exasperating antique.

Certainly his grandson found him exasperating. "*What* don't I know?" he demanded hotly. "Just you tell me anything I don't know!"

THAT touched a coil of mirth within the breast of Albert the First. He cackled and called upon his God. " 'Chust tell me anyt'ing I don't know'!" he echoed in falsetto. "Dot's a putty smart fella, I tell you! One day I ask dot fella if he reads Heine's poems yet, and he t'inks I'm talkin' about dose adwertisement rhymes Heinie Glotz puts in noospapers about his carpet-store!" He laughed again, then abruptly leaned forward and shook his cane at young Albert. "You noodle!" he cried. "All you know iss to spent money on caller's cards and stick some crazy yella chammy gluffs on your hants, and try to be a smart Alecks aristocracy! I know where you go! Me and your papa was out riting in dot surrey-wagon, and didn't we saw you? Aha! we seen you sittin' against a hammick in olt Wilkinses yard—dot olt cheater of a G. B. Wilkins, what I wouldn't wiped my shoe on when he was alife, because I got too much rispect for my shoe—we see you, and we see who sits in dot hammick! All on top she's got yella hair and a hat cost forty dollars, and no sense in her head; only monkey-shines smart Alecks aristocracy and——"

"That'll be enough!" young Albert shouted. "That'll be enough from you!"

"No, it won't! I——"

But the youth's blood was up; it was up so high that his face showed blotches of a color almost carmine against its general flush of pink. "I'll just show you it's enough!" he cried. "You don't get to talk any more like that to me!"

And to make this declaration entirely convincing, he ran out to the street.

The room where he had left his grandfather was the "sitting-room" of the three surviving Albergers. They dwelt in the rear of the brick building, the fore part of which was the somewhat Gothic hall, containing the bar, the bowling-alleys, the wine-tables, and the cigar-cases. The window in the "sitting-room" looked forth upon the neat beer-garden; and at this moment Albert Alberger, Junior, worked therein with trowel and rake; from time to time giving over his own labor to direct that of an amateur painter, professionally a waiter, who was painting some tubs for plants a pleasant green. The oldest Alberger, again chewing frenziedly upon nothing, turned his head to blink at these May-time preparations for the coming outdoor season.

"You heert dot fella?" he inquired of Albert Junior, whose cylindrical, good-natured head—lifted, after the transplanting of a vine—was now upon

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a level with the window-sill. "You heert how dot fella hollers and goes on?"

Albert Junior laughed. "You got to have anyway *some* excitement on your birthday, don't you, papa!" he said. "If you don't get it no other way, you got to start a scrap with Brudie."

"He's a noodle!" the ancient asserted with conviction. "Better for us it been his brudder Herman what got well, when dot scarlet-feefer was. You know where dot smart Alecks goes to-day, all dressed up in his yella chammy gluffs wit' a speggle-spotted silk necktie? Wilkinses! Wilkinses on Maple Street; dot's where he goes!"

"Oh, well, papa," said Albert Junior, "that needn't mean nothing so much. I wouldn't care if he went there a couple times with some of the other young fellas his age—maybe to a party, or something like that—so long he didn't go reg'lar. Once or twice, that's no harm."

"Once or twice! What about once or twice a day?"

"Well, I wouldn't like it," the son admitted. "Maybe p'raps I'll talk to him about it, one these days."

"I guess so! What about how he sits by dot hammick we saw him?"

"I'll have a talk with him, papa."

"Wilkinses!" the old man cried. "I tell you I wouldn't wipe my shoe on Wilkinses! You want to know, I'll tell you, I got no use for dot whole Maple Street fit-out! Kit-gluff show-off peoble!"

"Well, I don't know about that," the younger Alberger said. "There's some pretty good citizens livin' there. Henry Glotz is buildin' a house on Maple Street right now. He goes with them people a good deal."

Albert the First was but the more embittered. "Dot's fine!" he returned. "Glotz, he's gittin' monkey-shines in his noodle, too, is he? You want to know what Maple Street iss?"

"Oh, I guess I know, papa."

"No, you don't!" the old man said sharply. "You ain't seen it like I haf. You ain't no Forty-Eighter and you ain't no Sixty-Two-er, neither! Listen, Albert, I tell you! I tell you what Maple Street iss."

Albert Junior rested his arm upon the window-sill. "Well, go on, papa," he said, humoring the elder's mood. "*I* got time."

"MAPLE Street, dot's Wilkinses!" Albert the First declared emphatically. "And Wilkinses iss aristocracy smart Alecks monkey-shines. What you expect I help make so much trouble for, in Chermany in Forty-Eight? Well, I'll tell you Albert: dot was for freedom. Well, we couldn't git no freedom in Chermany. Instead o' freedom I tell you I hat to light out, quick! So, I come to America—to here where I got already a cousin—and I go to work for him in his beer-saloon. He got a little place; right here where I'm sittin', it was. I sticked here when he died, and year by year I builted up dot fine splendit bissness we got here now. Didn't I?"

"Of course you did, papa."

"Well, how big a popalation was our town when I come here because I can't get no freedom in Chermany? She was fourteen hundut peoble. Yes, sir, chust fourteen hundut. Fine peoble, too; no monkey-shines and noodles, Albert. All peoble what did plendy work; all peoble dot says 'How-dy'-do, good-morning; how's your family?' Nobody tries to be smart Alecks; nobody gits stuck up—everybody goes along good, and everybody iss neighbors. Fine peoble, Albert! Well, sir, she begins to grow; she svells oud. Fifteen hundut? No! She comes *fifty* hundut; all time svellin' oud pigger; —and here comes Wilkinses!

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"Dot olt one, G. B. Wilkins, he's a cheater and a windbag; he's a great kit-gluff fella, and makes speeches. A year after he come here he schwindelt seven, eight hundut dollars from some farmers on a real-estate, and putty soon he gits in Conguss. Next, he comes back and sits up some more real-estating, him and his son, and builted 'em a show-off house on Maple Street. Den dey git some noodles to built some more show-off houses on Maple Street, and rite up and down in carridges, and cut monkey-shines. Well, we got someding else on our hants, dose times, because Abe'aham Lincoln he says America *ain't* got freedom yet. Dot's when you was a baby, Albert, and by Cheeminy! I didn't want to go—but I wanted to lif in a country dot hat all freedom, so I went. In sixty-two I went. Yes, sir, I went a-marching wit' der boys, and helped let hell into Chonny Rebs.

"Well, when I come home, our town she's still a-svellin' oud. Bei Gott, I seen her svell oud from fourteen hundut to sixty-one t'ousand, where she iss now—and all dot time Maple Street gits worse and worse. Wilkinses got some more show-off peoble to built show-off houses on Maple Street. More and more dey got 'em. Soon as a show-off family comes to lif in our town, dey got to go and lif on Maple Street! Dose peoble iss *all* kit-gluff noodles! Olt G. B. Wilkins, he's dead long time; so's his son; but plendy Wilkinses left on Maple Street, and Wilkinses iss head of all dem kit-gluff noodles. Dot yella-hair, ain't she a Wilkinses? Hah! I bet you! You want Brudie turning into a noodle? Fine he'll be arount *Albergers!*'

"Look at dot fine glass o' peoble iss Albergers' customers; fine family trade; peoble wit' good sense and good senses' manners. How long you t'ink dose peoble goin' to haf any respects fer Albergers' if Albergers' cuts up shines wit' yella gluffs and goes chasin' after Maple Streeters? You raised Brudie good, Albert; but I tell you, you let him turn into a Maple Street noodle and he ain't fit to be in Albergers'. No sir! If he's a Maple Streeter he ain't fit to be a 'Merican citizen!"

THE expression of Albert Junior had became serious during this discourse. "You're right," he said. "Brudie's got to cut it out. I'll talk to him."

"How long you goin' to wait?" the ancient demanded. "Besites his yella chammy gloves he hat to-day a yella walkin' cane!"

The brow of Albert Junior darkened indeed. "I'll get after him right off," he said. "You bet I'll settle with him before things goes too far!"

He might have felt that things had already gone rather far with young Albert if the latter could have been disclosed to his view at that moment. Young Albert, in fact, had just emerged from the doorway of a corner drug-store at the upper end of Maple Street, and had seized the kid-gloved hand of a passing Wilkins. The manner of Albert was violent; that of Miss Wilkins showed surprise neither at his vehemence nor at the encounter. It was a rendezvous.

She was about Albert's age; not more than a year younger; a fragile, expensive little creature, almost touchingly sweet to look at, and, like spun sugar, not to be handled at all. How well she herself understood this was made plain by the haste of her effort to withdraw her fingers from the bulky enclosure of Albert's chamois glove. However, she had no strength, and could only lift her shoulder and jerk her arm in protest.

"Let go, Albert," she said pettishly, in a charming voice. "Let *go!*"

"All right," he laughed, obeying. "I wasn't trying to hold your hand—not on the street."

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"YOU GOT TO HAVE *SOME* EXCITEMENT ON YOUR BIRTHDAY, DON'T YOU, PAPA!"

"Not anywhere!" she exclaimed, his implication finding little favor with her.

Albert's ample face was tactless enough to exhibit a great deal of mystification. "What's the matter?" he inquired, as they walked slowly on together. "You didn't mind it last Tuesday night, when we were sitting out on your porch in the moonli——"

"Hush!" she said crisply. "You mustn't talk like that."

"Why not, when it's the tru——"

"Hush!" she insisted. "Saying things like that isn't *nice!* I don't like it."

"I don't see what *I've* done to make you treat me so different, to-day, all at once," said Albert, beginning to be offended. "What's the matter, Anita?"

"Nothing at all."

"Well, then, why do you go and get cross when I happen to mention——"

Anita Wilkins uttered a sharp sound of impatience. "If you say any more, Albert," she cried, "I'll turn around, right here on the street, and not walk another step with you!"

After an inner conflict, Albert contained himself in silence.

This was his first sight of Anita since a walk they had taken on the morning after the sentimental Tuesday evening he had thought proper to recall to her mind, and during that previous stroll Anita's mood had been complaisant, even fond. In fact, when they reached the outskirts of the town her small hand had been so friendly as to place itself voluntarily within his own, for a moment or two, without explanation.

Since then, throughout a week which seemed everlasting, he had been looking forward to a repetition of this pleasant event; looking forward also to other repetitions. He thought she would probably be more celestially definite, this time, about how often she thought of him. She had admitted, on their Wednesday walk, that it was "so often, she wondered how much it meant," and a further admission, just as they parted, sent him home by way of the rushing heavens: "Oftener than about anybody else in the world, Albert!"

Now here was a change with a vengeance! She not only jerked her hand away from him, but scolded him; even threatened "to turn around, right here on the street," and make him an ignominious figure to the eyes of any beholder. Albert's breast heaved; the muscles of his large face moved threateningly, and his eyes blinked. These symptoms, ten years earlier, would have indicated to those who knew him that he was about to weep with loud vocal demonstrations; but he never went quite that far now, of course. He was puzzled; more hurt than puzzled; angrier than hurt; and he stalked beside Miss Wilkins in sore dignity, inadequate phrases forming in his mind.

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His impulse was to tell her, with all possible bitterness of enunciation, that he wasn't used to being treated like a dog by anybody, and that he didn't propose to get used to it, either! He might have followed the impulse had there not fallen a gentle touch upon his arm; three white-kid fingers rested for a caressing instant upon his sleeve; an appealing whisper fell ineffably upon his ear:

"Don't be cross wif me, boy?"

And he looked down upon a small, glowing face which almost touched his shoulder and smiled wistfully, asking forgiveness.

"You cross wif 'Nita, boy?"

HE WAS not. Instantly he was not. This small Anita was the perfect mistress of little enchantments; she was always ready with cunning to compass her desires, and just now her desire was to soothe this bulky lover; for she was tender-hearted, and could never bear to see any animal rage or suffer —not even a big boy. When she did not behold the suffering, it did not matter so much; but Albert's was poignantly visible. For reasons decidedly her own, she had planned to discourage him thoroughly to-day; but her too gentle heart betrayed her, and she was unable to aggrieve him further while he was yet in her sight and she must be a witness of his distress. So she decided to find another way: Albert was too vivid.

"You're *not* cross, Albert, boy?"

"I was just pretending," he said. "I just thought I'd let you think I was cross."

And he made bold to clasp for an instant the fingers that had touched his sleeve; the which she suffered him, and smiled. "Did you wait long at the drug-store for me?" she asked. "I think it's better, our meeting somewhere like this, than your coming to the house very often; don't you, Albert?"

"Yes, I guess it is," he said; and for a little while they walked without speaking, inwardly preoccupied. What went on in their two minds just then was odd enough; for Anita was remembering how careful she had been that her family did not become too inquisitive about Albert and discover his origin; and Albert was thinking that he would have to bring about no inconsiderable alterations in Anita before she would become acceptable to his father and grandfather. He had not a suspicion that her relatives might have some prejudices against himself, which is further witness to the delicacy of Anita and to that tender heart of hers. It was actually Albert's impression that she had divined the attitude of his own family toward Maple Street noodles.

"She knows when I get home they might ask me where I been," he thought. "Then, if I been to her house, I either have to lie or get in trouble; but if I met her outside and don't have to say I been to her house, then I'll be all right." This was a high compliment to Anita, one of the kind that lovers pay: it invested her with the powers of a seeress, since he had never mentioned the Alberger view-point to her. "It's better, meeting like this," he thought. "I can go to her house enough after I teach her to be more the kind of woman *they'd* like. Then they'll think she's fine."

The vision in his mind was of an Anita made over in a fashion suitable to Albergers': an Anita weighing about sixty muscular pounds more than the lady now walking beside him—a saving, industrious Anita, hearty with the customers, anxious to please the family trade, and a capable hand with Swiss-cheese sandwiches, roll'm-ups, and all the wursts. That was the

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picture which, rather hazily, in his mind's eye, he formed of the intricate little person, Anita Wilkins.

The unfortunate Albert was capable of this vision, even while he beheld before him what she did to her father's four-thousand-dollar income: the New York hat that looked as if some burlesquing boy had made it for a joke on his sister; the misshapen blouse, trimmed with mink; the futurist skirt; the trifling gaiters; the foolishly pretty shoes, twinkling with highlights. The vision of an Alberger Anita was in his mind's eye even when the end of her mink tippet blew into his physical eye; even when she lifted her hand to adjust the tippet, and he saw the crusted miracle of a watch she wore on her white-kid wrist. Albert's visions were somewhat exorbitant; there was poesy in him, evidently.

"I cut something out o' the paper Sunday to show you," he said presently. "I didn't know whether you'd seen it." He handed her the clipping:

"Owing to a business opportunity, Mr. Henry Wilkins, Fifth, has returned from college and will reside with his parents in this city."

"Oh, yes, I saw it," said Anita, tossing the clipping away. "Of course I knew Cousin Henry was home."

"Pretty good joke, isn't it?" said Albert.

"I don't see why."

"Oh, it's all over town he got fired because he couldn't keep up in his studies. That's why there was a 'business opportunity' for Mr. Henry Wilkins, Fifth!"

Anita frowned. "You're entirely mistaken," she said. "Henry's father insisted on his going into business." And as Albert shouted jeeringly, she added, "If you laugh when I tell you things, I'll think you're rather rude."

"Well, I can get along without laughing for a minute; it's nothing to me," he said. "Anyway, we got Henry Wilkins, Fifth, to thank for introducing us to each other. Just a little over four months ago, the night after Christmas; that's when it was."

"Yes, Albert."

"I wasn't thinking much about going to that Charity Ball," he said, plunging, as lovers will, into reminiscences of "how it happened." "And then I says to myself, 'Believe I'll go see if there's any good-lookers there.' So when I got there, I saw *you*. I had to hunt around to find somebody that knew you, so finally I ran across Henry. I traded him a bicycle once, when we were in high school. So he introduced you to me."

"No; he introduced you to me, Albert."

"YES," said Albert. "That was a pretty important night for you and me, Anita; but I guess he never knew *that*, when he was introducing us! I got something else I want to show you." And he offered for her inspection a card, twin to that which had caused so much emotion within his grandfather.

" 'Albert Alberger, Second,' " she read. "But, Albert, it's printed."

"You bet!"

"You ought to've had it engraved."

"What's the difference?" he asked.

"Oh, nobody has cards *printed!*" she informed him. "That isn't a bit nice."

Albert had thought to please her, and he was piqued. He was additionally annoyed when, before he could pursue the subject, the lady he escorted was hailed from the rear, and an exquisite youth appeared, panting.

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"I've just been to your house, 'Nita," said Henry Wilkins, Fifth, adjusting his step to his cousin's, but not to Albert's. "Aunt Marjie told me you'd gone walking, and I've been running all over this end of town to find you. Why don't you leave word at the house which way you're going when you know I'm in town?"

Anita looked startled; and a slight agitation became audible in her voice, though all she said was, "Why, Henry *Wilkins!*"

"Well, why don't you?" Henry insisted.

Albert frowned heavily; he was naturally disturbed by the intrusion, and he was annoyed by the high-handed, ignoring way in which it was made. It seemed to him a violation of actual rights which people ought to have sense enough to recognize; and he cast about in his mind for some means to demonstrate that Anita was no longer public property, and that, even for cousins, she did not "leave word," at home, where she was going—not when she was going to walk with Albert Alberger, Second!

Henry paid no attention whatever to him, but continued, to Anita: "You knew I was in town three days ago. Why haven't you called me up? It was your place to do something first, don't you think, after the way you haven't answered my letters lately?"

THIS had a happy effect upon Albert. His irritation vanished at once; he was delighted, and a merry mood took him. Henry's complaint proved clearly that Anita had something better to think of than answering letters from Maple Street noodles. For, when he looked at Henry Wilkins, Fifth, Albert suddenly agreed with his grandfather, at least about the male population of the pretentious thoroughfare. Henry was a slim youth, as beautiful and cold as the moon. He was fair, with hair of a silver blond; and his expression was infantile in its rapt unconsciousness of all the universe save Henry and what affected him.

"Where you going?" he said. "Let's go back to the house. I want to talk to you."

"Hello, Swink!" said Albert gaily.

"Hello, Deitsh!" Henry carelessly returned. "Anita, let's go back to——"

"What in the world are those names you're calling each other?" Anita cried; and she managed to add a nervous but placative laugh to the interruption.

"We called him 'Deitsh' at high school," said Henry. "Didn't you hear what I said? How much farther are you——"

" 'Swink's' always been his nickname," Albert explained. "I hear you just got fired from college, Swink." And he laughed boisterously, appealing confidently to Anita. "Didn't I tell you it was all over town he got fired because he was so dumb he couldn't keep up?"

Henry was able to ignore this jocular attack, though it rather strained his capacity for ignoring things, especially as Albert had but stated the lamentable fact. Anita, on the contrary, flushed deeper, and suddenly wheeled about, facing homeward.

"All right," she said. "Let's *do* go back!"

"Where I can get a chance to have a talk with you alone," Henry added, turning with her.

Albert turned also; but he was not quick, and he found himself a step behind them—a step which he took with vigor, placing himself between the cousins, instead of going to Anita's unescorted left. "Well," he said, "I

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"YOU'RE TOO LATE FOR THE BAND-WAGON! FALL IN WITH THE KIDS BEHIND, OLD SWINKIE"

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guess I just as soon go back, too. We can't get much more good out o' this walk now."

The cold young Henry seemed not so cold at this. It was with an easily visible amount of heat, in fact, that, after saving himself from a fall (Albert's shoulder having brushed him heavily), he passed to Anita's left. All three faces were flushed: Henry's with indignation; Anita's with anxiety; Albert's with triumph.

"I guess it's all right so far as I'm concerned," Albert said, "if you want to go back to the house. One way or another—go walking or sit in the house and chatter—it hardly makes any difference to *us*, does it, Anita?"

She gave him a dark glance; then she gave her cousin an appealing one. "Oh, it might," she said. "I don't know. I guess so. Yes, it would." For the moment she was disconcerted, and with reason. She had not looked for this encounter. "Cousin Henry," she said, making a pathetic effort, "did you find everybody all well at your house when you got home?"

HENRY was not inclined to ease matters; he stalked beside her, furious. "Never mind," he said. "I'll talk to you when we get alone."

Albert laughed a laugh of contempt, not ill-natured, merely triumphant. "Come around some other day then," he said. "Up to then, fall in behind! You're too late to get on the band-wagon!"

Anita shuddered.

Henry breathed rapidly, almost audibly, but attempted no retort; and Albert was in high fettle. He laughed loudly again, and, reaching behind Anita, slapped Henry upon the back.

"You're too late for the band-wagon!" he cried. "Fall in with the kids behind, old Swinkie!"

"You keep your hands off me!" Mr. Wilkins commanded dangerously.

"You get mad and I'll turn you upside down and spank you!" shouted the uproarious Albert. "If anybody gets mad it ought to be me. Shouldn't it, Anita?"

Scarlet, she made no reply, but hurried the faster toward home, while Albert gaily pressed the question:

"Shouldn't it be me if anybody has to get mad? Here he thinks he ought to get mad while *he's* the one comes spoiling a walk I'm taking with my girl!"

"*Albert!*" she gasped miserably.

"Well, I'm not mad," he laughed; and he stretched forth his hand, offering Henry another good-natured slap; but Henry evaded the gift, muttering savagely. The yellow chamois glove paused in air, then with a second thought rested upon Anita's shoulder. "*We* aren't mad at him, are we, Anita?"

As Anita jerked her shoulder free of that possessive hand, her expression indicated that she considered the moment a tragic one. The two words she spoke, however, lacked every dramatic quality, though the tone was sufficiently emotional.

"Oh, *my!*" she said.

They had reached her gateway. "Come in, Henry," she said, breathlessly. "Albert, I'll write you a note and——"

"Oh, I just as soon come in," he said. "It don't matter so much, once in a while."

She opened her lips to speak, but proved to be incapable. With a blanched face she turned, and, followed by the two young men, scampered

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unhappily to the front door of the house, opened it and passed within.

The three stood in a broad, old-fashioned hall—a hall with a white-and-black tiled floor, black walnut newel and staircase, dismaying draperies, antlers with hats on them; all haunted by a faint smell of apples.

Anita spoke in haste, and her voice was a tremulous ghost of itself. "Albert," she said. "Will you please go in the reception-room?"

"I don't care," he responded. "Go on and talk with him a while, if Swinkie's got some family stuff he wants to tell you. It's nothing to me, so long as he knows he's too late for the band-wagon. Don't take too much time, though: we don't want *all* our afternoon spoiled for us."

And he passed cheerfully through the doorway whither her impatient hand urged him. Henry had already gone into the library on the other side of the hall, and the stricken lady proceeded to follow Henry. Tears twinkled upon her lashes the instant she had closed the door, and she seemed inclined to shed them upon her cousin's shoulder; but he stepped back with convincing haste, avoiding her.

"What did that Dutchman mean?" he demanded. "Nice thing for a man to come back to, isn't it? Find the girl he's engaged to——"

"But we aren't engaged," she protested, moaning softly as she acquiesced in his rejection of a shoulder whereon to weep. "We aren't engaged, Henry."

"Aren't we?"

"No, dear; you know we aren't. We're not exactly engaged," she added, weeping more. "I've never been exactly engaged to anybody in my life."

"Well, that Dutchman thinks you're engaged to *him*, doesn't he?"

"No!" she wailed, sinking into a chair. "Of course he doesn't. He *never* acted such a crazy way before! I don't know what was the matter with him!"

"I do," said Henry. "Nothing could be *much* plainer!"

"What?"

"He thinks you're going to marry him."

The unhappy girl stifled a scream. "No, no, *no!*" she cried. "How could he?"

"Because you've been flirting with him."

"NO, NO, *no*, Henry!" she protested huskily. "I haven't ever done anything *like* flirt with him. Sometimes I *have* flirted; I admit that. I did last summer, and told you all about it. Don't you remember?" In the excess of her candor she lifted her wet eyes to his. "But never since this Christmas, when I found out *you* cared. *Never*, Henry!"

"Then what's he mean, calling you his 'girl'?"

"I don't *know*, Henry. It's just his German way, I think. I've hardly seen anything of him at all: he's only been here to call three or four times. I've always been almost *icy* with him. For a while—and you were so far away, Henry—I did think he was rather nice, and sort of big and good-looking and——"

Henry interrupted her violently. "*Aha!*" he cried. "I see!"

"Henry!" she wailed. "I only mean good-looking in his *way*—not a way that appeals to me at all! You've just got to believe me, Henry. Henry, you *do* believe me?" And she seized his hand, clinging to it and leaving tears upon it.

Henry began to be shaken. "You can't fool me," he said. "I know

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you've been cooin' around that Dutchman; but there's one way you could make me think it didn't amount to much."

"Tell me."

"Go in there and make him understand you never want to see him around the place again."

She dropped his hand and uttered a subdued shriek. "Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't, Henry! It would hurt his feelings awfully, and you know perfectly well I *can't* see people suffer. I *can't*, Henry."

Henry intelligently made for the door.

"Stop!" she cried, running to place herself in his way. "You sha'n't go, Henry! You *mustn't* be so mean to me!"

"Then do what I say."

She saw that he meant it inexorably; she gulped, shivered, sighed brokenly, and bowed her head in resignation. "You wouldn't mind, Henry," she said feebly, "if I had mama do it for me?"

"No," said Henry. "I think that would be better. It'd do him lots o' good."

"I won't be long," whispered Anita, and the tender prophecy of a smile might have been seen through the mist of her tears as she tiptoed out of the door.

In the room where Albert waited he discovered the origin of the faint odor noticeable in the hall—a silver bowl of big, polished red apples on a center-table. He looked upon these with a pleasant interest, and, seating himself at ease, ate two. He was just finishing the second when a lady of fifty entered the room so quietly that she startled him, and he sat open-mouthed, staring, the remnants of the apple in his hand.

She was so gentlewomanly she might have dressed herself in the character of "gentlewoman" for a fancy-dress party. Her delicate head—a religious, elderly replica of Anita's—completed a simple harmony otherwise composed of gray silk, ivory lace, and a cameo. Her voice was almost as quiet and quick as the noiseless step of her invisible feet.

"You are Mr. Alberger," she said, but did not await his confirmation of the statement. "Anita introduced you to me on the porch one evening, but it was dark. I am her mother. I'm very sorry to have something to say which may be a little awkward for both you and myself, Mr. Alberger."

"Ma'am?" he said. "Isn't Anita coming in here pretty soon? I was just waiting for her."

"I'm sorry," she said quickly. "I came to say that it will be better for you not to wait. Anita is chatting with her cousin."

ALBERT got heavily to his feet. "What you mean? She isn't going to spend the whole afternoon with Swink, is she?"

"I beg your pardon."

"That Henry Wilkins! She isn't crazy enough about him to spend the whole——"

"She hasn't any such ideas in her head, Mr. Alberger. Both she and her cousin are too young to think of such things yet. I'm afraid I must make it clear," Mrs. Wilkins continued, with an accession of primness. "What I am saying concerns nobody except yourself."

Albert coughed uncomfortably; he was becoming conscious of a destiny overhanging and about to fall upon him ponderously. He felt a strong dislike for this ominous lady. "Well, does something seem to be the matter?" he asked, not knowing what else to say.

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"I SEE I SHALL HAVE TO BE PAINFULLY FRANK, MR. ALBERGER."

"Very much so," she returned. "I think I must be quite frank with you. You see, when Anita met you she had no idea who you were, Mr. Alberger."

"'Who I was'?" he echoed, utterly puzzled.

"She asked you to call, without knowing who you were," Mrs. Wilkins went on, in her quick, quiet way. "She tells me you came several times before you mentioned definitely who you were. When you did mention it she ought to have told her father and me at once; but Anita is very tender-hearted, and she put off telling us, because she knew that we could take no possible course except to end the acquaintance instantly. I know how sensitive she is to the giving of pain, but I think she was very wrong not to tell us who you were as soon as she found out. She says herself that keeping such a thing secret from us has weighed more and more on her conscience until to-day, when she felt that she couldn't bear it any longer. She has just now come to me in my room and told me who you were, Mr. Alberger."

"Who I *am*?" said Albert. He was dazed; most of what she said amazed and staggered him; he could not discern her meaning. But "end the acquaintance instantly"—*that* stood out with a sinister intelligibility, and frightened him.

"She felt she must put the matter entirely in my hands," Mrs. Wilkins informed him.

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"Look here!" said Albert. "You got me all mixed up. I don't know what you're talking about. Did *she* get you to come in here to tell me she wants to sit in there and talk to Swink Wilkins, now he's got fired and come back to—·—"

Mrs. Wilkins interrupted him firmly. "I see I shall have to be even painfully frank, Mr. Alberger. You entirely misunderstand your own position. When I heard your name mentioned by Anita, I did not connect it with a place I have often—too often—heard of: the Alberger—" she paused, reluctant to use distasteful words, then compelled herself to go on—"the Alberger saloon!" she said.

"Well," said Albert, "I don't see what's the matter. Albergers' isn't a saloon, though; not as you name saloons. Our place is a wine-house and bowling-alleys and garden, and it's got the best business in the city. I guess you don't hardly mean Anita thinks she's too good for Albergers'?"

Mrs. Wilkins looked suddenly faint. For a moment she was unable to reply; then she found a voice much louder than she had been using. "Your father is a German saloonkeeper!" she cried.

"All right," said Albert fiercely. "What comes next?"

"I think you should understand without my saying any more, Mr. Alberger."

"Understand what?"

MRS. WILKINS looked him full in the eye. "Anita begs me to request you," she said, "that as she was under a misapprehension about you in asking you to call here, you will be good enough not to mention to anybody that you have ever been in this house."

This was, in truth, slightly over-interpreting Anita, but the young man seemed to call for extraordinary clearness of diction; and aside from something which Mrs. Wilkins thought of as "social strata," she had a profound horror of all traffickers in liquor.

"If my husband were here this afternoon," she said, "he would probably insist on your giving your word to grant Anita's request. He would ask you please not to speak to her upon the street—and not to mention her. I hope it will be unnecessary for him ever to have to approach you upon the subject."

She would have said a little more, but Albert's eyes, fixed upon her own, were becoming visibly bloodshot and unbearable. He was slow, but at last he understood her meaning to the full, and he understood Anita's.

Mrs. Wilkins moved backward nervously. "I think your hat—" she began, but decided not to make the suggestion more definite.

There was no need. Albert picked up his hat and stick from the table, where they lay by the bowl of apples; he put his hat on his head, and stamped vehemently out of the house. At the gate he turned.

There was the flicker of a curtain at a window down-stairs; and this movement, though inconsiderable and brief, disclosed the fact that Henry Wilkins, Fifth, and Anita, over Henry's shoulder, were watching the passionate departure. They saw that he saw them, and, with a little confusion, decided to become invisible; upon which Albert, discovering that he held the remains of an apple embedded in a clinched palm of chamois, hurled this missive at the window, and departed, swiftly.

He reached the stable behind Albergers' Garden in time to unloose his emotions privately, or at least before a public consisting of no more than the mild horse and introspective cow there enclosed with him. He broke his

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stick into short pieces; he hurled the yellow gloves into the mire of the stalls, and trampled them down there. He used many words, both whole and broken, and uttered sounds that were not words at all. At last his reddened eyes lifted to a rafter, then slowly descended to the cow's halter of rope.

The combination of materials was gloomily suggestive; but Albert was young, and after a while he went up to the loft, and lay in the hay, brooding, until supper-time.

His father and Albert the First were already seated when young Albert came to the table. They let him begin his meal; then the ancient man nodded sagely to his son, who nodded back, and said:

"Brudie, I got to talk to you."

"Dot's right," said the ancient. "Gif it to him hot, too!"

But before the son could obey, rebellion flamed from the grandson. He set down his coffee-cup, and banged the table with his fist alarmingly. "You better not!" he cried. "I won't stand not one word! I don't have to take it from anybody. I want to get out o' this place."

His two elders stared, incredulous; they looked at each other blankly, then more blankly at young Albert. Finally the grandfather seemed to have solved the riddle. He began to nod his fine old head; he nodded and nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Didn't I knew it? Didn't I tolt you? You put it off too long, and let him keep goin' wit' Maple Streeters, till it's happened to him. Dose peoble, you know what dey are?"

"*I*'ll tell you what they are!" young Albert shouted. "They're *Americans!*"

"*No*, sir!" the old man answered, straining his thin voice with the emphasis he demanded of it. "It's because you're gone crazy you say so: nobody can't make Maple Streeters Americans. Maple Streeters iss monkey-shines, and monkey-shines ain't Americans. I'm a Forty-Eighter and I'm a Sixty-Two-er! I been an American sixty-eight years; dot's long enough to know who besides me iss Americans, ain't it? You been goin' by Maple Street till you're crazy; you're spoilt; you're turned into a noodle! It's happened!"

"It's a falsehood!" bellowed young Albert.

"Why is it?" his father asked angrily. "Didn't you just say you want to leave Albergers'?"

"I didn't! I want to leave this blame *town!*"

"Where you want to go, Brudie?" his father inquired, in complete astonishment.

Albert sat sullen for a moment; then with lowered eyes he said: "I'd like to go to Germany."

"For a visit?" asked Albert Junior. "You want to go and study something maybe?"

"No!" the boy returned fiercely. "I want to go live there!"

The Forty-Eighter hammered the table with knife and spoon; he burst into uproarious laughter which ran into falsetto and choked him. "You Brudie!" he said at last. "You go and lif in Chermany—see how you like it. Why, you can't speak good Cherman!"

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"I'd learn it then."

"You better not!" cried the old man. "Pretty quick you'd say someding if it's understood you git in jail!"

"Why would I?"

"You couldn't *help* it! You got always used to speak what you want to, ain't you? Here, if you want to cuss somebody, you cuss him. In Chermany, if you want to cuss der Kaiser, you'd cuss him. In Chermany you expect a man can open his mout' to speak what he feels like? What am I a Forty-Eighter *for*, you Brudie?"

"I DON'T know," the youth said sullenly. "I wish you'd stayed there and been a reg'lar German!"

Old Alberger laughed again. "In America you stand up for Chermany; in Chermany you'd stand up for America——"

"You think I would?" Albert interrupted hotly. "It's why I'd like to go and live in Germany—because I hate them damned Americans!"

Again the elder two sat amazed. "You hate *who*, Brudie?" the grandfather asked, leaning toward him, across the table.

"I hate them damned Americans," Albert repeated; and his passion increased.

"You hate *me?* Ain't I an American?"

"You're not!" shouted Albert; and he struck the table again with his fist. "Maple Streeters, *they're* Americans! You're a German! You're a German saloonkeeper!"

"Yes, sir. Go on," said old Alberger, nodding. "What comes next?"

Albert threw down his napkin and leaped to his feet. "*I'm* a German!" he bellowed. "And I wish to God you'd had sense enough to stay in Germany where you belonged, and not come over and get me born here where I got to make myself sick lookin' at *Americans!* That dirty Maple Street ain't nothing *but* Americans!"

. . . He fled, noises of a vehement character marking his path through the farther chambers of the apartment. "Well, sir," said the Forty-Eighter, "he's gone crazy, but I guess we don't got to worry so much. Anyway, he ain't no Maple Streeter!"

And a little later, observing how young Albert rather morosely but efficiently managed the bowling-alleys in the somewhat Gothic hall, Albert the First addressed Albert Junior again upon the subject. "I guess he don't start for Chermany to-night, not chust yet a while! I expect—well, me and you, we ought——"

He lowered his voice to a whisper as a group of customers jovially approached; and Albert Junior was uncertain of his father's words, but he understood the old man's meaning, which was that both of them ought to be very kind to Brudie for a while. The final phrase of the Forty-Eighter was more distinct, however.

"Because Brudie, he's in a hell of a pickle!" his son understood him to say.

"THE SPRING CONCERT"—Tarkington's story coming in October—is one of the most delightful in the series. It introduces Lucius Brutus Allen, a new Tarkington hero, who will figure in several later stories.

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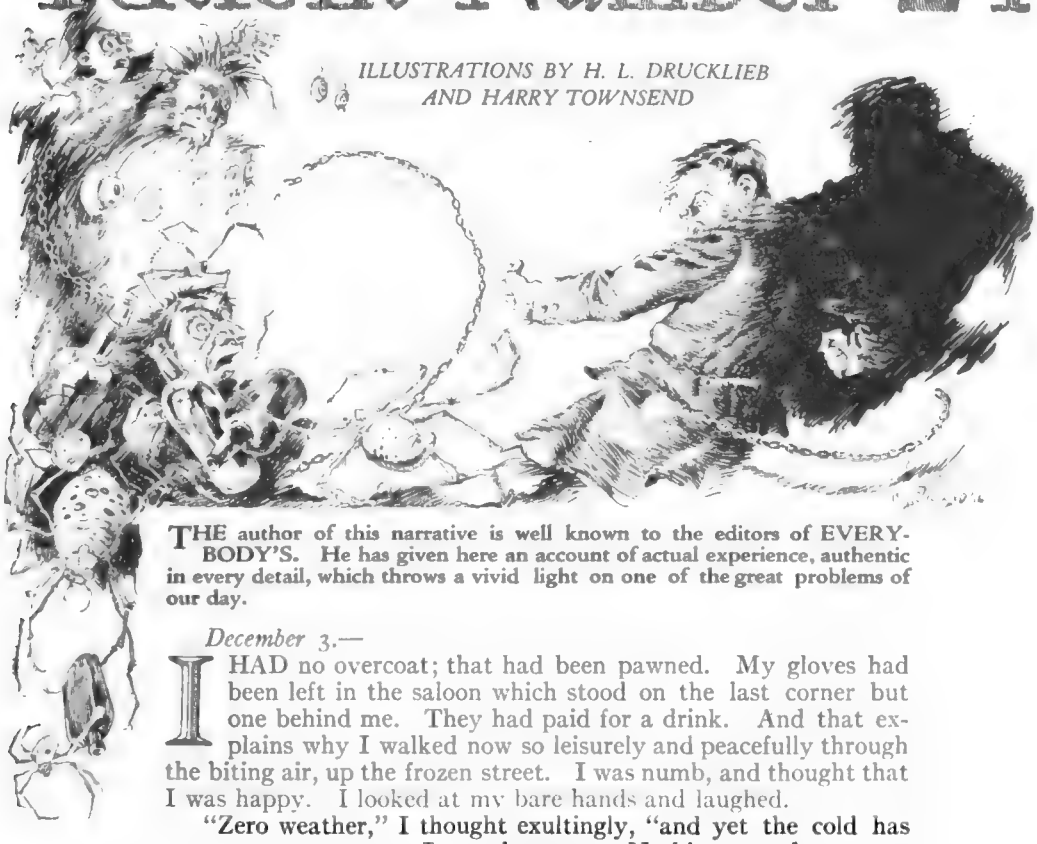
Patient Number 24

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB AND HARRY TOWNSEND



THE author of this narrative is well known to the editors of EVERYBODY'S. He has given here an account of actual experience, authentic in every detail, which throws a vivid light on one of the great problems of our day.

December 3.—

I HAD no overcoat; that had been pawned. My gloves had been left in the saloon which stood on the last corner but one behind me. They had paid for a drink. And that explains why I walked now so leisurely and peacefully through the biting air, up the frozen street. I was numb, and thought that I was happy. I looked at my bare hands and laughed.

"Zero weather," I thought exultingly, "and yet the cold has no power over me. I am immune. Nothing can harm me. Pain, trouble, the cares of men? Idle phrases! Passers-by gaze at me curiously, pityingly, maybe. Well, let them—poor souls! They little dream the truth: that I am not of their world! They do not know who or what I am, but *I* know. I am a king to-night! Monarch of the realm of Circumstance, lord even over the dull tyrant Fact!"

In the back of my brain I held a thought securely. It was my secret: I knew where I was going! I knew that I had promised to go there and that I could not break my promise. The number of the house stood in my mind in small, tremulous letters that gleamed brightly as if worked in flame.

I found myself staring at the door in a lighted vestibule. There were those talismanic numbers, at last! I stepped off to the curb, away from the brownstone front of the house, and examined them critically. I matched them cautiously with the fiery letters in my brain. I must be careful! Numbers were treacherous things; and brains. . . . But yes! they were the same. This was without doubt the house I had promised to find—and enter.

On the threshold something seemed to tug at my will and hold me back. My last drink had spent its force. There came a premonitory twinge of the

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vitals that seemed a warning. Suppose in this silent house there should be no means to quiet that growing uneasiness, the still small voice of the alcoholic! If there should be no drink waiting! Better to roam the icy street, to borrow, beg, steal! Better to die. . . .

The door swung on its hinges and I walked in stiffly erect, unswerving, nerves strung taut by the resolve, taken now anew, to keep my promise, a promise irrevocable, though the place and manner of its making for the moment escaped me.

The Doctor peered at me over his flat-top desk. He was a large, strong man with inquisitive eyes. He asked me my name. I gave it. "Oh, yes," he said calmly, "we've had a phone message. We were expecting you. Sit down!" He rang a desk bell and spoke briefly over the house telephone.

His air of indifference irritated me. Surely he could not know with what supreme devotion, what titanic effort, I had kept my promise to come to see him! He sat back in his chair and gazed absently at the ceiling, humming. He was humming very softly, yet the sound seemed to strike directly on my brain. It was like a scream. I found myself following the tune with my whole being. I was singing a refrain, inaudibly, to myself. It came to me suddenly that the refrain had words. And that the words were these:

I need a drink—will I get a drink?
I need a drink—will I get a drink?

I was surprised. I had not intended to sing at all. Nor had I been thinking of a drink. I thought of one now, however, intensely.

I started, and stared at the Doctor. He was looking at me fixedly. I knew that I mustn't again let my thoughts get away from him. I knew that he was somehow involved in my promise. And I was going to see this thing through, to keep my promise!

The Doctor was looking at the ceiling once more. Nothing seemed farther from his thoughts than myself. My feelings were hurt. I was sure that I was worth thinking about. Why, even the people in the street, strangers to whom I had not so much as spoken, were interested in me. A weak impulse to cry came over me.

No! I knew that I must not let my nerves break. I must hold myself steady, because I had to see this thing through!

It seemed ages, though it was seconds only, since I had seated myself in the Doctor's room. Suddenly I knew that I could stand it no longer. A numbness was creeping from the back of my neck upward toward the crown of my head. I knew that when it reached the crown of my head it would not stop. I knew the top of my head would float on upward too. I was holding it in place now with all the strength of my mind. But I was afraid.

If the Doctor would only speak to me! Or even look at me! There was no sound but that hideous humming. I gave up.

"Doctor," I said, "I'm going to throw a fit for you!"

The Doctor looked quickly at my face and half started from his chair. "No, you're not!" he cried sharply. "Come over here. Let me get a look at you."

"Oh, yes, I am!" I insisted. I was pleased now in spite of my fear of that creeping numbness, because I knew that I was going to prove myself right and the Doctor wrong. And I did. . . .

I knew nothing for a time except that there was a growing sound that filled the world, a confused roar like the roar of surf, with a dismal wailing

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undertone that beat in a weird refrain through my head. It seemed the horrid prelude to something unknown but unbelievably dreadful.

I dislike the sea. So I was not surprised, when I awoke, to find myself on the beach, with green waves licking toward me and twilight growing into night. When I saw that the waves were alive and were reaching for me eagerly, I was filled with a fear that made my bones shrink. The waves had strange, distorted faces, like the faces of people I had known and hated. They grinned with cheerful menace and seemed confident of reaching me soon. I knew that they would, because I could not stir an inch. But I lost consciousness before they quite touched me. . . .

Spiders fill me with loathing. So I knew if I opened my eyes I should find that the sensations on my face and hands were caused by the feet of spiders crawling there. I opened my eyes. I was not mistaken: they were blue spiders with large, mournful eyes, red-rimmed and dry. I closed my eyes again, for once more unconsciousness saved me. . . .

I was in a lonely house with dim corridors leading in all directions from the room where I stood, shaking with fright. There was no sound until I moved, when a rustling and scraping began in the corners of the room. I could not see what things caused the sound, but I knew that they were things of evil. My heart contracted painfully, then thumped wildly for a space, then seemed to stop. The room was thick with horror.

I heard footsteps approaching along one of the corridors, slow and shuffling. They would stop and then drag on again, nearer each time. I knew that the door was about to open. I was sure that the terror of what would be revealed would be more than I could bear.

The door opened noiselessly. The opening was lit from behind, with a faint glow. I wanted to scream, to run, to tear my eyes from the wisp of light. But I could do none of these. I could not even die.

The light faded and in the blackness left there grew a face. Such a face! It was large and pale and round, and the eyes were closed as in death. It drew nearer and the flesh melted away and left a naked skull. The skull vanished and left two yellow, lidless eyes that wavered slowly toward me. Then at last I fainted. . . .

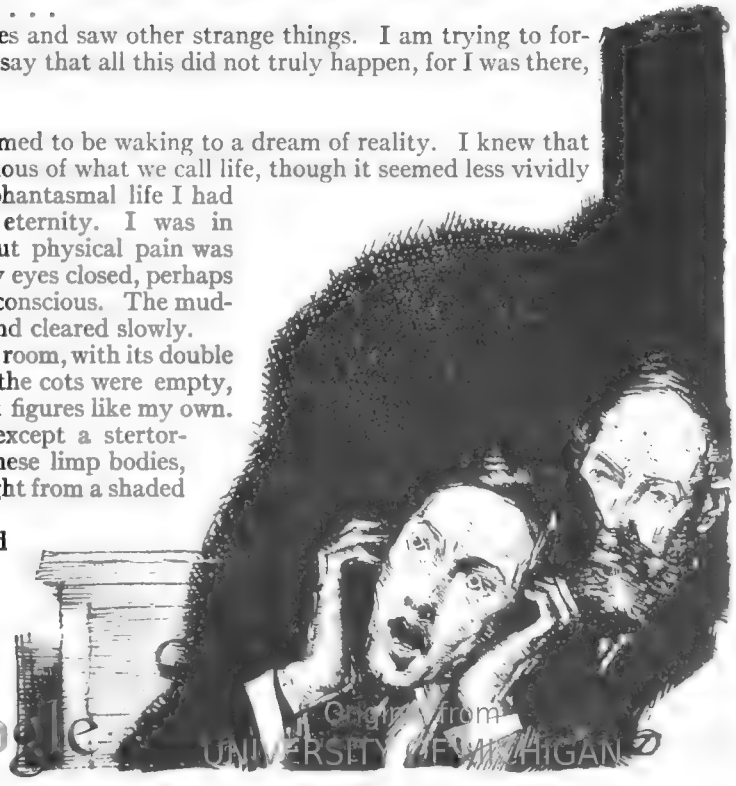
"I NEED A DRINK—WILL I GET A DRINK?"

I was in other places and saw other strange things. I am trying to forget them. But do not say that all this did not truly happen, for I was there, and I know!

December 4.—I seemed to be waking to a dream of reality. I knew that I was once more conscious of what we call life, though it seemed less vividly real than the weird, phantasmal life I had been living—for an eternity. I was in great physical pain; but physical pain was a relief. I lay with my eyes closed, perhaps a little more than half conscious. The muddied current of my mind cleared slowly.

I glanced about the room, with its double row of cots. Some of the cots were empty, others bore recumbent figures like my own. There was no sound except a stertorous breathing from these limp bodies, shapeless in the soft light from a shaded electric bulb.

Then voices sounded



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outside. They drew nearer. The door flapped open and the Doctor walked in, calmly impassive. He walked up and down the narrow space between the two rows of cots, glancing quickly from side to side. He saw that I was awake and stopped by my cot, grasping my wrist between his thumb and index-finger. He leaned over and looked closely at my eyes, then smiled somewhat grimly.

"You can thank your lucky stars for a good constitution," he said. "It would kill a Christian! Do you want a drink?"

Did I want a drink! My heart gave a wild jump. "Doctor," I said, "if a soul were negotiable I would trade mine for a *look* at a drink!"

The Doctor did not smile. "Don't get funny," he said. "Be serious. Be as serious as you can. I'm giving you this drink to keep you from staging any more stunts like that one last night. You'll get another drink later —as many more as you need—till your nerves can stand alone. Then I'm going to let you suffer. You're going to fight this thing out yourself, in your own mind. Then you can go out and start all over again, if you think you'd like to, or—not. It will be up to you!"

The Doctor went out. His words—except the promise of whisky—meant nothing to me at the time. For I was full of a mad longing, the longing of a shipwrecked sailor for shore, of the lost hunter for the lights of home. But I had hope, too; for I was to get a drink!

The Doctor returned, bearing two small glasses. I reached forth a trembling hand to take the one he proffered. Then both hands, lest I should spill a drop of the precious red liquid that was more to me, at that moment, than life itself. The whisky warmed my tortured nerves to a species of beatitude. I sank back on the pillow with a deep sigh of relief.

"Drink this now," said the Doctor, extending the second glass; "it will make you sleep."

It was a bitter, yellowish draught that I swallowed. It seemed very soothing. I had no wish now, nor any care. I floated off on a broad, still sea, and reached the shores of rest. . . .

I woke this time in a quiet room. A white-gowned, white-capped nurse stood by the bed, holding a tray on which were two small glasses, and pills and capsules of divers shapes and sizes.

The nurse gave me a spoonful of pills. "This is the beginning of the treatment," she said cheerfully.

"What treatment?" I asked.

"The treatment that makes men out of horrible examples," she laughed.

"Oh!" I said. "I see."

Somehow this levity seemed misplaced. It would have been more tactful, I thought, if the nurse had allowed a delicate sympathy to color her voice and words.

"Now you can have some whisky," she said.

As before, the liquor brought an instant, blessed sense of relief. The gnawing pain in my stomach vanished magically. I felt stronger, too; sleep had done its share. I became suddenly talkative and felt companionable.

"How did I get up here?" I asked.

"You were promoted while you slept. This is a private room; it was ordered for you. You'll stay here till you're discharged."

"Discharged? You mean——"

"You will not be allowed to leave until the treatment is finished. It's the only way we would take the case."

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"And how long will that be?" I asked.

"Seven days anyway, maybe longer. The treatment takes from three to five days, but you've got to rest till you're strong again, till your mind is normal once more."

The nurse held out the second glass, which I had forgotten. "Drink this," she said; "it will make you sleep!"

"How is it," I asked the nurse as I took the glass and swallowed its bitter contents, "how is it you give me whisky—when you've got me here where I can't get away? I've always heard the way to quit drinking—was just to quit!"

"We try to make this treatment as easy as possible on the patient. If you're used to alcohol and we cut it off short, the shock to your nerves is too great—it's that which often causes delirium tremens. You had a touch, perhaps, last night."

"A touch!"

"That was nothing," smiled the nurse. "You slept, and your heart's all right. If the patient can sleep and take nourishment he'll generally come through."

All day I dozed and lay wakeful by turns. Sometimes I awoke before the nurse came in on her rounds, sometimes I opened my eyes to find her standing by my bed with her inevitable spoonful of pills and the grateful glass of whisky—though this grew smaller and smaller as time passed.

At seven in the evening the night nurse came on. She too was smiling and cheerful. It was undeniably helpful, this sanguine humor, and yet—it still struck me as indecorous!

At eleven o'clock there was an extra allowance of whisky and a new sleep medicine. "That's all until to-morrow," said the night nurse. "Sleep well! Good night!"

December 5.—At four in the morning—the ebb-tide of one's vitality—I sat bolt upright in bed and opened my eyes. It seemed my heart had stopped beating. In a moment it fluttered spasmodically and went back to its regular rhythm. I drew a long breath. I lay down quite cautiously, for a nervous chill crept along my spine like a cold snake. An icy sweat was on my body and limbs, chargeable to my last nightmare. I glanced stupidly about the room, dim in the subdued light. I wondered where I was. Then suddenly memory awoke.

I seemed to have a new consciousness: this was the first moment in weeks that I was really myself. It was as if I had changed personalities overnight: a Hyde who was once more Jekyll. I seemed to have emerged from a period and place far removed. I was like a diver rising from the floor of the sea, from among weeds and mud, and breathing pure air once more. I realized suddenly that I had been, for a time, insane. But what I felt most was a crushing sense of shame at the knowledge. Conscience, pride, sensibility (blotted out for so long in the false consciousness created by alcohol) were alive again, and suffering. I felt that if I could kill myself, in expiation of what had happened, it would be a joy.

Drinking men call this mental state "remorse"; medical men term it "alcoholic depression." The phrases are weak and meaningless, when the reality is known. It is a kind of hell, a very dreadful hell.

The door of my room opened softly. The night nurse entered. "Awake?" she said. "How do you feel this morning?"

"Fine!" I lied mechanically.

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The nurse laughed. "Don't be a hero," she said. "I really want to know. To-day is the turning-point; it's part of the treatment that I should know your symptoms."

"I feel like the devil, then," I said. "My head's burning up, my stomach is on fire, my back aches, my feet are frozen. And I hate myself. If I had a drink I think I could live a little longer, but I'm not sure!"

The nurse laughed again. "You'll get no more whisky," she said. "From now on it's medicine and sleep and food. And your own nerve, if you've got any left!"

My heart sank. No more drinks! That was the one outstanding fact of the nurse's speech. I thought of the dreary time ahead. I recalled suddenly what the Doctor had warned me of: this was to be my fighting day.

The nurse gave me the medicine and a swallow of ice-water. Then she took my pulse and temperature and examined my eyes closely.

"You're much better," was her verdict.

"I feel much worse," I returned irritably.

"Paralysis is less painful than toothache," said the nurse. "When you came in you were drugged. Your body was partly paralyzed. Your brain was over-stimulated; you were in a state of false exaltation. We've given you a little whisky for a shock-absorber, to take up the worst of the reaction. We're giving you medicine which will clean your system of poison in a few days. You feel bad now, naturally. But you're more nearly normal than you've been for some time. Just keep your nerve—we'll have you right in a little while!"

The nurse brought a hot-water bottle for my feet. She brought a cupful of broth, which I tasted. She came in every so often with her medicine and her swallow of ice-water and her cheerful smile, calm and perfectly poised. And I lay through the never-ending hours, motionless, hands clutching the iron bar behind my head, teeth set, in agony of body and brain.

I did not wish to dwell upon myself. My suffering was too real for the pastime of self-pity to lend consolation. But try as I might, I could not drag my thoughts to other things. I could not but live over in detail the wretched chain of events—or what I remembered of them—which had ended on the night I walked along the wintry street, with the number of this house in my inflamed mind.

My "alcoholic history" was not a bad one. This was the first time I had ever taken treatment for the drinking habit. In fact, never till the time, three months before, when I had begun my downward slide, had I been a pathological case—except to the extent that each man who touches alcohol at all becomes pathological thereby.

Three months! How things had changed in that time! I thought of my wife, now dead. I thought of my former employer, an early idol of mine, and of how I hated him when my discharge came. I hated him no longer. I saw now that he could have done nothing else. We—the sales force of the organization—had always called him the "Chief." He was a heavy, slow-moving man, with a heart like an oak. He had been a good friend to me. But he was above all a just man—to himself as well as to others. He played no favorites. That was why I lost my job.

I had been accustomed to drinking moderately ever since I left high school and started in business. I rarely drank more than I could stand; never (or so I thought) enough to hurt my work. I was convinced that I could do more business, even, by drinking as I did, than if I had never touched alcohol. And nothing was farther from my thoughts than that

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He held up his hand a moment. "Listen!"

"Now that man is suffering" he said

whisky might get a hold on me; or that any one would have the right to call me a drunkard.

My wife had died a little over three months before. The grief and the loneliness preyed on my mind. Then I had previously invested most of my savings in a company which blew up about this time. That didn't help any.

I began to drink more, often alone, a habit I had not heretofore indulged. Though I did not realize it, my appearance and mental alertness began to degenerate. It's a peculiarity of the alcoholic, I'm told, that the faster he goes downhill the stronger does his conviction grow that never was he so efficient, so popular, so thoroughly right with himself and his world.

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About this time I received a suggestion from the Chief that I cut it out. I wrote an ironic letter in reply. Was he to take trade gossip in lieu of facts? Look at my record! Of course sales were off this year—that was conceded; but as for me, I was never in finer fettle, etc., etc.

Things went from bad to worse. Finally I got another letter that knocked me flat. The Chief felt that as long as I was in such excellent shape I would have no trouble in getting work elsewhere. He advised me to do so, unless I had saved enough money to live on, because he had hired another man to take my territory.

I couldn't find work anywhere. My money got low. I drank about as much as I could stand. I began to forget things. At first there were blank hours, then days. Then there was at last a confused week or so when I did nothing but drink—and then I was walking up the street, penniless, overcoatless, gloveless, with a promise in my head—a promise I could not even remember making.

It wasn't a pleasant series of adventures to recall. But my mind did inexorably recall it, item by item, day by miserable day.

And the thoughts these memories fostered became pretty desperate. I longed for night, and hoped that I would sleep. I smiled back at the nurse when she came in from time to time, hung on to the iron bar of the bedstead—and waited. There really wasn't anything else to do. . . .

December 6.—When I wakened on the fourth day of internment in the hospital, I was a new man. The physical distress, and the far more unpleasant mental depression of the preceding day, had almost disappeared. My thoughts, which up to now had been concerned exclusively with myself and my symptoms, began to occupy themselves with other things.

My meals began to interest me. I was on "number one" diet: fruit, coffee, and toast for breakfast, soup and a baked potato at noon, soup and vegetables and pudding at night.

The Doctor called in the afternoon. He took my pulse and looked me over carefully. "You're doing fine," he said with satisfaction.

"I feel much better than I did," I admitted.

I was almost ready to reach for sympathy; I looked at least for a compliment on my endurance of a grievous experience. In this I was disappointed.

"You've had a pretty easy time of it," said the Doctor. "One of the best features of the treatment is the comparatively painless recovery to normal. And yours wasn't a particularly difficult case. Now *that* man—He held up his hand a moment. Listen!" I heard a low, monotonous moaning from somewhere down the hall, which I had dismissed, half unconsciously, as the moaning of the wind. "That man is suffering! Dope fiend!" said the Doctor shortly. "By the way, know who sent you here?"

I shook my head. And then he told me. It seems I had met the Chief the day I came, and he had made me promise to come here. He'd offered to come with me, but I was sure I could make it. So he had telephoned to make arrangements, and it was the Chief who was paying my bill.

He believed in me! I vowed, with no reservations, that I would prove equal to the rôle the Chief's confidence had cast me for.

December 7.—The night nurse came in at six this morning and woke me. I was rather surprised to feel hungry. Yesterday was the last day of the

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specific treatment I was taking. The remainder of the time, the nurse said, I must just rest and sleep and eat, and not think too hard.

For a time I rested, and felt very calm and peaceful. My mind seemed more than ordinarily lucid. I had no wish to move or alter my occupation: the wholesome weakness of the convalescent.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of voices coming down the hall. One voice, which rose above the others, was constantly querulous.

The voices entered the room directly across the hall and then ceased, all but the whining voice which I now made out to be demanding a cigarette.

I heard the Doctor's voice break in. "Cigarette nothing," he said. "You're going to bed and to sleep. Don't be a baby!"

At that a muttering succeeded, but nothing more.

A little later the Doctor entered my room. His face was calm, but his eyes showed a trace of exasperation. "You don't smoke, do you?" he asked abruptly.

"No," I answered.

"That's good. You've got a lot better chance of keeping away from alcohol than if you did. If you're really trying to quit!"

"I've quit!" I said.

The Doctor nodded. "You can, of course, if you wish to."

He thought, frowning, a moment. "We get various kinds of patients here," he said. "There are the chronic alcoholics, the periodics, the accidental drunkards. Sometimes I feel like putting idle sons of wealthy parents in a fourth category, all by themselves.

"It's odd," he went on, when I said nothing. "Lots of clever business men use more brains in buying a motor-car and providing for its proper care than in studying their children scientifically and making certain of *their* care—or, rather, teaching them to take care of themselves. We get lots of such fellows here, twenty to thirty years old, with the mind of a boy of fifteen and the character of a ten-year-old. And no occupation except loafing gracefully. Naturally they take up cigarettes and alcohol, or any other vice that comes handy. They've got to do something. And just as naturally, when we get them clean and strong, as healthy as when they were born, they go right out and start smoking and drinking again. We can remove in great measure the effects of such habits, but we can't always reach the cause."

"This isn't really a cure, then, this treatment?" I said.

The Doctor glared at me. "The only cure for alcoholism," he said emphatically, "lies in the brain of the patient. We can eliminate the drug from a man's system in three or four days. We can make the brain function normally, if its tissues are not destroyed, by putting the body in a healthy state, where its poisons do not control the mind. That's important. In most cases it's a prerequisite to a cure.

"Furthermore, we can—and do—treat the restored brain psychologically by a common-sense appeal to its owner's intelligence and pride. Our attitude toward a patient while he's here is all directed toward building up his self-respect and proper self-esteem. We don't weaken him by pity—by making him sorry for himself. We try to give him a new mental angle on himself and his actions. The cure comes when he decides it doesn't pay to drink, determines not to drink, and doesn't drink. If, with our help, his will and judgment aren't equal to this task, he's gone. There is no talisman to take the place of manhood!"

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"Some people are born with less self-respect and will-power than others," I said.

"Of course," said the Doctor. "Those are the people who need watching—from childhood up. Deficients, whether from congenital nervous instability, systemic weakness, or a morbid predisposition to fear and worry, fall an easy prey to drugs or alcohol. They are the difficult cases. We can give them a new start—a chance, that is all."

December 8.—I thought a lot about what the Doctor said yesterday. The nurse lent me a novel and a sheaf of magazines, but somehow I couldn't get interested in them. The Doctor came in late in the afternoon, and as soon as I saw that he was going to stay and visit, I reopened the subject we have been discussing.

"I've been thinking of those deficients—the hopeless ones——"

"I didn't say hopeless," interrupted the Doctor. "You can't call anybody hopeless—unless he's insane. There's just a strong tendency—a strong probability at most—of certain types succumbing."

"Well, among those types there must be many whose lives, except for this weakness, are worth something to themselves and the race."

"Some of the finest achievements mankind boasts have been accomplished by such people. Some of the noblest and most lovable characters I have known have been sufferers from one form or another of nervous instability."

"Then," I said, "if people of that sort give way to drugs or the alcohol habit through a weakness for which they are not responsible, I don't see how they are to blame. I don't see why they should receive the general censure they do. Why, they are ill—that's all!"

"You've hit it!" said the Doctor. "The attitude of society toward the alcoholic is the greatest obstacle we have to contend with in trying to help him. He feels the stigma. His self-respect is taken from him. His sickness, mostly mental to begin with, is aggravated by this fact to a degree infinitely worse than before. His drinking causes him acutest shame—and then he drinks some more to forget that feeling. Many a debauch begins in the throes of the keenest remorse!"

I remembered at this my "depression" of a few days previous, and knew that what the Doctor said was truth. "It seems as if something could be done, surely," I said.

"What would be done, if society were for once actuated by intelligent self-interest, would be to prohibit by law the manufacture of alcohol. Alcohol isn't worth a cent as a beverage, a drug, or a medicine. It does no real good, and is responsible for untold waste and suffering. But it has become fastened in the bodies and the pocketbooks of a considerable proportion of humanity, and it's hard to budge.

"In the meantime about a third of all illness is alcoholic; in New York insane asylums a third of the inmates are there as a result of alcoholism; a third of the cases treated at Bellevue Hospital are cases of acute alcoholism; there are probably forty cases of alcoholism to one of tuberculosis; and the deaths and the general misery due to this scourge are simply incalculable."

"There are state provisions to help the alcoholic, though," I protested; "the law——"

"That's just the point," snapped the Doctor. "The whole theory of laws concerning alcoholism is founded on penalization, not medical help. There

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are no clinics devoted to the study of alcoholism. There is no adequate treatment provided for the alcoholic outside of a few private hospitals. The only time the alcoholic gets action through society's makeshift provisions is when he develops delirium tremens or becomes a public nuisance, in which case he is usually condemned out of hand and punished for his sins —when he should be more often treated for his disease.

"They used to tie insane people up and torture them," went on the Doctor more quietly. "Now we put them in asylums and care for them. In time society will wake up and utilize all its by-products—not scrap them. It will segregate alcoholics whose disease approaches insanity, and treat scientifically, with a view to their ultimate regeneration, the large proportion of curable cases. In days to cor ɔ our present attitude toward the alcoholic will be looked upon not only as barbarous, but as stupid and short-sighted. Which perhaps amounts to the same thing in the end!"

December 9.—I left the hospital to-day—shortly after noon. I said good-by to the Doctor in his office down-stairs.

He handed me an envelope as I left. "A friend of yours asked me to give you this," he said. "He wants you to open it an hour after you leave here."

I took the note without comment and looked at the office clock. It was one-thirty.

Outside, the brightness of the sun made me blink. The people hurrying past, each one intent on his own affairs, seemed strange and unfamiliar beings. Every day they passed and repassed this hospital, dreaming nothing of the alien lives within, the tragedies spun out and finished, the victories fought for and sometimes won there!

When I had stood a moment I turned back and looked at the building I had left. It was a commonplace, brownstone structure, like a thousand others. It was no different from its neighbors to right and left, except that the numbers above the door in the vestibule were different. I looked curiously at those numbers. They were not fiery and magical now.

The door of the hospital opened and a tall, slim youth,

ONE NIGHT I KNEW THAT MY PERSISTENT DESIRE WAS FOR ALCOHOL.

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well-dressed and well-featured, with an amiable smile, emerged. He stood on the step and immediately lit a cigarette which he carefully extracted from an inner pocket. He inhaled deeply and with apparent relish, then glanced at me.

"Hello!" he said. "Weren't you inside?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Thought I saw you at the desk! How long were you in the madhouse?"

"Seven days," I said.

I suddenly recalled the querulous voice of the drunken boy across the corridor, demanding cigarettes. It was this boy's voice.

"I was sent up for a week too," said the youth. "But I fooled them. The Governor sentenced me, but I phoned the Mater this morning and she turned off the treatment. Lord, what a joint!—I'll buy a drink, seeing we're fellow sufferers from reform! Come on—what do you say? I know a place!"

He grasped my arm cheerfully and I went with him. I don't know why. I just went, on impulse.

"What'll it be?" said my companion, when we had found the "place."

"Vichy and milk!" I said.

The youth stared at me a moment, then winked at the waiting bartender. "Make mine a cocktail," he said. "Pineapple Bronx!"

We lifted our glasses. I sipped my drink and glanced at my companion. I did nothing by word or movement to interfere with his desire. I watched him as he drained his glass.

"Have another?" I said.

"No," said the youth; "prudence answers no!"

"Well, good-by," I said. "Good luck!"

As I walked through the park, planning where I would begin my campaign for employment, I was surprised to feel weak and a trifle faint. My knees were rather wobbly and my nerves unstrung. A week in bed does that.

Suddenly I thought of the letter the Doctor had given me. I asked a passer-by what time it was. Twenty minutes to three! I tore open the envelope and a check for fifty dollars fluttered out.

There was also a note!

Better come down to the office and let me cash your check, if you haven't had a drink yet. I want to talk to you too. There's a vacant territory I think maybe you can handle, when you've had a good rest.

I laughed foolishly but happily, and folded up the note. It was from the Chief.

April 3.—It is four months, less about a week, since I wrote the words which precede. In that time I have not touched alcohol. Let me be frank, though—I have wanted to. Wanted to! There have been moments when it seemed as if a drink was the one thing in the world that I must have.

I rested for a week after coming out of the hospital. Then I made my first trip in my new territory. It was a successful trip, in a business way.

At first I was full of an energy that seemed unconquerable. I worked all day and every day at high pressure, and sat up half the night planning for the following day's campaign. My mind held but one thought: I was on trial, and I must make good!

Toward the end of the trip the continued effort told on my health. I

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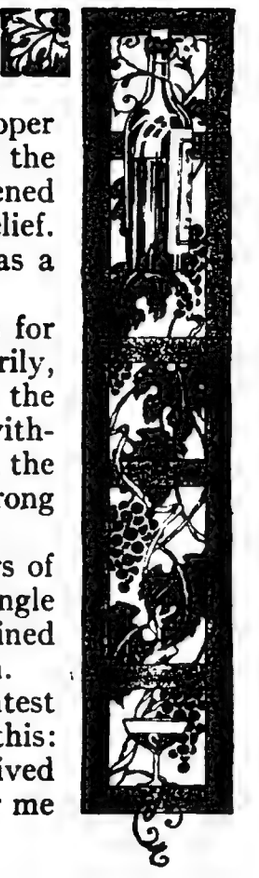
did not notice it at the time. It is hard to know that one is overworking when the mind drives. But soon after I did begin to realize that something was wrong, though I did not yet discern the cause.



I had no great appetite. It was difficult at times to work up proper enthusiasm. I felt dull and sleepy at inappropriate moments. Then in the background of my mind there grew up a vague uneasiness that strengthened to a desire. It was not a physical craving; it was a mental longing for relief. My nerves were flying danger-signals of distress—all I thought of was a means of numbing this unpleasant warning.

One night I knew that my unexpressed but persistent desire was for alcohol. Experience had taught me that it would, at least temporarily, meet the need I felt. Experience, it is true, had taught me also that the net result of using this poison would be a staggering loss. But notwithstanding the fact, once I had admitted to myself what it was I wanted, the desire became an overwhelming menace. The more I fought the strong desire to drink, the higher rose the tide of that desire.

Yet when reason failed and memory all but lapsed, when the doors of my mind closed one by one and the desire filled my consciousness, the single bar to its final triumph was just an unreasoning obstinacy. I had determined not to drink, and, as it happened, I was able to keep that determination.

But even that is too much to say. For chance at last decided a contest in my favor which must otherwise have gone against me. It was like this: I had returned home, gone to the office, reported to the Chief. He received me with words of commendation which somehow did not seem to cheer me as they should.

"Feeling all right?" he asked finally. "You look sort of done up."

"I've been pretty busy," I said. "I'm all right otherwise."

I lied then. I was ashamed of the desires that troubled me. I should have told the Chief of them. If it had been earache, or my appendix, I would have told him at once.

When I left the office, my work for the time done, my report made, no more need now to keep to the high pitch of effort, a reaction came. I had been running on my nerves for weeks, and they were in rebellion. I walked along the street aimlessly, not thinking, just fighting the desire that had become my constant unwelcome comrade. And then an apathy fell upon me.

The swinging doors of a café caught my eye. I pushed them apart and walked in. As I approached the bar I saw a youth standing there, a tall, slim youth with a face that would have been handsome except that now it was swollen, expressionless, dull-eyed. On the bar before the youth was a cocktail, untasted.

My mind gave a great start and awoke. I saw myself standing outside the hospital, and this youth, the youth of the cigarette, hesitating on the step there, smiling. I took a deep breath and walked to the bar. "A glass of vichy and milk!" I said to the bartender.

The youth beside me turned and gazed at me a long moment. I will never forget the tired anguish of his eyes, robbed of their heritage of freshness and hope. " 'S a good hunch—vichy," he said thickly. "Me too, barten'er!"

I got him to the hospital later. They took him in and telephoned to his father. He had been missing for a week. I never heard of him again.

Then I had a talk with the Doctor. He smiled understandingly when I told him of my experience.

"It's the old story," he said. "You're sick—probably some form of toxic

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poisoning. You've been working too much and playing too little; now you're a dull boy. You've got to diet and rest, and then you'll be all right again."

"But my craving for alcohol—" I began.

"Nothing to it. That's the result of habit and instinct and fear. Your instinct told you you needed relief from work and improper living conditions. Your former habit of drinking got working—you remembered that alcohol drugs the nerves after a fashion. Then you were afraid of giving in to it, and that got you all worked up. As I told you when you were here, we can remove the specific physical craving for alcohol in a few days; but it takes years sometimes to get the twist out of the mind of a hard drinker."

I left the Doctor strong and at ease. I followed his directions faithfully. I promised that if another such crisis took me, I would see him, or a good physician, before bespeaking the services of a bartender. I'm fairly good at keeping promises. So I made another to myself. Every night and morning I take five minutes off and recite it over, to make sure I've not forgotten. It's a promise never to touch alcohol again as long as I live.

October 3.—I feel that there is a lack in what I have written—as I go over it from this vantage-ground of six months later. Thoughts and things have shifted, as in a kaleidoscope, until outlines and values seem different. And where before there were just impressions, there is now a design.

The design is not complex. My experience was not complex, as it shows now in the design. And the simplifying of my experience works in my mind a simplification of innumerable similar experiences undertaken by others. This is about it:

My first spell of excessive drinking came about through grief and worry, as proximate causes: grief for the loss of my wife, worry over the loss of the little stake I used to call my fortune. The physical results of this crisis were removed by the medical treatment that the Chief paid for. At the same time, along with the medical treatment and as part of the general treatment I was taking, my mind was strengthened and given a push in the right direction by my talks with the Doctor. Some false mental valuations were corrected.

The near-spell, as I will call it—when I should probably have given in and begun drinking again but for an accident—is to be accounted for simply by overwork, with a consequent physical craving for relaxation, plus an associational fear of using alcohol, which fear itself suggested that alcohol was what I wanted.

As it turned out, the push my will had acquired, when waked up by the accident I have described, was enough to keep me from drinking. My subsequent talk with the Doctor went far toward removing the fear of alcohol because I know now that when I'm tired or seedy I need rest or medicine—not a drink! I have no temptation now to drink, because I have no fight with drink. I'm not afraid of it.

Abuse alcohol all you like, abuse liquor-dealers and hotels and clubs and whisky manufacturers, abuse drinkers and drunkards, shout rum and reform to your heart's content—if you enjoy that sort of thing. But if you want to *do* something for the alcoholic, *or for the boy or man who may become an alcoholic*, do these two things: if your subject's body is poisoned, scientifically unpoison it. If his mind is poisoned, *find out what the poison is and frame an antidote.*

That society hasn't done this hitherto, proves that society needs a pair of thick glasses. Society is suffering from myopia.

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HAUNTED VILLAGE

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Illustrations by SARAH STILWELL WEBER

Little wistful shades, when dusk was nearing,
  Flitted in the streets of Hemlock Town.
Saw you not, among the leafy shadows,
  Breeze-stirred pinafores of beechen brown?

By closed shutters of the fanlight doorways
  Fond they lingered, faintly listening yet
Only to the click of ancient needles
  And the rustle of an old Gazette;

Vainly harkening for a sound of frolic
  In the silent Square and stately Green;
Vaguely seeking, in our long prim gardens,
  Little boys and girls where none were seen;—

Till what time the Poles and Finns and Syrians,
  Following the mills, came thronging down,
And with patriarchal troops of children
  Waked the spellbound streets of Hemlock Town.

Many little hob shoes danced and clattered,
  Earrings tinkled, and the dusky braid
Nodded to the songs the Cæsars' children
  Sang, and games that Pharaoh's daughter played.

Then the little ghosts, in noiseless scamper
  Fleeing up the south wind, homeward hied
To their nursery of low green pillows
  On the walled hill's morning-fronting side;

Laying down their shadowy heads contented,
  Shed upon the drowsing wind their deep,
Low last murmur of fulfilled desire,
  Sunk in dreams, and smiling in their sleep.

VAINLY HARKENING FOR A SOUND OF FROLIC

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FIRST-HAND

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

HIS friends held that Cunningham was at least fifty years old when he was born. According to that very plausible theory he was now about eighty-five; good-looking, with that sort of impersonal attractiveness which inspires respect long before it arouses admiration; and possessed of enough intelligence to make him feared not only in courts of law and equity, but also at the modest club where his chief delight lay in spoiling, by utter and relentless logic, the other fellow's epigram.

He had an astonishingly large income; he lived in a couple of barren rooms near Gramercy Park; his daily routine was as measured and monotonous and dignified as that of an interned animal in the cages of the menagerie.

Those who thought of him as an intellectual machine, efficient, colorless, built solely for automatic precision, didn't realize that he hadn't kissed a woman since his ninth birthday, that he had been orphaned at fourteen, and that in the seclusion of his penal-appearing quarters he divided his time, after dinner, between the Institutes of Justinian and the fairy-stories of Andrew Lang. They didn't know that his austerity was concentrated shyness. They didn't remotely suspect that when Cunningham's brain was apparently occupied by the inconsistencies of the Federal reports, his heart was secretly a-maying over in the License Bureau. They never once surmised this; and if they had, Cunningham would naturally have denied it—while his soul continued to atrophy in loneliness—and buried his embarrassment under an avalanche of pure reason. Somewhat as follows:

Promptly at half past noon, Cunningham's unswerving custom brought him to the dingy but distinctive club where he lunched regularly at the same hour, at the same table, every week-day of the year. First, he unlocked the only letter-box which ever required a key; next he read carefully each typewritten notice on the bulletin-board; after that he inspected with conscientious gravity the candidates' book; then, in the familiar attitude of Lee Shubert counting the house, he stood for a moment at the entrance to the dining-room, bowing to all the members he recognized; finally, having accomplished those formalities, without which the best of

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food would have proved tasteless, he went over to the round table in the window, and took his usual seat.

The men who had preceded him were already deep in conversation; they acknowledged his arrival by sundry inclinations of the head, and resumed.

"I don't admit that it's a question of personality," said Stephenson, who described himself to strangers as an inferior decorator. "I don't think it's even a question of compatibility. My point is that after a man's lived around places like this for a few years, associating with a lot of ribald loafers—present company especially—the change is *bound* to benefit him."

"Meaning, of course," said Currier, "that no matter which way you figure it, Rayburn's in luck."

"Exactly," agreed Stephenson, acquiring the last of the horseshoe rolls, and buttering it unctuously. "I mean that a man who's free-lanced around lower New York for eight or ten years is going to be uplifted and improved by *any* woman. And if it happens to be the sort of partner Ned Rayburn's managed to find—that's velvet!"

Cunningham turned abruptly to his neighbor, a handsome youth who played pool much better than he acted. "Jimmy!" he said, in characteristically repressed amazement. "Jimmy! Ned Rayburn isn't being *married*, is he? *Married?*"

The young actor nodded vigorously. "Says he is, anyway. Don't see why he'd want to lie about it."

"Rayburn married!" said Cunningham, staring across the table. He exhaled gently, and summoned a mental picture of Rayburn—a middle-aged editor with no hair to mention, and mighty little romance in his cosmos. "Poor . . . old . . . Rayburn," he said, shaking his head slowly. "Well, I certainly am astounded. I shouldn't have dreamed of it. I certainly never thought he'd desert us. And while we're enjoying ourselves in what's left of Bohemia, poor old Ned Rayburn—of all men in the world—has got the sun in his eyes, and he's going off to live in Arcady!"

"Tuckahoe," corrected Currier. "They're taking a furnished bungalow." He helped himself plenteously to the strawberry-jam long since charged on another check.

"A FURNISHED bungalow," repeated Cunningham softly, as he polished his glasses. "A man with the artistic sense of Ned Rayburn living in a furnished bungle-house! It's inconceivable! Leather pillows with Indian heads on 'em . . . domestic steins on the mantelpiece . . . and a den—Oh, by all means a den! With *papier-mâché* armor on the wall, and a cozy corner, and tabourets with leather fringe, and framed Gibson girls!" He paused, failing to observe that the others were regarding him with premonitory symptoms of opposition. "A fish-net full of photographs over the divan," said Cunningham, looking sorrowfully out at the slashes of blue sky which showed over the roof-tops. "And . . . and knickknacks . . . souvenir spoons, and a cherry-wood hatchet from Mount Vernon, and something from Niagara Falls. And 'The End of a Perfect Day' always open on the piano. There's probably a China-silk piano scarf on it, with cut-glass vases, and a majolica rose-jar. And the whole place smells of cabbage——"

"We were just saying," interrupted Stephenson, bending toward him, "that this is about the best thing that could possibly happen to Rayburn. You don't subscribe to that?"

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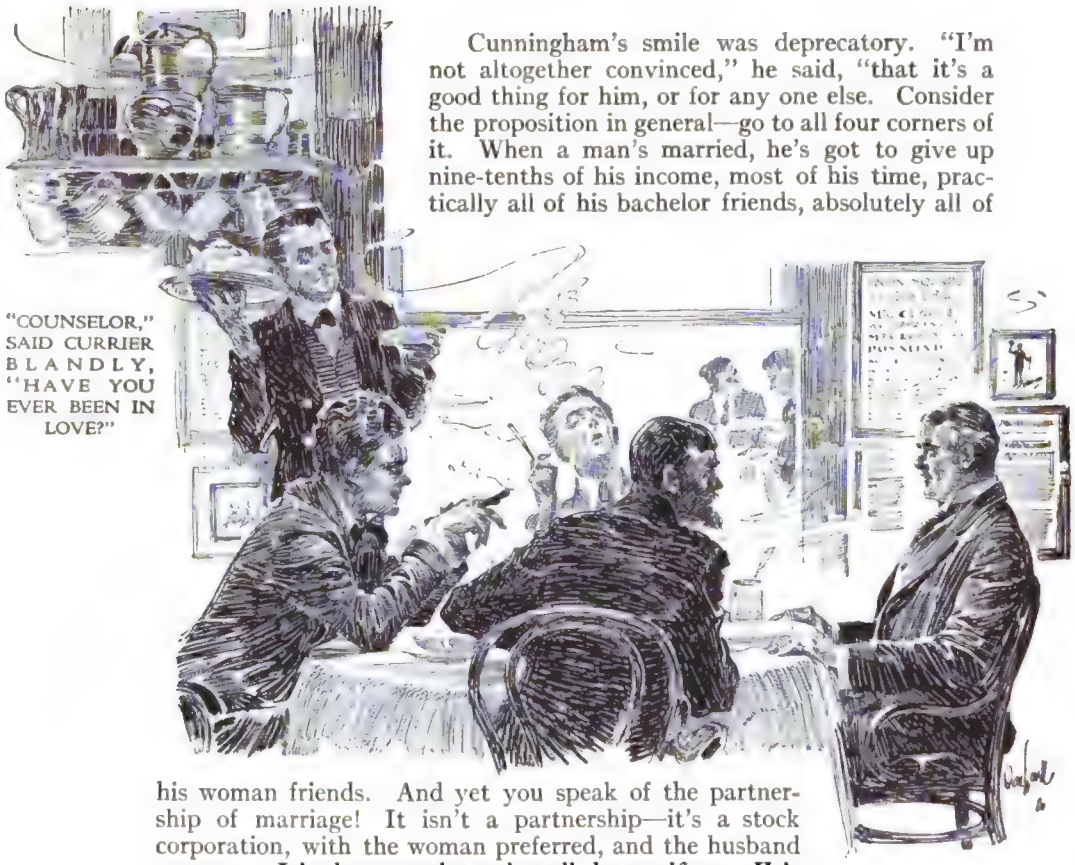

"COUNSELOR," SAID CURRIER BLANDLY, "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE?"

Cunningham's smile was deprecatory. "I'm not altogether convinced," he said, "that it's a good thing for him, or for any one else. Consider the proposition in general—go to all four corners of it. When a man's married, he's got to give up nine-tenths of his income, most of his time, practically all of his bachelor friends, absolutely all of his woman friends. And yet you speak of the partnership of marriage! It isn't a partnership—it's a stock corporation, with the woman preferred, and the husband common. It's the *man* who makes all the sacrifices. *He*'s the one who mortgages his future. He begins by discounting the remainder of his existence at about ninety per cent., and in return he gets a permanent trespasser on his individuality. Why, I've heard you arguing suffrage—the very last refuge of the American male citizen! That's all the individuality a married man *has!* Granted that it's a special privilege—a man has to have *some* compensation, hasn't he? And the woman isn't doing anything more than to shift the responsibility of her support from one house to another. I can't see how Ned Rayburn's lucky—on the contrary!"

The young actor touched his arm. "Aren't you forgetting," he asked, "that occasionally—just once in a while, you know—people have a sort of what you might call a—an attachment for each other? Don't you count that in? Ned said——"

"*That* isn't why people marry!"

There was a little stir of interest around the table.

"You've never been married yourself," said Stephenson. "So you ought to be quite impartial."

"I am. Why, some people marry for the same reason that some people fight. On impulse. The consequents are overshadowed by the antecedents. Now, the men who marry earliest all have nervous temperaments. That's demonstrated by statistics. They see a pretty face, or a good figure, or

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they go to a dance, or to a week-end party and get home-cooking—I'll venture to say that those are the proximate causes of nine marriages out of ten. I'm willing to wager that the last one hits close to Ned Rayburn."

He glanced across at Stephenson, whose expression was wooden. He looked at Currier, who had compressed his lips thinly, and was battering a tea-biscuit with a spoon. He sought approval from the young actor, whom he had set down as an iconoclast, and was genuinely astonished at the optical reception he got for his pains.

"Well, in *my* opinion," said the actor presently, "you're either jaundiced or jealous——"

"Jealous!" The stroke was so nearly true that Cunningham winced.

"You don't seem to be awfully well posted on this line," said Stephenson. "Besides, we're all friends of Ned——"

"So am I! What difference does that make?"

"Counselor," said Currier blandly, "I am about to make an examination which is both material and relevant. Of course, you're not obliged to incriminate yourself, but I rather wish you would. It might help me to get your angles. Have you ever been in love?"

Cunningham reddened, and the consciousness of it made him redden still more. It occurred to him that his motives wouldn't stand scrutiny, and that humor might save him.

"Not recently," he conceded.

"Well, until that time," said the young actor at his side, "perhaps you'd better stick to facts, and not theories. Because afterward you can't."

"In other words," added Stephenson, "this sounds like too much of a reflection on Ned. So please don't make a silly donkey of yourself, old man—and let's talk about something else."

Cunningham drew his chair back sharply. "What was that?"

"When you don't know the first thing about a topic," advised Stephenson, "you might as well keep away from it. When you're legitimately entitled to the floor, you can have it—but not until then." He laughed, but his intentions were unmistakably serious.

Cunningham rose stiffly. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'm sorry to have annoyed you. I was under the impression that you could discuss an abstraction without dragging ourselves into it. You're practically telling me that I don't know what I'm talking about."

"Oh, hold on——"

"Not practically—actually," said the young actor. "Don't be an idiot! Sit down."

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Cunningham with great politeness; and he moved away toward the big doors, and disappeared into the adjacent living-room. The trio at the table looked at each other guiltily.

"WHAT'S the matter with him to-day?" inquired Currier. "I never saw him act like that before. Must be indigestion, or something."

"I don't know why he should take it so hard——"

"Shouldn't be so dogmatic, then," said the actor. "What's *he* know about it?"

"Nothing," said Stephenson, starting up. "But I don't want him to think we've sandbagged him. We must have hit a sore spot. He likes Ned as much as we do. You stay here a minute—I'll fetch him back, and we'll straighten it out. And then, for Heaven's sake, talk about the war——"

The doorman, however, declared that Mr. Cunningham had gone.

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WHEN Cunningham emerged from the door of the club, and strode wrathfully along Twentieth Street to Fourth Avenue, the disorganization of his own thoughts appalled him. "Damned hypocrites!" he said, referring to his friends; and then, "Damned *hypocrite!*" —referring to himself. Poor old Ned Rayburn was in his mind; the early spring was in it, too, and his friends' comments, which rankled. They needn't have been so arbitrary about it—it wasn't at all necessary. This is a country of free speech; every man has a right to his opinion.

But to Cunningham's clotted imagination his whole life was like a seething, giant wave which had just broken magnificently against a wall of solid realism, and was suddenly worth nothing. His world had gone unstable under his feet. Even poor old Ned Rayburn, whose baldness was beyond euphemism, was going to be married! Illogically, he loathed Ned Rayburn; loathed him west to Fifth Avenue, where he halted, irresolute. The need for action was compellingly urgent in him; he wanted to walk vast distances, and think, and think. He wanted to settle the eternal problems of things and people and marriages and life; he wanted to find some weight of philosophy to balance his own doubtfulness. The sap of spring was in his veins, and he felt it.

"*One* afternoon," he said, frowning at his watch. "One afternoon out of a lifetime. In the office they'll think I've had an accident—or a client. Never did such a thing before. But—*poor* old Ned!"

He set out briskly northward. Resolution was taking form. "Hypocrite!" he said to himself, savagely. "That's what I am. Yes, sir! I want to get out in the country, and mull it all over. Of course, they didn't need to jump on me *quite* so hard. . . ."

Eventually, when he came to the Grand Central Terminal, his plan was definite. One of the men at his office had some time mentioned Crestwood, twenty miles out, where woods and fields were in abundance, and the air was pure, and the silence gratifying.

"There's no use—you've got to get a perspective," he said in the smoking-car. "You can't make comparisons if all you've got is a horizon—no foreground." The train started. "Good old Ned," said Cunningham reflectively. "I wonder if he'll get his money's worth." . . .

FROM the Crestwood station, a sorry enough building on the flank of an abortive real-estate development, he had gone on to the woods; not the free, brush-choked woods of a wilderness, to be sure, but still a province of trees and wild flowers which, under the circumstances, was satisfactory. He had done a little fence-climbing and a little ditch-jumping; he had dodged a dog, and he had torn his coat on a barbed-wire fence; all in all, the pilgrimage was technically successful. He hadn't yet solved the personal equation—but he hadn't tried. The exercise, and the novelty of his surroundings, had kept his mind too busy for idle speculation.

But on the shore of a tiny stream he sat down at last to meditate; he was sitting there very comfortably, and wishing that he had remembered to buy more cigars, when the nose of a canoe poked its way around a bank a few yards distant, and caught his attention. He watched, curiously, waiting for the residue of the craft to come within his range of vision. Instead, it remained where it was, wobbled perilously, and came to rest when its motive power was still hidden from sight by the projection of earth and moss and cliff.

"Stuck!" said Cunningham. "Fool! A canoe in a gutter like this!"

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He watched amusedly; from behind the bank sped a stertorous exclamation, followed by prodigious splashing. The canoe rocked and swayed, advancing not so much as a millimeter. Indeed, it seemed gradually to settle and embrace the mud of the river-bed. Then immobility—and silence.

It was increasingly apparent to Cunningham that, having nothing imperative to do at the time, he might offer, without seriously inconveniencing himself, to lend a hand or a foot to the stranded voyager. Altruistically, he scrambled to his feet and went forward. He gained the miniature promontory and looked down—and stayed rooted, speechless. Ankle-deep in the stream was a girl, brown, hatless, flushed; her linen skirts held daintily in one hand, and certain footwear in the other. She gazed up at Cunningham, and Cunningham gazed down at her, and gasped, and stammered, and stayed rooted. Helplessness was in his attitude; the girl, however, was competent in the emergency.

"Please," she said, "if you'll look the other way for a minute——"

"I—I thought—I might——"

"Thank you," she said crisply. "You can help a whole lot—in just a minute."

Behind him he heard quick rustlings in the leaves of the bank.

"Now!" she told him.

It was a glowing face that he saw; glowing not only from the shock of astonishment—there was a quality which confessed good health. It was the face of an impulsive, ingenuous character; the eyes were brown and frank and friendly; the mouth was lined boyishly; the chin was boyish also. Cunningham's intuition announced, very accurately, that she was about nineteen. He rather liked her, although he didn't approve of her—she was too old, in his estimation, to wear short skirts out-of-doors, to allow her hair to fall tossing loose, and to wade in puny rivers. He didn't bother to determine how else she could have retrieved her canoe.

"You—you're stuck, aren't you?" he queried brilliantly.

She laughed up at him. "Yes," she said, "unless they rented me a submarine. It's been doing this every few

HE STRODE WRATHFULLY ALONG, HIS WHOLE LIFE SUDDENLY WORTH NOTHING.

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yards right along. *Could* you drag it out for me, do you think?"

"It really isn't a proper place to canoe," said Cunningham. "It's too shallow. I think I can dislodge it."

"Oh, I hope you can! But you'll have to be careful——"

"I am always careful," said Cunningham, standing at the water's edge, and reaching toward the gunwale. "I evidently need a stick seven feet long——"

"Look out! Oh, that's *too* bad! Oh, I'm *so* sorry!"

CUNNINGHAM, glaring at her from the mud-hole into which he had inevitably slipped, said nothing. The murky water reached nearly to his knees; the mud itself covered his insteps; he shrugged his shoulders, and turned, and waded warily out from shore.

"Oh, that's *so* unfortunate! Please don't!"

"I might as well make a complete job of it," said Cunningham resignedly. "It wouldn't be efficient to stop now." He tugged viciously at the stern; the light canoe responded with surprising alacrity. Cunningham, fighting for his balance, almost sat down, recovered, and fled to safety, leaving the canoe to float aimlessly upon the surface of the Bronx. From the waist down he dripped silt and water; he came to dry land, shook himself doggedly, and glared again at the girl. "There's your canoe," he said shortly.

"I'm *so* sorry—I tried to tell you it was deep out there. I'd just found it out myself." Her tone was tragic, but her expression showed conflict.

"Laugh, if you want to," said Cunningham. "I can imagine that I appear ridiculous to you."

"That doesn't mean that I'm *not* sorry—and it was *awfully* nice of you——"

"That's all right," said Cunningham, lifting one leg, and surveying it ruefully. "I'll bring it to shore now."

"But you can't! You can't reach it."

"I'll wade, then. The damage has been done."

"But in some places the water's five or six feet deep. It'll float in."

"In that case," said Cunningham, "I'll stand in the sun, if you don't mind."

He stood in the sun, and exercised solemnly; the girl, after a second's inspection, turned away her face.

"You have a very lively sense of humor," said Cunningham, changing to the fourth section of the setting-up drill.

"I suppose it *is* — ungrateful of me," she acknowledged under her breath. "If you hadn't fallen in there—*I* might have——"

"But I consider myself compensated."

She appraised him soberly. "Really?"

"By your thanks."

"You're a professor of something, aren't you?"

"Heavens, no! I'm a lawyer. Why?"

"Only by the way you spoke."

"Induction, or *de*duction?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Never mind," said Cunningham. "Oh, by the way—can you tell me where I can get a train to New York?"

"The nearest station isn't more than half a mile—only you must be *perfectly* dry first——"

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"It won't take long now." He kicked actively. "You must live in this neighborhood."

"Oh, yes."

"Do much canoeing?"

"Not a great deal. The river's nearly all like this—but it's a companionable little river, isn't it?"

"It's the worst I ever tasted," said Cunningham, smiling feebly. "But even so, it has attractions for an escaped convict."

"An—what was that you said?"

"Merely figurative. I refer to my own habits."

"Oh! I see."

"Life in a city," said Cunningham, "is like looking eternally out through a barred window. The question is whether it would be wiser not to look out at all. I came out this afternoon to try the experiment."

She was frankly puzzled. "But—if you call it imprisonment—it's entirely voluntary, isn't it?"

"All voluntary habits tend to become fixed and involuntary," said Cunningham, measuring the distance to the canoe. "If we're going to wait for the tide, or the wind, is there any reason why we shouldn't sit down?"

She smiled, and found a convenient tree-trunk. Cunningham dropped to the moss, and fumbled for his absent cigars.

"I really don't understand what you mean," she prompted him.

"I can explain in a very few words, but—" He hesitated. "It may be that you'd prefer I shouldn't."

"Why should I?"

"If I'm intruding," said Cunningham, "or if I'm making myself objectionable, you're welcome to say so. Otherwise, I intended to wait a reasonable time for that canoe to come in, and then get it for you as best I could. I don't want you to assume that I'm taking advantage of a flimsy pretext to—to—" He hesitated again, for the girl was again smiling, in an amused, tolerant way which disturbed him. Instinctively he glanced down at his clothes, and made an attempt to brush some of the mud away.

"I DON'T know why you shouldn't explain," said the girl. "At least—while we're waiting for the tide."

"How do you spend your time?" he demanded abruptly.

"How do I spend my time? Why——"

"I'll put it differently: what would you do if you could?"

"But that's so vague——"

"It isn't vague—it's merely comprehensive. Would you travel, or study, or stay at home and read, or be a social kangaroo—or what?"

She made sure that he was serious, and said: "Travel."

"And where?"

"Why—various places."

"Then why don't you?"

"Why—I can't simply start, and go alone——"

"So it isn't solely the traveling you want—you also want human companionship?"

"Surely, but——"

"Very well. Sometime you expect to travel?"

"I think so."

"Then there's a pleasant prospect. Immediately, however, you're contented?"

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"Yes."

"Partly because you're independent? You can do what you want to?"

"Oh, not always!"

"But in respect to your pleasures? If you want to go canoeing, you can! If you want to spend a morning with a foolish book, you can! If you want to go off for a day in the woods, you can! You can order your diversions as you like?"

"Yes—in general."

"So that you have a cheerful independence now, and a few big ambitions which you're likely to realize in the future?"

"Yes."

"That's all," said Cunningham. "This is the first instance of its sort in fifteen years. *I* have no outlook like that. The voluntary habits I mentioned aren't so any longer—each one is a stripe of the convict's uniform. I'm chained to the city, to an office, to a court, to a club, to a room. When I get back to town to-night I'll feel like a sneak-thief—or like a man who's broken his parole. I shouldn't have come out here. I don't know why I shouldn't have, but the routine has a summons that's as dictatorial as a keeper's forefinger. That's what I meant."

"But surely," she said, a little troubled, "there must be plenty of recreations. The theatres——"

"I haven't been inside of a theatre for several years."

"Don't you care for it?"

"Yes, I do. But at nights I'm working—studying."

"You play golf, or tennis, don't you?"

"The last time I played a game of any kind was in 1902. That was on my class baseball team in law school."

"But in the city you must know people——"

"With the exception of clients," said Cunningham, "you're the first woman I've talked with for more than three minutes since the President's reception in my senior year."

"Don't you—like them?"

During the subsequent moment, she felt that he was accurately dissecting her face; as a matter of fact, he was becoming aware of its heretofore indefinite appeal to him.

"How should I know?"

"I can't comprehend it—somehow. You don't look like a—a recluse."

"Perhaps your acquaintance with recluses isn't wide."

"You're not—this is terribly impertinent of me—I can't phrase it as I want to——"

"Phrase it briefly, then," he suggested. "My business is analyzing evidence."

"Why, I don't see how you *can* live like that! I should think you'd *have* to be married. Have I offended you? You asked for it."

"No, you haven't offended me," said Cunningham dully. "But—why should a man give up nine-tenths of his income, and practically all of his time, and most of his bachelor friends, and——"

She stopped him with an imperious gesture. "That's silly! Why should a girl give up the certainty of her own home for the uncertainty of another, and give up all her leisure, and all her men friends, and any little private ideas of a career of her own? Why, from choice! Because she wants to! Because she'd rather do that than keep on as she had been! And the same rule applies in the other case, too! The only reason a man

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CUNNINGHAM GAZED DOWN AT HER, AND GASPED, AND STAMMERED, AND STAYED ROOTED.

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ought to give up that catalogue of yours is because he wants to! Because it's worth while!"

"It always has seemed to me," said Cunningham, "that it's impossible to judge whether it's worth while or not. Now, I'm a lawyer, so that I see these things from a legal view-point. Marriage is a species of contract. I fail to see why it shouldn't be in the form of other contracts. *Then* it wouldn't be dangerous. Suppose two people drew up a formal agreement, and specified exactly what they would do, and what they wouldn't do. Suppose they covered, in that agreement, all possible differences. Suppose they provided for money, time, everything. The wife's allowance is fixed and invariable. The husband is freely granted a definite amount of time to spend with his bachelor friends. He has definite evenings on which he's to be away. If people went about it on a reasonable basis——"

"I believe you now," she said gently.

"What?"

"That you don't know many people."

"WITHOUT intending any personal aggrandizement," he said, "but merely as evidence, let me say that my friends are among the most distinguished men in their respective professions, and furthermore——"

"But men aren't educational!"

"In what sense?"

"In the sense of their relation toward other men—you, for example. You've proved that. You're not *natural!* You don't live, or act, or eat, or play like natural people. All you know about is one tiny niche. And what you ought to do is to—to *frivol!* It would be awfully good for you! Why, from what you've told me I doubt if you've ever even heard of a grand slam, or a cortez, or a full mashie, or—or anything! And that's just exactly what you need most!"

"And—and you understand all those things?"

"Yes. And you don't?"

"No. What else do you understand?"

"Why, not many things."

"All the outdoor games, perhaps?"

"Not quite all—but golf, and tennis, and riding, and swimming—the usual assortment."

"And you play some musical instrument?"

"I can make a pretty noise on most of them. I play the piano pretty well, and the violin very well."

"And—languages?"

"French and German and Italian."

"And you've traveled some already?"

"Not a great deal."

"Any other accomplishments?"

"Only—domestic."

"I see," he said gravely. "You must be very unusual in your community."

"Unusual? For what reason?"

"Your catholic experience."

"Oh!" she said thoughtfully. "I forgot. Why—the truth is—I'm about the average."

"Average! That's impossible!"

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She regarded him diligently. "Am I complimented—or what?"

"Complimented," he said, as the color came into his face. "In that I don't believe you."

"But that's because you lack experience."

"No," said Cunningham, discovering an alarming tendency to stammer. "I—I doubt that. You're—you're exceptionally interesting."

She smiled with unaffected pleasure. "That's really nice of you," she said. "After hearing all kinds of flowery speeches at dances and things, it's wonderfully refreshing to have you say exactly what you think. I'm crediting you with sincerity, you observe."

"I couldn't be insincere—with you," he said, faltering. "You're—more than interesting."

"But if you'd ever known metropolitans——"

"That wouldn't affect my judgment. The trouble is that I can't seem to—find words——"

"You've found some that pleased me beautifully."

"No—I want them to please *me!* I want to convey to you some impression of what this hour has been worth——"

"But you *are* conveying it."

"Not adequately. I mean so much more than you—you would——"

"See!" she said. "It's come ashore!"

"If I could only say what I mean ——"

"Please say it," she said gently. "And then I shall have to hurry. It's ever so much later——"

"But I'm apprehensive——"

"For fear you won't say it nicely?"

"No—for fear you'll be—alarmed."

"Why should I be alarmed to know that I've interested you? Truly, no one

CUNNINGHAM GLARED AT HER FROM THE MUD-HOLE INTO WHICH HE HAD SLIPPED. HE TUGGED VICIOUSLY AT THE STERN; THE CANOE RESPONDED. CUNNINGHAM ALMOST SAT DOWN, RECOVERED, AND FLED TO SAFETY.

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ever said that to me before. I've been told that men like me, but——"

"After the other things I've said, you'd think me unsound——"

She laughed gaily. "Please don't take anything away from my compliment! I don't *want* to seem interesting to an unsound man!"

"It isn't only that . . ." His voice shook, and failed.

"What is it, then?"

"If—if you would realize that it isn't simply on account of lack of experience—that it's an isolated circumstance——"

The girl was on her feet; all her composure had quitted her in an instant; she leaned against a supporting tree, and stared incredulously at him, her breath coming more and more rapidly, her hands unsteady.

"You're not—spoiling it now—are you? After I thought——"

Cunningham struggled upright, and faced her. "I knew it," he said bitterly. "It's what I always imagined. I knew that if I ever did want to say something like this—it would turn sour. Can't you *see?* You're expecting to be insulted, perhaps—and I'm simply doing my best to thank you——"

"It didn't sound like thanks."

"It was *my* kind—not yours! And it won't hurt you to hear the rest of it. I wanted you to know that you interested me more than any one I'd ever met. I wanted you to know that you really helped me—in the way I wanted help when I came out here. I'd thought for a long time that we weren't created to live in cities—that it was all wrong, all distorted. And just a few sentences of yours made me wonder if out here, where there *are* people like

HE STOOD IN THE SUN, AND EXERCISED SOLEMNLY. THE GIRL TURNED AWAY HER FACE.

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you, who do the things you do, and live the life you do, I couldn't find what I've never been able to find in the city—because it isn't there! That was the abstract—and then came the concrete! I wanted to tell you all about myself—and to ask how I could see you again—because you didn't interest me casually; you interested me vitally——"

"And you would have—said only that?"

"Unless you had been willing to hear more. If you had, I should have told you that while I sat and looked at you, I liked you more and more—that I liked your voice—that I liked your manner—that I liked your ambitions—that you can do, and have done, and seen, and felt all that I've wanted for myself—that every moment we sat there I found more delight——"

"And after that," she said almost inaudibly, "if I had told you that it wouldn't do at all—that I can't have the most superficial acquaintances, except under—recognized conditions——"

"Then," said Cunningham, stooping for his soaked and draggled hat, "I should have made the inquiry I am making now: Which is the nearest path to the nearest station?"

"Across this field," she said steadily, "there's a road. If you follow it for a quarter-mile, you'll come to the station."

"Thank you," said Cunningham. "And—I hope you find a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow. And I'm sorry I spoiled anything." He turned, and struck off across the field.

Screened by a great clump of alders, the girl stood to watch him as he tramped along, with never a passing glance behind. He was lonely; he had no friends. He was going to the city he hated, and leaving a girl in whom he had professed interest. He hadn't told his name, nor had he asked for hers. He had accepted his interpretation of her hypothetical rejoinder—and he was tramping stolidly across the field, with never so much as a single regretful look thrown over his shoulder. Then suddenly he halted.

Still, his eyes were on the sunset. The outline she saw was that of a man who, with very little training, would be both powerful and graceful; it wasn't the outline of a weakling. She drew slightly back into the protection of the alders, and waited. And the man squared his shoulders doggedly, and walked toward the sunset, but his head had sunk low, and now and then he stumbled over small obstructions. The girl went out into the open, watching. The man reached the limit of the field, and put his hand upon the upper rail of the boundary fence. In climbing over, he ventured one hasty photographic glimpse.

It was an incredibly short space of time before he was opposite her, panting. His garments were muddy, his coat was torn, his hat was drooping pathetically about his head, but the girl saw none of these details. She saw his eyes.

"Why," he said shakily, "did you call me back?"

She retreated, striving to curve her lips into a smile. "I—I didn't . . ."

"Yes, you did! I heard you—all the way—I don't mean with your voice——"

"Perhaps it was . . . your conscience . . . calling you."

"My *conscience!*"

"You . . . you didn't even say . . . good-by."

"I couldn't—I knew what you considered me——"

"Don't you ever admit that—you're mistaken?"

Cunningham drew a long breath. "Often. I'll admit it now. All that

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I told you—was wrong. About almost everything we mentioned. I've learned something. It *is* impulse—but that's what makes everything else worth while. I didn't comprehend that before. I thought it was something that could be governed. If you want me to go again, I will . . ." He broke off; and his eyes clung to hers. "No," said Cunningham, "I'll be hanged if I will! Not until you've told me when I can see you again . . . please don't remember what I said about sacrifices . . . I'd do anything in the world to have you think well of me . . . I didn't know it was as overpowering as this . . . my name is Wilbur Cunningham . . . I'm sure I've fallen in love with you . . . I've been waiting for you for years and years. . . ."

"Wilbur Cunningham!" she echoed, wide-eyed. "Are you—have you a friend named Rayburn?"

"Ned Rayburn? Yes. Why?"

"Why, he's spoken of you. You see . . ."

Cunningham grasped her by the arm. "Don't tell me," he said, "that *you*'re the girl up here! *You*'re not engaged to Ned Rayburn!"

"Please! You're hurting me!"

"*Are* you?"

"No—but it's my—my sister!"

"Your sister! Where do you live?"

"V-very near here."

"Not in Tuckahoe?"

"No—that's where *they*'re going to live."

"Can't I take you home now?"

"Oh, no! Please!"

"But I want to. I want it to be formal, and proper——"

"Don't you *see?* It—it can't be this way! You must have Ned bring you to call."

"When?"

"Whenever you l-like."

"To-morrow?"

"Y-yes."

"I'll be there. And *your* name?"

"Margaret—Margaret Taylor."

"And you really, truly don't think it would be wise for me to take you home now? Remember, I want to."

"N-no—it wouldn't be wise. But come out with Ned."

"To-morrow—sure?"

"Very s-sure."

"All right." With a violent moral effort he stepped away from her. "When I come, you know what I'll say."

Her reply was so incoherent that it didn't enlighten him.

"Do you?" he persisted.

Affrightedly, she looked at him under her eyebrows; and suddenly, before he could intervene, she slipped away, down to the infinitesimal beach and into the canoe. One dig of the paddle sent her to mid-stream; from this zone of safety she regarded Cunningham, on the bank, with more assurance.

"You must hurry now," she said breathlessly. "You'll miss your train."

"Do you know what I'm going to say to-morrow night?"

"Please hurry—please!"

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"I can wade out there perfectly well—and if I can't wade, I can swim. *Do* you?"

"If I tell you, will you go? Quickly?"

"I promise."

"Then . . . *yes!*"

"I'm coming!" said Cunningham, and he took a great stride ahead; but the canoe leaped forward at the same moment, and he perceived that pursuit was useless. "You—you evidently *do* want me to go now."

"Yes. It's better this way."

"I came back to say good-by. Aren't you even going to shake hands?"

"N-not this time. To-morrow."

"All right," said Cunningham. "I'll be there. Good night—Margaret."

Nearly concealed from him around the next bend of the river, she waved her hands in parting. It was a pretty gesture with both hands, with the palms inward. One might have fancied that the tips of the fingers touched her lips.

AT HALF PAST seven, considerably later than usual, Cunningham swirled joyously into the club on West Twentieth Street. Contemptuous of letter-box, bulletin-board, and candidates' register, he dropped his hat at the coat-room, and went up-stairs three at a time. In the dining-room Currier, Stephenson, and the young actor sat at the round table; at sight of him they rose simultaneously.

"Hello, old top! Come in and join us!"

"Where'd you go this noon? We looked for you."

"If I hurt your feelings, old man, I want to apologize."

Cunningham, grinning broadly, took his accustomed seat. "To go ahead where we left off—" he began.

"Don't!" said Stephenson. "That's past."

"Not entirely," said Cunningham. He cleared his throat, and squeezed his friend's arm affectionately. "By your own method of qualification," said Cunningham, "I am now—er—in a position to continue—er—the discussion!"

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KING, *of the* KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

AT THE outbreak of the war, Athelstan King, a captain in the Indian army, is assigned to Secret Service duty in the Himalayas. India's forces are mostly oversea, and the Hill Tribes, which always take advantage, are threatening to overrun all India in a Holy War. King's orders call for a journey to Khinjan, and the solution of the mystery of Khinjan Caves. Also, he is directed to work with Yasmini, the most fascinating and mysterious woman in all India, who has served the Government, and who claims to have the freedom of Khinjan.

King goes to Delhi to join her. Arrived there, he is met by a native, a Rangar dandy, who proves to be Yasmini's man, Rewa Gunga. The Rangar tells King that Yasmini has already gone north; but he gives him a curious bracelet as his passport to Khinjan, conducts him to Yasmini's house, and turns over to him the

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giant Ismail, whom Yasmini has assigned to his service. King meantime has caused the arrest of thirty of Yasmini's picked Hillmen, who had been the instruments of her work in Delhi, and he takes them all north with him. Yasmini is reported to have gone ahead of him up Khyber Pass, and King, with his party, including Rewa Gunga, follows her, entering the gloomy Pass at nightfall. It is an eery journey through pitch blackness, and all nerves are tense. At one point a blue light flashes below them, and King and Rewa Gunga plunge after it, riding like mad—till Rewa Gunga disappears, and King, returning to the road, finds only five men left to him. Below Ali Masjid fort they halt, and, in response to a message, King's brother, who is in charge of the fort, comes out to see him. While the Hillmen are out of sight, his brother helps King assume the disguise of a hakim —a converted Hindu physician. He adopts the name of Kurram Khan, and in this disguise he enters the walled city of Khinjan.

With Ismail and Darya Khan he is conducted to the mosque. Here the mullah in charge demands of him the key to Khinjan Caves. King answers that the price of entrance is the slaying of a man before witnesses in the teeth of written law; that he, Kurram Khan, has slain Athelstan King in the Khyber. Ismail and Darya Khan are his witnesses; and he enters the Caves through a great secret door in the side of the mosque. Through a long tunnel he comes out on to a ledge that borders the hollow heart of a limestone mountain, a chasm open to the sky, where a gigantic waterfall thunders. This is "Earth's Drink." A spacious cavern is assigned to King and his men, and here the Khinjan sick and wounded swarm for healing. From their talk King discovers that the threatened Holy War is delayed by one "Bull-with-a-beard." That night, sleeping deeply after his arduous toil, King dreams that Yasmini calls him. On waking he discovers that his bracelet is gone!

CHAPTER TEN

Are jackals a tiger's friends because they flatter him and eat his leavings? Choose, thou with stripes and proud whiskers, choose between friend and enemy!
Native Proverb.

KING turned back into the cave and the strange scent greeted him again. In spite of the surrounding stench of drugs and filthy wounds, there was no mistaking it. If it had been her special scent in Delhi, as Saunders swore it was, and her special scent on the note Darya Khan had carried down the Khyber, then it was hers now, and she had been in the cave.

He hunted high and low, and found no bracelet. His pistol was gone, too, and his cartridges, but not the dagger, wrapped in a handkerchief, under his shirt. The money that his patients had brought him lay on the floor untouched. It was an unusual robber who had robbed him!

At least once in his life (or he were not human, but an angel) it dawns on a man that he has done the unforgivable. It dawns on most men oftener than once a week. So we all learn sympathy.

"I should have been awake to change the guard every two hours!" he admitted, sitting on the bed. "I would shoot another man for that—or for less!"

He let the thought sink in, until the very lees of shame tasted like ashes in his mouth. Then, being what he was—and there are not very many men good enough to shoulder what lay ahead of him—he set the whole affair behind him as part of the past, and looked forward.

"Who's 'Bull-with-a-beard'?" he wondered. "Nobody interfered with me until I doctored his men. He's in opposition. That's a fair guess. Now, who in thunder—by the fat Lord Harry—can 'Bull-with-a-beard' be? And why fighting in the Khyber so early as all this? And why does 'Bull-with-a-beard,' whoever he is, hang back?"

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They came and changed the guard two hours after dawn, to the accompaniment of a lot of hawking and spitting, orders growled through the mist, and the crash of rifle-butts grounding on the rock path. King went to the cave entrance to look the new man over; but because he was in the Hills, where indirectness is the key to information, he stood for a while at gaze, listening to the thunder of tumbling water, and looking at the cliff-edge ten feet away that was laid like a knife in the blue ascending mist.

Out of the corner of his eye he noticed that the new man was a Mahsudi —no sweeter to look at, and no less treacherous for the fact. Also, that he had boils all over the back of his neck. He was not likely to be better tempered because of that fact, either. But it is an ill wind that blows no good to the Secret Service.

"There is an end to everything," he remarked presently, addressing the world at large, or as much as he could see of it through the cave mouth. "A hill is so high, a pool so deep, a river so wide. How long, for instance, must thy watch be?"

"What is that to thee?" the fellow growled.

"There is an end to pain!" said King, adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles. "I lanced a man's boils last night, and it hurt him, but he must be well to-day."

"Get in!" growled the guard. "SHE says it is sorcery! SHE says none are to let thee touch them!" Plainly he was in no receptive mood; orders had been spat into his hairy ear too recently. "Get in!" he growled, lifting his rifle-butt as if to enforce the order.

"I can heal boils!" said King, retiring into the cave. Then, from a safe distance down the passage he added a word or two to sink in as the hours went by. "It is good to be able to bend the neck without pain, and to rest easily at night! It is good not to flinch at another's touch. Boils are bad. Healing is easy and good!"

THEN, since a quarrel was the very last thing he was looking for, he retired into his gloomy quarters at the rear, taking care to sit so that he could see and overhear what passed at the entrance. Among other things in the course of the day he noticed that the watch was changed every four hours, and that there were only three men in the guard, so that the same man was back again that evening.

At intervals throughout the day Yasmini sent him food by silent messengers; so he ate, for "The thing to do," says Cocker, "is the first that comes to hand, and the thing not to do is worry." It is not easy to worry and eat heartily at one and the same time. Having eaten, he rolled up his sleeves and native-made cotton trousers, and proceeded to clean the cave. After that he overhauled his stock of drugs and instruments, repacking them, and making ready against opportunity.

When they changed the guard that afternoon he had grown weary of his own company and of fruitless speculation, and was pacing up and down. The second guard proved even less communicative than the first, and the third the surliest of all. There was no getting a word out of him. He showed dirty yellow teeth in a wolfish snarl, and his only answer was a lifted rifle and a crooked forefinger. King let him alone, and paced the cave for hours.

He was squatting on his bed-end in the dark, like a spectacled image of Buddha, when they changed guard again, and at last Ismail came for him,

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holding a pitchy torch that filled the dim passage full of acrid smoke, and made both of them cough. Ismail was red-eyed with it.

"Come!" he growled. "Come, little hakim!" Then he turned on his heel as if afraid of being twitted with desertion. He seemed to want to keep out of range of words, yet not to seem unfriendly.

But King made no effort to speak to him, following in silence out on to the dark ledge above the waterfall, and noticing that the guard with the boils was back again on duty. He grinned evilly out of a shadow as King passed.

"Make an end!" he advised, spitting over the cliff into thunderous darkness to illustrate the suggestion. "Jump, hakim, before a worse thing happen."

To add further point, he kicked a loose stone over the edge, and the movement caused him to bend his neck and inadvertently to hurt his boils. He cursed, and there was pity in King's voice when he spoke next:

"Do they hurt thee?"

"Aye, like the devil! Khinjan is a place of plagues!"

"I could heal them," King said, passing on, and the man stared.

"Come!" boomed Ismail through the darkness, shaking the torch to make it burn better, and beckoning impatiently; and King hurried after him, leaving behind a savage at the cave mouth who fingered his sores and wondered, muttering, and muttering again, as if he had seen a new light.

Instead of waiting for King to catch up, Ismail began to lead the way at great speed, along a path that descended gradually until it curved round the end of the chasm and plunged into a tunnel, where the darkness grew opaque. In the tunnel the torch's smoke cast weird shadows on walls and roof, and the fitful light only confused, so that Ismail slowed down, and let him come up close.

Then for thirty minutes he led swiftly down a crazy devil's stairway of uneven boulders, stopping to lend a hand at the worst places, but everlastingly urging King to hurry. They were both breathless, and King was bruised in a dozen places when they reached level going at last six or seven hundred feet below the cave from which they started.

Then the hell-mouth gloom began to grow faintly luminous, and the waterfall's thunder burst on their ears from close at hand. They emerged into fresh, wet air and a sea of sound on a rock ledge like the one above. Ismail raised the torch, and waved it. The fire and smoke wandered up until they flattened on a moving, opal dome that prisoned all the noises in the world.

"I CAN HEAL BOILS," [SAID KING, RETIRING INTO THE CAVE.

"Earth's Drink!" he announced, waving the torch, and then shutting his mouth tight, as if afraid to voice sacrilege. It was the river, million-colored in the torchlight, pouring from a half-mile-long slash in the cliff above them, and plunging past them through the gloom toward the very middle of the world. Its width was a matter of memory, for King had seen it from above. Now the dark hid all but a fraction of it. It was moonlight that filtered through it, but he did not know how far such pale light could penetrate through moving water, so he could not guess the water's depth. Somewhere it met rock-bottom, and boiled there, for a roar like the sea's came up from deeps unimaginable.

He watched the overturning dome until his senses reeled. Then he crawled on hands and knees to the ledge's brink, and tried to peer over. But Ismail dragged him back.

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"Come!" he howled; but in all that din his shout was like a whisper.

"How deep is it?" King bellowed back.

"Allah! Ask HIM who made it!"

The fear of the falls was on Ismail, and he tugged at King's arm in a frenzy of impatience. Suddenly he let go, and broke into a run. King trotted after him, afraid, too, to look to right or left, lest the fear should make him throw himself over the brink. The thunder and the hugeness had their grip on him, numbing his power to think and his will to be a man.

Suddenly, when they had run a hundred yards, Ismail turned sharp to the right, into a tunnel that led straight back into the cliff, and sloped uphill. As the din of the falls grew less behind him, and his power to think returned, King calculated that they must be following the main direction of the river-bed, but edging away gradually to the right of it. After ten minutes' hurrying uphill he guessed they must be level with the river, in a tunnel running nearly parallel.

HE PROVED to be right, for they came to a gap in the wall, and Ismail thrust the torch through it. The light shone on swift black water, and a wind rushed through the gap that nearly blew the torch out. It accounted altogether for the dryness of the rock, and the fresh air in the tunnel. The river's weight seemed to suck a hurricane along with it —air enough for a million men to breathe.

After that there was no more need to stop at intervals and beat the torch against the wall to make it burn brightly, for the wind fanned it until the flame was nearly white. Ismail kept looking back to bid King hurry, and never paused once to rest.

"Come!" he urged fiercely. "This leads to the Heart of the Hills!" And after that, King had to do his best to keep the Afridi's back in sight.

They began after a time to hear voices, and to see the smoky glare made by other torches. Then Ismail set the pace yet faster, and they became the last two of a procession of turbaned men who tramped along a winding tunnel into a great mountain's womb. The sound of slippers clicking and rutching on the rock floor swelled and died and swelled again as the tunnel led from cavern into cavern.

In one great cave they came to, every man beat out his torch and tossed it on a heap. The heap was more than shoulder high, and three parts covered the floor of the cave. After that there was a ledge, above the height of a man's head, on either side of the tunnel, and along the ledge little oil-burning lamps were placed at measured intervals. They looked ancient enough to have been there when the mountain itself was born, and although all the brass ones suggested Indian and Hindu origin, there were others among them of earthenware that looked like plunder from ancient Greece.

It was like a transposition of epochs. King felt already as if the twentieth century had never existed, just as he seemed to have left life behind for good and all when the mosque door had closed on him.

A quarter of a mile farther along, the tunnel opened into another yet greater cave, and there every man kicked off his slippers, without seeming to trouble how they lay; they littered the floor unarranged and uncared for, looking like the cast-off wing-cases of gigantic beetles.

After that cave there were two sharp turns in the tunnel, and then at last a sea of noise and a veritable blaze of light.

Part of the noise made King feel homesick, for out of the mountain's very womb brayed a music-box, such as the old-time carousels made use of

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THEY EMERGED INTO A SEA OF SOUND ON A ROCK LEDGE. "EARTH'S DRINK!" ISMAIL ANNOUNCED.

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before the days of electricity and steam. It was being worked by inexpert hands, for the time was something jerky; but it was robbed of its tinny meanness, and even lent majesty, by the hugeness of the cavern's roof, as well as by the crashing, swinging march it played, wild, wonderful, invented for lawless hours and a kingless people:

"*Aux armes, citoyens, formez vos bataillons!*"

The procession began to tramp in time to it, and the rock shook. They deployed to left and right, into a space so vast that the eye at first refused to try to measure it. It was the hollow core of a mountain, filled by the sea-sound of a human crowd, and hung with huge stalactites that danced and shifted and flung back a thousand colors at the flickering light below.

There was an undertone to the clangor of the music-box and the human hum, for across the cavern's farther end, for a space of two hundred yards, the great river rushed, penned here into a deep trough of less than a tenth its normal width—plunging out of a great fanged gap, and hurrying out of view down another one, licking smooth banks on its way with a hungry, sucking sound. Its depth, where it crossed the cavern's end, could only be guessed by remembering the half-mile breadth of the waterfall.

There were little lamps everywhere, perched on ledges amid the stalactite, and they suffused the whole cavern in golden glow, made the crowd's faces look golden, and cast golden shimmers on the cold, black river-bed. There was scarcely any smoke, for the wind that went like a storm down the tunnel seemed to have its birth here; the air was fresh, and cool, and never still. No doubt fresh air was pouring in continually through some shaft in the rock, but the shaft was invisible.

In the midst of the cavern a great arena had been left bare, and thousands of turbaned men squatted round it in rings. At the end where the river formed a tangent to them, the rings were flattened, and at that point they were cut into by the ramp of a bridge, and by a lane left to connect the bridge with the arena. The bridge was almost the most wonderful of all.

So delicately formed that fairies might have made it with a guttered candle, it spanned the river in one splendid sweep, twenty feet above water, like a suspension bridge. Then, so light and graceful that it scarcely seemed to touch anything at all, it swept on in irregular arches downward to the arena, and ceased abruptly, as if shorn off by a giant axe, at a point less than half-way to it.

Its end formed a nearly square platform, about fourteen feet above the floor, and the broad track thence to the arena, as well as all the arena's boundary, had been marked off by great earthenware lamps, whose greasy smoke streaked up and was lost by the wind among the stalactites.

"Greek lamps, every one of 'em!" King whispered to himself; but he wasted no time just then on trying to explain how Greek lamps had ever got there. There was too much else to watch and wonder at.

No steps led down from the bridge-end to the floor; toward the arena it was blind. But from the bridge's farther end across the hurrying water, stairs had been hewn out of the rock wall, and led up to a hole of twice a man's height, fifty feet or more above the water level.

On either side of the bridge ramp a passage had been left clear to the river edge, and nobody seemed to care to invade it, although it was not

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marked off in any way. Each passage was about fifty feet wide, and quite straight. But the space between the bridge-end and the arena, and the arena itself, had to be kept free from trespassers by fifty swaggering ruffians, armed to the teeth.

Every man of the thousands there had a knife in evidence, but the arena guards had magazine rifles as well as Khyber tulwars. Nobody else wore firearms openly. Some of the arena guards bore huge round shields, of prehistorical pattern, of a size and sort King had never seen before, even in museums. But there was very little that he was seeing that night of a kind that he had seen before anywhere.

Shoving, kicking, and elbowing with set purpose, Ismail forced a way through the already seated crowd and drew King down into the cramped space beside him, close enough to the arena to be able to catch the guards' low laughter. But he was restless. He wished to get nearer yet, only there seemed no room anywhere in front. Five minutes after he and Ismail were seated the music-box stopped playing. The hum of the crowd died too.

Then a guard threw his shield down with a clang, and fired his rifle at the roof. The ricochetting bullet brought down a shower of splintering stalactite, and he grinned as he watched the crowd dodge to avoid it.

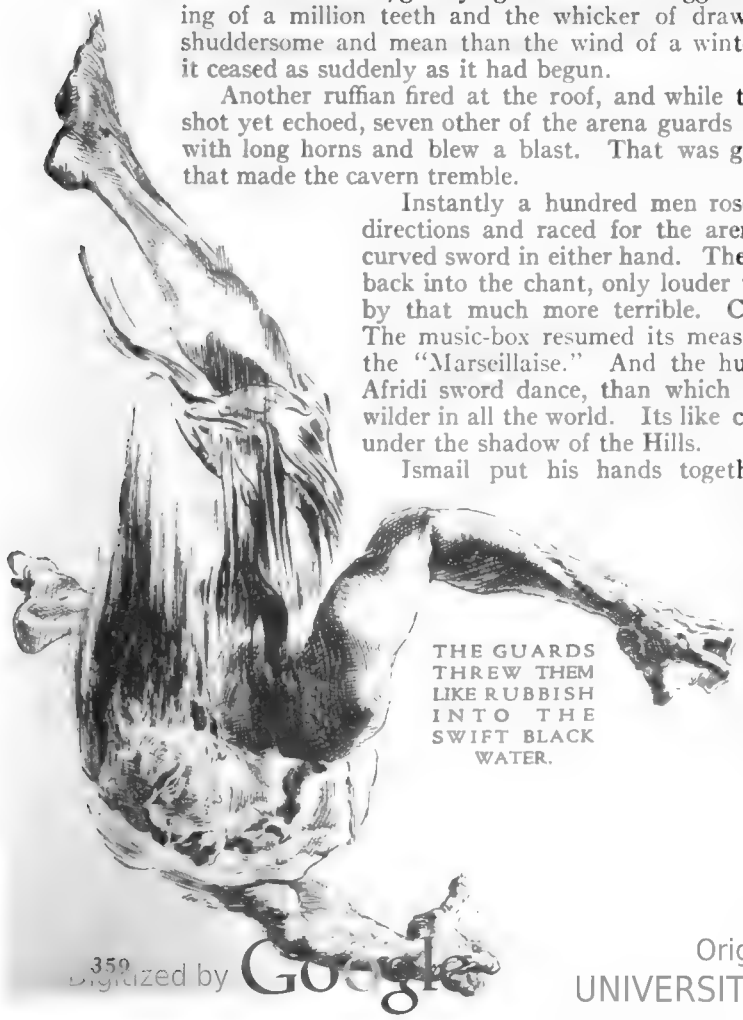
Before they had done dodging, and while he yet grinned, a chant began —ghastly—tuneless—so out of time that the words were not intelligible—yet so obvious in general meaning that nobody could hear it and not understand.

It was a devils' anthem, glorifying hellishness—suggestive of the gnashing of a million teeth and the whicker of drawn blades—more shuddersome and mean than the wind of a winter's night. And it ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Another ruffian fired at the roof, and while the crack of the shot yet echoed, seven other of the arena guards stepped forward with long horns and blew a blast. That was greeted by a yell that made the cavern tremble.

Instantly a hundred men rose from different directions and raced for the arena, each with a curved sword in either hand. The yelling changed back into the chant, only louder than before, and by that much more terrible. Cymbals crashed. The music-box resumed its measured grinding of the "Marseillaise." And the hundred began an Afridi sword dance, than which there is nothing wilder in all the world. Its like can only be seen under the shadow of the Hills.

Ismail put his hands together and howled through them like a wolf on the war-path, nudging King with an elbow. So King imitated him, although one extra shout in all that din seemed thrown away.



THE GUARDS THREW THEM LIKE RUBBISH INTO THE SWIFT BLACK WATER.

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The dancers pranced in a circle, each man whirling both swords around his head and the head of the man in front of him at a speed that passed belief. Their long black hair shook and swayed. The sweat began to pour from them until their arms and shoulders glistened. The speed increased. Another hundred men leaped in, forming a new ring outside the first, only facing the other way. Another hundred and fifty formed a ring outside them again, with the direction again reversed; and two hundred and fifty more formed an outer circle—all careering at the limit of their power, gasping as the beasts do in the fury of fighting to the death, slitting the air until it whistled, with swords that missed human heads by immeasurable fractions of an inch.

Ismail seemed obsessed by the spirit of hell let loose—drawn by it, as by a magnet, although subsequent events proved him not to have been altogether without a plan. He got up, with his eyes fixed on the dance, and dragged King with him to a place ten rows nearer the arena, that had been vacated by a dancer. There—two, where there was rightly room for one—he thrust himself and King next to some Orakzai Pathans, elbowing savagely to right and left to make room. And patience proved scarce. The instant oaths of anything but greeting were like the overture to a dog-fight.

"*Bismillah!*" swore the nearest man, deigning to use intelligible sentences at last. "Shall a dog of an Afridi hustle me?"

He reached for the ever-ready Pathan knife, and Ismail, with both eyes on the dancing, neither heard nor saw. The Pathan leaned past King to stab, but paused, in the instant that his knife licked clear. From a swift side-glance at King's face he changed to a full stare, his scowl slowly giving place to a grin as he recognized him. "Allah!" He drove the long blade back again, fidgeting about to make more room and kicking out at his neighbor to the same end, so that presently King sat on the rock floor instead of on other men's hip-bones.

"Well met, hakim! See—the wound heals finely!" Baring his shoulder under the smelly sheepskin coat, he lifted a bandage gingerly, to show the clean opening out of which King had coaxed a bullet the day before. It looked wholesome, and ready to heal. "Name thy reward, hakim! We Orakzai Pathans forget no favors!" (Now that boast was a true one.)

King glanced to his left, and saw that there was no risk of being overheard or interrupted by Ismail; the Afridi was beating his fists together, rocking from side to side in frenzy, and letting out about one yell a minute that would have curdled a wolf's heart.

"Nay, I have all I need!" he answered; and the Pathan laughed.

"In thine own time, hakim! Need forgets none of us!"

"True!" said King.

He nodded more to himself than to the other man. He needed, for instance, very much to know who was planning a jihad, and who "Bull-with-a-beard" might be; but it was not safe to confide just yet in a chance-made acquaintance. A very fair experience of some phases of the East had taught him that names such as Bull-with-a-beard are often almost photographically descriptive. He rose to his feet, to look.

It was safe to stand up and stare, because all eyes were on the madness in the middle. There were plenty besides himself who stood to get a better view, and he had to dodge from side to side to see between them.

"I'm not to doctor his men. Therefore it's a fair guess that he and I are to be kept apart. Therefore he'll be as far away from me now as

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possible, supposing he's here." Reasoning along that line, he tried to see the faces on the far side, but the problem was to see over the dancers' heads. He succeeded presently, for the Orakzai Pathan saw what he wanted, and in his anxiety to be agreeable, reached forward to pull back a box from between the ranks in front. Its owners offered instant fight, but made no further objection when they saw who wanted it and why. King wondered at their sudden change of mind, and the Pathan looked actually grieved that a fight should have been spared him. He tried, with a few barbed insults, to rearouse a spark of enmity, but failed, to his own great discontent.

The box was a commonplace affair, built square, of pine, and had probably contained somebody's new helmet at one stage of its career. The stenciled marks on its sides were obliterated by wear and dirt. King got up on it, and gazed long at the rows of spectators on the far side, and having no least notion what to look for, he studied the faces one by one.

"If he's important enough for her to have it in for him, he'll not be far from the front," he reasoned; and with that in mind he picked out several bull-necked, bearded men, any one of whom could easily have answered to the description. There were too many of them to give him any comfort, until the thought occurred to him that a man with brains enough to be a leader would not be so obsessed and excited by mere prancing athleticism as those men were. Then he looked farther along the line.

He found a man soon who was not interested in the dancing, but who had eyes and ears apparently for everything and everybody else. He watched him for ten minutes, until at last their eyes met. Then he sat down and kicked the box back to its owners. He looked again at Ismail. With teeth clenched and eyes ablaze, the Afridi was smashing his knuckles together, and rocking to and fro. There was no need to fear him. He turned, and touched the Pathan's broad shoulder. The man smiled, and bent his turbaned head to listen.

"Opposite—" said King, "nearly exactly opposite—three rows back from the front, counting the front row as one—there sits a man with his arm in a sling, and a bandage over his eye."

The Pathan nodded, and touched his knife-hilt.

"One-and-twenty men from him, counting him as one, sits a big man with a big black beard, whose shoulders are like a bull's. As he sits he hangs his head between them—thus."

"And you want him killed? Nay, I think you mean Muhammad Anim. His time is not yet." The suggestion was as good-naturedly prompt as if the hakim's need had been water and the other's flask were empty. He was sorry that he could not offer to oblige.

"Who am I that I should want him killed?" King answered, with mild reproof. "My trade is to heal, not slay. I am a hakim."

The other nodded. "Yet, to enter Khinjan Caves you had to slay a man, hakim or no!"

"He was an unbeliever," King answered modestly, and the other nodded again with friendly understanding.

"What about the man yonder, then?" the Pathan asked.

"Look—see. Tell me whether that truly is Bull-with-a-beard."

The Pathan got up, and strode forward to stand on the box, kicking aside the elbows that leaned on it, and laughing when the owners cursed him. He stood on it, and stared for five minutes, counting deliberately three times over, striking a finger on the palm of his hand to check himself.

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THE CROWD WAS GROWING IMPATIENT. "THROW IT! THROW IT!" WATCHING YASMINI'S EYES, KING KNEW IT HAD NOT ENTERED HER MIND THAT HE MIGHT DISOBEY.

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"Bull-with-a-beard!" he announced at last, dropping back into place beside King. "Muhammad Anim. The mullah Muhammad Anim."

"An Afghan?" King asked.

"He says he is an Afghan. But unless he lies he is from Ishtamboul [Constantinople]."

Itching to ask more questions, King sat still and held his peace. And the Pathan, who would have dried up under eager questioning, grew talkative. Civility and volubility are sometimes one, and not always only among the civilized. King—the hakim Kurram Khan—blinked mildly behind his spectacles, and looked like one to whom a savage might safely ease his mind.

"He bade me go to Sikaram, where my village is, and bring him a hundred men for his lashkar. He says he has HER special favor. Wait and watch, I say!"

"Has he money?" asked King, apparently drawing a bow at a venture for conversation's sake. But there is an art in asking artless questions.

"Aye! The liar says the Germans gave it to him. He swears they will send more. Who are the Germans? Who is a man who talks of a jihad that is to be, that he should have gold coin given him by unbelievers? I saw a German once, at Nuklao. He ate pig-meat, and washed it down with wine. Are such men sons of the Prophet? Wait and watch, say I!"

"Money?" said King. "He admits it? And none dare kill him for it? You say his time is not yet come?"

More than ever it was obvious that the hakim was a very simple man. The Pathan made a gesture of contempt.

"I dare what I will, hakim! He says there is more on the way! When he has it all—why—we are all in Allah's keeping— He decides!"

"And should no more money come?" This was courteous conversation, and received as such—many a long league removed from curiosity.

"Who am I to foretell a man's kismet? I know what I know, and I think what I think! I know thee, hakim, for a gentle fellow, who hurt me almost not at all in the drawing of a bullet out of my flesh. What knowest thou about me?"

"That I will dress thy wound again!" Artless statements are as useful in their way as artless questions. Let the guile lie deep, that is all.

"Nay, nay! For SHE said nay! Shall I fall foul of HER for the sake of a new bandage?"

The temptation was terrific to ask why SHE had given that order, but King resisted it; and presently it occurred to the Pathan that his own theories on the subject might be of interest.

"She will use thee for a reward," he said. "He who shall win her favor may have his hurts dressed and his belly dosed. Her enemies may rot."

"Who is fool enough to be her enemy?" asked King, the altogether mild and guileless.

The Pathan stuck out his tongue, and squeezed his nose with one finger until it nearly disappeared into his face. "If SHE calls a man enemy, how shall he prove otherwise?" he answered. Then he rolled off center, to pull out his great snuff-box from the leather bag at his waist.

"Does she call the mullah Muhammad Anim enemy?" King asked him.

"Nay, she never mentions him by name."

"Art thou a man of thy word?" King asked.

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"When it suits me."

"There was a promise regarding my reward."

"Name it, hakim! We will see."

"Go, tell the mullah Muhammad Anim where I sit!"

The fellow considered himself tricked; one could read that plainly enough; for taking polite messages does not come within the Hills' elastic code of *izzat*, although carrying a challenge is another matter. Yet he was ready to seize the first cheap means of squaring the indebtedness.

"Keep my place!" he ordered, getting up. He growled it, as some men speak to dogs, because growling soothed his ruffled vanity. He helped himself noisily to snuff then, and began to clear a passage, kicking out to right and left, and laughing when his victims protested.

The dance went on for fifteen minutes yet, but then—quite unexpectedly—all the arena guards together fired a volley at the roof, and the dance stopped as if every dancer had been hit. The spectators were set surging by the showers of stone splinters, that hurt whom they struck, and their snarl was like a wolf-pack's when a tiger interferes. But the guards thought it all a prodigious joke, and the more the crowd swore the more they laughed.

PANTING—foaming at the mouth, some of them—the dancers ran to their seats and set the crowd surging again, leaving the arena empty of all but the guards. The man whose seat Ismail had taken came staggering, slippery with sweat, and squeezed himself where he belonged, forcing King into the Pathan's empty place. Ismail threw his arms round the man and patted him, calling him "mighty dancer"—"son of the wind!"—"prince of prancers!"—"prince of swordsmen!"—"war-horse!"—and a dozen more endearing epithets. The fellow lay back across Ismail's knees, breathless but well enough contented.

And after a few more minutes the Orakzai Pathan came back, and King tried to make room for him to sit. "I bade thee keep my place!" he growled, towering over King, and plucking at his knife-hilt irresolutely.

"Take my seat," said King, struggling to get up.

"Nay, nay—sit still, thou! I can kick room for myself. So! So! So!"

There was an answering snarl of hate, which seemed like a song to him, amid which he sat down.

"The mullah Muhammad Anim answered he knows nothing of thee, and cares less! He said—and he said it with vehemence—it is no more to him where a hakim sits than where the rats hide!"

He watched King's face, and, seeing that, King allowed his facial muscles to express chagrin.

"Between us, it is a poor time for messages to him. He is too full of pride that his lashkar should have beaten the British."

"Did they beat the British greatly?" King asked him, with a prayer inside him that his heart might flutter less violently against his ribs. His voice was as noncommital as the mullah's message.

"Who knows, when so many men would rather lie than risk a limb? Each one who returned swears he slew a hundred. But some did not return. Wait and watch, say I!"

Now a man stood up near the edge of the crowd whom King recognized; and recognition brought no joy with it. The mullah without hair or eyelashes, who had admitted him and his party through the mosque into the Caves, strode out to the middle of the arena all alone, strutting and swaggering.

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He recalled the man's last words, and drew no consolation from them either.

"Many have entered! Some went out by a different road!"

Cold chills went down his back. All at once Ismail's manner became unencouraging. He ceased to make a fuss over the dancer, and began to eye King sideways, until at last he seemed unable to contain the malice that would well forth.

"At the gate there were only words!" he whispered. "Here, in this cavern, men wait for proof!" He licked his teeth suggestively, as a wolf does when he contemplates a meal. Then, as an afterthought, as though ashamed: "I love thee! But I am HER man! Wait and see."

The mullah in the arena, blinking with his lashless eyes, held both arms up for silence in the attitude of a Christian priest blessing a congregation. The guards backed his silent demand with threatening rifles. The din died to a hiss of a thousand whispers, and then the great cavern grew still, and only the river could be heard sucking hungrily between the smooth stone banks.

"GOD IS GREAT!" the mullah howled.

"GOD IS GREAT!" the crowd thundered in echo to him; and then the vault took up the echoes. "God is great—is great—is great—ea—ea—eat!"

"AND MUHAMMAD IS HIS PROPHET!" howled the mullah. Instantly they answered him again:

"AND MUHAMMAD IS HIS PROPHET!"

"His prophet—is His prophet—is His prophet!" said the stalactites, in loud barks—then in murmurs—then in awestruck whispers.

That seemed to be all the religious ritual Khinjan remembered or could tolerate. Considering that the mullah too must have killed his man in cold blood before earning the right to be there, perhaps it was enough—too much. There were men not far from King who shuddered.

"There are strangers!" announced the mullah, as a man might say, "I smell a rat." But he did not look at anybody in particular; he blinked.

"Strangers!" said the stalactites, in a solemn whisper.

"SHOW THEM! SHOW THEM! LET THEM STAND FORTH!"

"OH-H-H-H-H! Let them stand forth!" said the roof.

THE mullah bowed, as if that idea were a new one and he thought it better than his own; for all crowds love flattery.

"Bring them!" he shouted, and King suppressed a shudder—for what proof had he of right to be there, beyond Ismail's verbal corroboration of a lie?

Would Ismail lie for him again? He wondered. And if so, would the lie be any use?

Not far from where King sat there was an immediate disturbance in the crowd, and a wretched-looking Baluchi was thrust forward at a run, with arms lashed to his sides, and a look of terror on his face that was pitiful. Two more Baluchis were hustled along after him, protesting a little, but looking almost as hopeless.

Once in the arena the guards took charge of all three of them, and lined them up facing the mullah, clubbing them with their rifle-butts to get quicker obedience. The crowd began to be noisy again, but the mullah signed for silence.

"These are traitors!" he howled, with a gesture such as Ajax might have used when he defied the lightning.

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The roof said "Traitors!"

"Slay them, then!" howled the crowd—delighted. And blinking behind the horn-rimmed spectacles, King began to look about busily for hope where there did not seem to be any.

"Nay, hear me first!" the mullah howled, and his voice was like a wolf's at hunting-time. "Hear, and be warned!"

The crowd grew very still, but King saw that some men licked their lips, as if they well knew what was coming.

"These three men came, and one was a new man!" the mullah howled. "The other two were his witnesses! All three swore that the first man came from slaying an unbeliever in the teeth of written law. They said he ran from the law. So, as the custom is, I let all three enter!"

"GOOD!" said the crowd. "Good!" They might have been five thousand judges, judging in equity, so grave they were. Yet they licked their lips.

"But later, word came to me saying they were liars. So—again as the custom is—I ordered them bound, and held!"

"SLAY THEM! SLAY THEM!" the crowd yelped, gleeful as a wolf-pack on a scent, and abandoning solemnity as suddenly as it had been assumed. "SLAY THEM!" They were like the wind, whipping in and out among Khinjan's rocks, savage and then still for a minute, savage and then still.

"Nay, there is a custom yet!" the mullah howled, holding up both arms. And there was silence again like the lull before a hurricane, with only the great black river whispering.

"Who speaks for them? Does any speak for them?"

"Speak for them?" said the roof.

There was silence. Then there was a murmur of astonishment. Over opposite to where King sat the mullah stood up who the Pathan had said was "Bull-with-a-beard"—Muhammad Anim.

"The men are mine!" he growled. His voice was like a bear's at bay; it was low, but it carried strangely. And as he spoke he swung his great head between his shoulders, like a bear that means to charge. "The proof they brought has been stolen! They had good proof! I speak for them! The men are mine!"

The Pathan nudged King in the ribs with an elbow like a club, and tickled his ear with hot breath. "Bull-with-a-beard speaks truth!" he grinned. "Truth and a lie together! Good may it do him and them! They die, the three Baluchis!"

"PROOF!" howled the mullah who had no hair or eyelashes.

"Proof—oof—oof!" said the stalactites.

"PROOF! Show us PROOF!" yelled the crowd.

"Words at the gate—proof in the cavern!" howled the lashless one.

The Pathan next King leaned over to whisper to him again, but stiffened in the act. There was a great gasp the same instant, as the whole crowd caught its breath all together. The mullah in the middle froze into immobility. Bull-with-a-beard stood mumbling, swaying his great head from side to side, no longer suggestive of a bear about to charge, but of one who hesitates.

The crowd was staring at the end of the bridge. King stared too, and caught his own breath. For Yasmini stood there, smiling on them all as the new moon smiles down on the Khyber! She had come among them like a spirit, all unheralded.

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So much more beautiful than the one likeness King had seen of her that for a second he doubted who she was—more lovely than he had imagined her even in his dreams—she stood there human, and warm, and real, who had begun to seem a myth, clad in gauzy silk transparent stuff that made no secret of sylph-shapeliness, and looking nearly light enough to blow away. Her feet—and they were the most marvelously molded things he had ever seen—were naked, and played restlessly on the naked stone. Not one part of her was still for a fraction of a second; yet the whole effect was of insolently lazy ease.

Her eyes blazed brighter than the little jewels stitched to her gossamer dress, and when a man once looked at them he did not find it easy to look away again. Even Mullah Muhammad Anim seemed transfixed, like a great foolish animal.

But King was staring very hard indeed at something else—mentally cursing the plain glass spectacles he wore, which had begun to film over and dim his vision. There were two bracelets on her arm, both barbaric things of solid gold. The smaller of the two was on her wrist, and the larger on her upper arm, but they were so alike, except for size, and so exactly like the one Rewa Gunga had given him in her name and that had been stolen from him in the night, that he ran the risk of removing the glasses a moment to stare with unimpeded eyes. Even then the distance was too great. He could not quite see.

But her eyes began to search the crowd in his direction, and then he knew two things absolutely. He was sitting where she had ordered Ismail to place him; for she picked him out almost instantly, and laughed, as if somebody had struck a silver bell. And one of those bracelets was the one that he had worn; for she flaunted it at him, moving her arm so that the light should make the gold glitter.

Then, perhaps because the crowd had begun to whisper, and she wanted all attention, she raised both arms to toss back the golden hair that came cascading nearly to her knees. And as if the crowd knew that symptom well, it drew its breath in sharply, and grew very still.

"Muhammad Anim!" she said, and she might have been wooing him. "That was a devil's trick!"

IT WAS rather an astounding statement, coming from lovely lips in such a setting. It was rather suggestive of a driver's whip-lash, flicked through the air for a beginning. Muhammad Anim continued glaring and did not answer her, so in her own good time, when she had tossed her golden hair back once or twice again, she developed her meaning.

"We who are free of Khinjan Caves do not send men out to bring recruits. We know better than to bid our men tell lies for others at the gate. Nor, seeking proof for our new recruit, do we send men to hunt a head for him—not even those of us who have a lashkar that we call our own, Mullah Muhammad Anim! Each of us earns his own way in!"

The mullah Muhammad Anim began to stroke his beard, but he made no answer.

"And—Mullah Muhammad Anim, thou wandering man of God—when that lashkar has foolishly been sent, and has failed, is it written in the Kalamullah saying we should pretend there was a head, and that the head was stolen? A lie is a lie, Muhammad Anim! Wandering perhaps is good, if in search of the WAY. Is it good to lose the WAY, and to lie, thou true follower of the Prophet?"

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"PRINCE OF SWORDMEN! WARHORSE!"

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She smiled, tossing her hair back. Her eyes challenged, her lips mocked him, and her chin scorned. The crowd breathed hard, and watched. The mullah muttered something and sat down, and the crowd began to roar applause at her. But she checked it with a royal gesture, and a glance of contempt at the mullah that was worth a journey across the hills to see.

"Guards!" she said quietly. And the crowd's sigh then was like the night wind in a forest. "Away with those three of Muhammad Anim's men!"

Twelve of the arena guards threw down their shields with a sudden clatter and seized the prisoners, four to each. The crowd shivered with delicious anticipation. The doomed men neither struggled nor cried, for fatalism is an anodyne as well as an explosive. King set his teeth. Yasmini, with both hands behind her head, continued to smile down on them.

She nodded once; and then it was all over in a minute. With a ringing "Ho!" and a run, the guards lifted their victims and bore them forward. At the river bank they paused for a second, to swing them. Then, with another "Ho!" they threw them like dead rubbish into the swift black water.

There was only one wild scream, that went echoing and re-echoing to the roof. There was scarcely a splash, and no extra ripple at all. No heads came up again to gasp. No fingers clutched at the surface. The fearful speed of the river sucked them under, to grind, and churn, and pound them through long caverns underground, and hurl them at last over the great cataract toward the middle of the world.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" sighed the crowd in ecstasy.

"Is there no other stranger?" asked Yasmini, searching for King again with her amazing eyes. The skin all down his back turned there and then into goose-flesh. And as her eyes met his she laughed like a bell at him.

"Is there anything she doesn't know?" King wondered.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Long slept the Heart o' the Hills, so long!
(Ye who have watched, ye know!)
So sap sleeps in the deodars
When winter shrieks and steely stars
Blink over frozen snow.
Ye haste? The sap stirs now, ye say?
Ye feel the pulse of spring?
But sap must rise ere buds may break,
Or cubs fare forth, or bees awake,
Or lean buck spurn the ling!

"KURRAM KHAN!" the lashless mullah howled, like a lone wolf in the moonlight, and King stood up.

It is one of the laws of Cocker, who wrote the S. S. Code, that a man is alive until he is proved dead, and where there is life there is opportunity. In that grim minute King felt heretical; but a man's feelings are his own affair, provided he can prove it, and he managed to seem about as much at ease as a native hakim ought to feel at such an initiation.

"Come forward!" the mullah howled, and he obeyed, treading gingerly between men who were at no pains to let him by, and silently blessing them, because he was not really in any hurry at all. Yasmini looked lovely from a distance, and life was sweet.

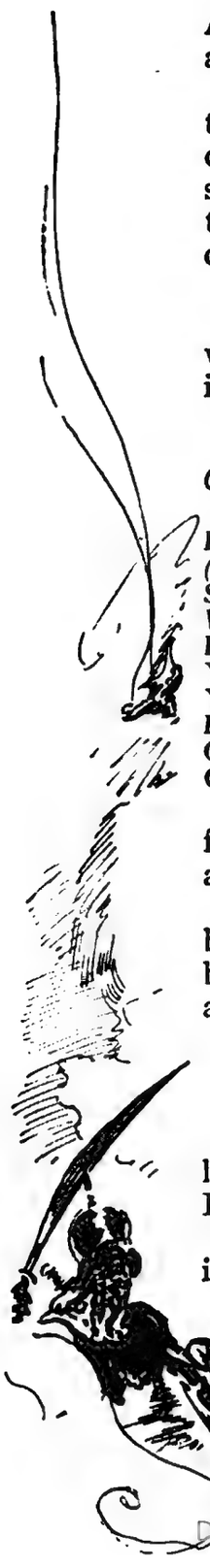
"Who are his witnesses?"

"Witnesses?" the roof hissed.

"I!" shouted Ismail, jumping up.

"I!" cracked the roof. "I! I!" So that for a second King almost believed he had a crowd of men to swear for him, and did not hear Darya Khan at all, who rose from a place not very far behind where he sat.

Ismail followed like a man wading a river with loose clothes gathered in one arm, and the other arm ready in case of falling. He took much



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less trouble than King not to tread on people, and oaths marked his wake.

Darya Khan did not go so fast. As he forced his way forward, a man passed him up the wooden box that King had used to stand on; he seized it with a grin and a jest, and went to stand behind King and Ismail, in line with the lashless mullah, facing Yasmini. Yasmini smiled at them all as if they were actors in her comedy and she well pleased with them.

"Look ye!" howled the mullah. "Look ye, and look well, for this is to be one of us!"

King felt ten thousand eyes burn holes in his back, but the one pair of eyes that mocked him from the bridge was more disconcerting.

"Turn, Kurram Khan! Turn, that all may see!"

Feeling like a man on a spit, he revolved slowly. By the time he had turned once completely round, besides knowing positively that one of the two bracelets on her right arm was the one he had worn, or else its exact copy, he knew that he was not meant to die yet, for his eyes could work much more swiftly than the horn-rimmed spectacles made believe. So he ceased to feel frightened, and took care to look more scared than ever.

"Who paid the price of thy admission?" the mullah howled.

"Speak, Kurram Khan!" Yasmini purred from the bridge. "Tell them whom you slew."

KING turned and faced the crowd, raising himself on the balls of his feet to shout, like a man facing thousands of troops on parade. He nearly gave himself away, for habit had him unawares. A native hakim, given the stoutest lungs in all India, would not have shouted in that way.

"CAPPITIN ATTLEYSTAN KING!" he roared. And he nearly jumped out of his skin when his own voice came rattling back from the roof overhead:

"CAPPITIN ATTLEYSTAN KING!" it answered.

Yasmini chuckled, as a little rill will sometimes chuckle among ferns. It was devilish. It seemed to say there were traps not far ahead.

"Where was he slain?" asked the mullah.

"In the Khyber Pass!" said King.

"In the Khyber Pass!" the roof whispered hoarsely, as if aghast at such cold-bloodedness.

"Give proof!" said the mullah. "Words at the gate—proof in the cavern! Without good proof, there is only one way out of here!"

"PROOF!" the crowd thundered. "PROOF!"

"PROOF! PROOF! PROOF!" the roof echoed.

There was no need for Darya Khan to prompt. King's hands were behind him, and he had seen what he had seen, and guessed what he had guessed while he was turning to let the crowd look at him. His fingers closed on human hair.

"Nay, it is short!" hissed Darya Khan. "Take the two ears, or hold it by the jawbone! Hold it high in both hands!"

King obeyed, without looking at the thing, and Ismail, turning to face the crowd, rose on tiptoe and filled his lungs for the effort of his life.

"The head of Cappitin Attleystan King—infidel—kaffir—British arrr-ficer!"

"GOOD!" the crowd bellowed. "GOOD! THROW IT!"

The crowd's roar and the roof's echoes combined in pandemonium.

"Throw it to them, Kurram Khan!" Yasmini purred from the bridge end, speaking as softly and as sweetly as if she coaxed a child.

He lowered the head, but instead of looking at it he looked up at her.

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He thought she was enjoying herself and his predicament as he had never seen any one enjoy anything.

"Throw it to them, Kurram Khan!" she purred. "It is the custom!"

"THROW IT! THROW IT!" the crowd thundered.

He turned the ghastly thing until it lay face upward in his hands, and so at last he saw it. He caught his breath, and only the horn-rimmed spectacles that he had cursed twice that night, saved him from self-betrayal. The cavern seemed to sway, but he recovered, and his wits worked swiftly. If Yasmini detected his nervousness, she gave no sign.

"THROW IT! THROW IT! THROW IT!"

The crowd was growing impatient. Many were standing, waving their arms to draw attention to themselves, and he wondered what the ultimate end of the head would be if he obeyed and threw it to them. Watching Yasmini's eyes, he knew it had not entered her mind that he might disobey.

He looked past her toward the river. There were no guards near enough to prevent what he intended; but he had to bear in mind that the guards had rifles, and if he acted too suddenly one of them might shoot at him unbidden. They were wondrous free with their cartridges, those guards, in a land where ammunition is worth its weight in silver coin.

The man nearest the river bank was most importunate, standing to wave his arms and shout. King moved at a slant toward him, as if to get nearer before he threw. He was much more than half-way to the river's edge before Yasmini or anybody else divined his true intention. The mullah grew suspicious first, and yelled. Then King ran, for he did not believe Yasmini would need many seconds in which to regain command of any situation. But she saw fit to stand still, and watch through lazy eyes.

He reached the river, and stood there. Now he was in no hurry at all, for it stood to reason that unless Yasmini very much desired him to be kept alive he would have been shot dead already. For a moment the crowd was so interested that it forgot to bark and snarl. His next move was deliberate, although he was careful to show no reverence and to avoid the least suggestion of mummery (for then the crowd would have suspected disloyalty to Islam, and the Hills are very, very pious, and very suspicious of all foreign ritual).

He held the head in both hands, threw it far out into the river, and stood to watch it sink. Then, without visible emotion of any kind, he walked back stolidly to face Yasmini at the bridge end, with shoulders a little more stubborn now than they ought to be, and chin a shade too high; for there never was a man who could act quite perfectly.

"THOU fool!" Yasmini whispered, through lips that did not move.

She betrayed a flash of temper like a trapped she-tiger's, but followed it instantly with her loveliest smile. Like to like, however, the crowd saw the flash of temper and took its cue from that.

"Slay him!" yelled a lone voice, which was greeted by an approving murmur.

"Slay him!" advised the roof in a whisper, in one of its phonetic tricks.

"This is a darbar!" Yasmini announced in a rising, ringing voice. "My darbar, for *I* summoned it! Did I invite any man to speak?"

There was a silence, as a whipped, unwilling pack is silent.

"Speak *thou*, Kurram Khan!" she said. "Knowing the custom—having heard the order to throw that trophy to them—why act otherwise? Explain!"

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Nothing in the wide world could be fairer! She left him to extricate himself from a mess of his own making! It was more than fair, for she went out of her way to offer him an opening to jump through. And she paid him the compliment of suggesting he must be clever enough to take it, for she seemed to expect a sufficient answer.

"Tell them why!" she said smiling. No man could have guessed by the tone of her voice whether she was for him or against him, and the crowd, beginning again to whisper, watched to see which way the cat would jump.

He bowed low to her three times—very low indeed, and very slowly, for he had to think. Then he turned his back to her, and repeated the obeisance to the crowd. Still he could think of nothing, no excuse, except Cocker's Rule Number One for Tight Places, and all the world knows that, because Solomon said much the same thing first:

"A soft answer is better than a sword!"

But Cocker adds, "Never excuse. Explain. And blame no man!"

"MY BROTHERS," he said, and paused, since a man must make a beginning, even when he can not see the end. And as he spoke the answer came to him. He stood upright, and his voice became that of a man whose advice has been asked, and who gives it freely. "These be stirring times! Ye need take care, my brothers. Ye saw this night how one man entered here on the strength of an oath. All he lacked was proof. And I had proof. Ye saw. Who am I, that I should deny you a custom? Yet—think ye, my brothers!—how easy would it not have been, had I thrown that head to you, for a traitor to catch it, and hide it in his clothes, and make away with it. He could have used it to admit to these caves—why—even an Englishman, my brothers! If that had happened, ye would have blamed me!"

Yasmini smiled. Taking its cue from her, the crowd murmured, scarcely assent, but rather recognition of the hakim's adroitness. The game was not won; there lacked a touch to tip the scales in his favor, and Yasmini supplied it with ready genius.

"The hakim speaks truth!" she laughed.

King turned about instantly to face her, but he salaamed so low that she could not have seen his expression had she tried.

"If ye wish it, I will order him tossed into Earth's Drink after those other three."

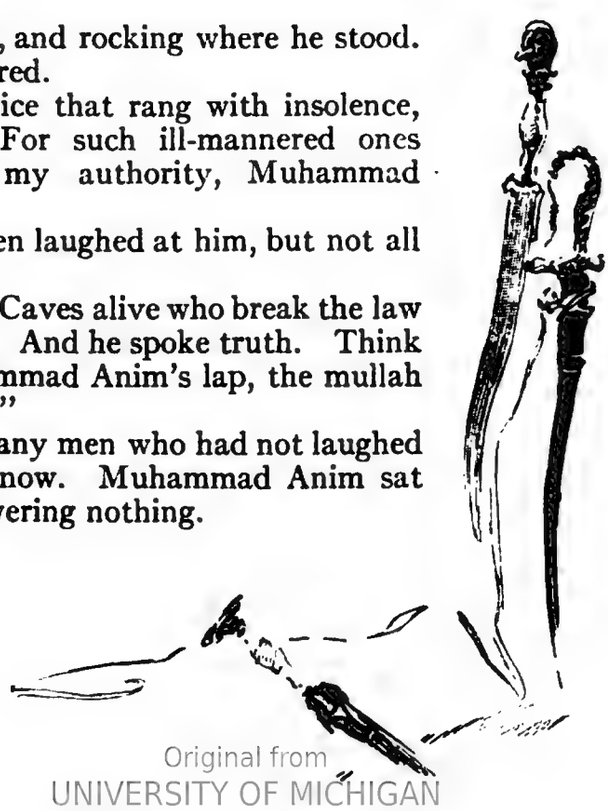
Muhammad Anim rose, stroking his beard, and rocking where he stood. "It is the law!" he growled, and King shuddered.

"It is the law," Yasmini answered in a voice that rang with insolence, "that none interrupt me while I speak. For such ill-mannered ones Earth's Drink hungers! Will you test my authority, Muhammad Anim?"

The mullah sat down, and hundreds of men laughed at him, but not all of the men by any means.

"It is the law that none go out of Khinjan Caves alive who break the law of the Caves. But he broke no very big law. And he spoke truth. Think ye! If that head had only fallen into Muhammad Anim's lap, the mullah might have smuggled in another man with it!"

A roar of laughter greeted that thrust. Many men who had not laughed at the mullah's first discomfiture joined in now. Muhammad Anim sat and fidgeted, meeting nobody's eye, and answering nothing.



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"So it seems to me good," Yasmini said, in a voice that did not echo any more, but rang very clear and true (she seemed to know the trick of the roof, and to use the echo or not as she chose), "to let this hakim live! He shall meditate in his cave a while, and perhaps he shall be beaten, lest he dare offend again. He can no more escape from Khinjan Caves than the women who are prisoners here. He may therefore live!"

There was utter silence. Men looked at one another and at her, and her eyes in turn searched the crowd swiftly. It was plain enough that there were at least two parties there, and that none dared oppose Yasmini's will for fear of the others.

"To thy seat, Kurram Khan!" she ordered, when she had waited a full minute and no man spoke.

He wasted no time. He hurried out of the arena as fast he could walk, with Ismail and Darya Khan close at his heels. It was like a run out of danger in a dream. He stumbled over the legs of the front-rank men in his hurry to get back to his place, and Ismail overtook him—seized him by the shoulders—hugged him—and dragged him to the empty seat, next to the Orakzai Pathan. There he hugged him until his ribs cracked.

"Ready o' wit!" he crowed. "Ready o' tongue! Light o' life! Man after mine own heart! Hey, I love thee! Readily I would be thy man, but for being HERS! Would I had a son like thee! Fool—fool—fool not to throw the head to them! Squeamish one! Man like a child! What is the head but earth when the life has left it? What would *thy* head be without the nimble wit? Fool—fool—fool! And clever! Turned the joke on Muhammad Anim! Turned it on Bull-with-a-beard in a twinkling—in the bat of an eye—in a breath! Turned it against her enemy, and raised a laugh against him from his own men! Ready o' wit! Shameless one! Lucky one! Allah was surely good to thee!"

STILL exulting, he let go at last, but none too soon for comfort. King's ribs were sore from his hugging.

"What is it?" he asked. For King seemed to be shaping words with his lips. He bent a great hairy ear to listen.

"Have they taken Ali Masjid Fort?" King whispered.

"How should I know? Why?"

"Tell me, man, if you love me! Have they taken it?"

"Nay, how should I know? Ask HER! SHE knows more than any man knows."

The crowd was very far from being satisfied. An angry murmur had begun to fill the cavern as a hive is filled with the song of bees at swarming-time. But even so, surmise what one might, it was not easy to persuade the eye that Yasmini's careless smile and easy poise were assumed. If she recognized indignation, and feared it, she disguised her fear amazingly.

King saw her whisper to a guard. The fellow nodded, and passed his shield to another man. He began to make his way in no great hurry toward the edge of the arena. She whispered again and, standing forward with their trumpets, seven of the guards blew a blast that split across the cavern like the trump of doom; and as its hundred thousand echoes died in the roof, the hum of voices died too, and the very sound of breathing. The gurgling of water became as if the river flowed in solitude.

The next instalment of ***"King, of the Khyber Rifles"*** *will appear in the October number.*

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

WITH SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB.

A GIANT JEST BY PETER NEWELL

The young minister began his first sermon: "My text to be found in the nineteenth chapter, twenty-first verse—I mean the twenty-first chapter, nineteenth verse, of the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Then, gazing at the congregation, he said solemnly and impressively:

"And presently the wig-tree fithered away."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

He had been showing his rich old aunt from the country some of the sights of New York. In the evening he took her to a musical comedy. He was keen on making a good impression, as he had great expectations from the old lady. So he was much taken a back when, as soon as the curtain rose, the aunt grasped him by the arm and hurried him from the theatre.

"Disgraceful! Such bad management!" she said in indignation. "Just fancy allowing the curtain to go up before those poor girls were fully dressed!"

"We don't have any grass growing in our streets," boasted a fresh young New York salesman in an Ohio town.

"No, I suppose not," remarked the storekeeper. "Your street-car horses nibble it off as they browse along."

One Saturday evening Mrs. Flaherty said to her husband, who is a successful contractor: "Mike, Father Burke is to preach to-morrow at St. Patrick's Church, and you've often told me you wanted to hear him."

"Yes, Jane, I do want to hear him. They say he's a fine speaker."

"But, for pity's sake, Mike, if you do come with me, keep awake! You know you're always falling asleep during the sermon."

"I'll do my best, Jane."

Next day, when Father Burke began to preach, Mike watched him for five minutes and then dropped off to sleep. When they were back home, Jane gave Mike a tongue-lashing.

"Well, Jane," said Mike in self-defense, "it's just this way. When I engage a new hand I watch him to see if he's on the job. As soon as I find he is efficient and hard-working, I don't bother about him any more. Now, as soon as Father Burke began I saw he was right on to his job, and so I needn't worry about him. And then in spite of myself I let go."

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Appealing to a lady for aid, an old darky told her that through the Dayton flood he had lost everything, including his wife and six children.

"Why," said the lady, "I have seen you before and I have helped you. Were you not the man who told me you had lost your wife and six children by the sinking of the *Titanic*?"

"Yeth, ma'am, dat wuz me. Mos' unfort'nit man dat eber wuz. Kain't keep a fam'ly nohow."

Five-year-old Roberta had been to her first Sunday-school class, and was very much impressed by the hymns.

Early next morning she was heard shouting solemnly, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus!" and then, in a rollicking tone of voice, "Sit down, sit down, sit down, you're rocking the boat!"

The tobacconist watched her outside his shop window. For fully half an hour she stood there gazing through the panes. Then she came in. She fumbled and fussed, and at length brought forth a little packet. This she carefully undid till finally a small stub-end came to view. The tobacconist raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Good afternoon," said the lady, holding up the stub-end gingerly for inspection. "Here is a remnant of one of my husband's special cigars. Have you anything to match it?"

A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. When he called at the cottage some time after, only the wife was at home.

"How's John?" he asked.

"Very well, thank you."

"I suppose he can read the Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir? Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting papers long ago."

Little Millie: (whose Republican father and grandfather have spoken freely of the Democratic party): "Oh, mama, I'm afraid to go to bed! I'm afraid there is a Democrat in the closet."

A heartfelt letter to a country paper reads as follows:

MR. EDITOR: I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for their cooperation during the illness and death of my late husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death last Saturday. To my friends and all who contributed toward making the last minutes comfortable and the funeral a success, I desire to remember most kindly, hoping that these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have also a good milch cow and a roan gelding horse eight years old which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He plants His footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm. Also, black and white shoat cheap.

Mr. Gladding moved from a small country village to a large city, and in going from church to church failed to find a congenial congregation. One Sunday morning he attended a little church in the suburbs. Just as he entered, the congregation was reading with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

Gladding dropped into the nearest pew with a long sigh of relief. "Thank Heaven," he muttered, "I've found my crowd at last."

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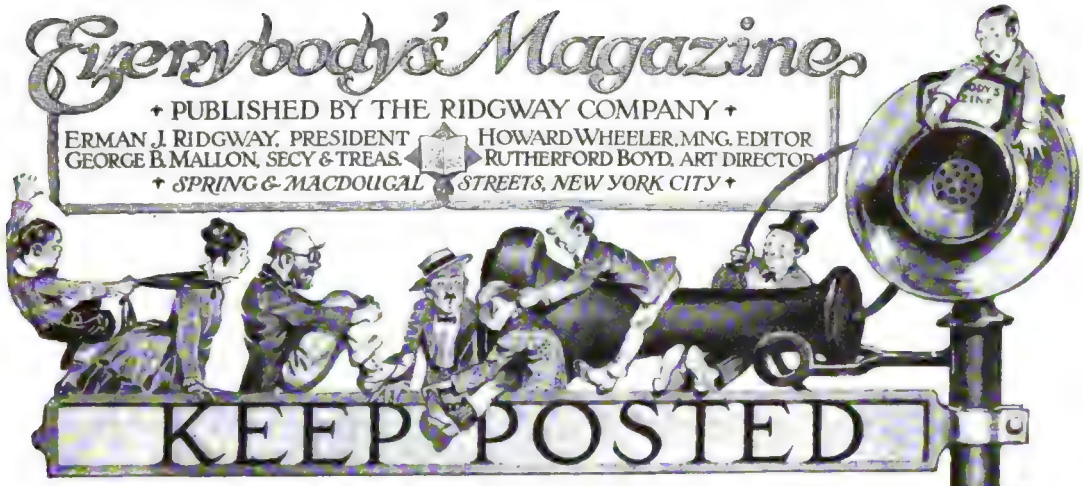

HEADING AND SKETCHES BY GEORGE M. RICHARDS

WHAT WOULD A REPUBLICAN SENATE BE?

WE HARDLY blame the "Progressives" for being scared by what a complete Republican victory next fall would do to the United States Senate. At present calculations it would hand the chairmanships of almost all of the important committees to Standpatters of the most crabbed, cantankerous and shark-toothed sort — men who hate the people with an undying hatred, and get up early in the morning hardly knowing whether to "exploit" the people to death on that one day or to save them over to exploit some more on the day following.

With a Republican majority in the Senate, the seniority rule would place at the head of the Committee on Finance the Honorable Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania. It is the Committee on Finance that deals with tariff bills. What kind of deal might be handed to the Progressives and other believers in free pig-iron by a Finance Committee headed by anybody from Pennsylvania is sad enough to think of; but it is perfectly clear that under Boies Penrose any undesirable alien pig-iron that escaped the custom-house officials would be stopped by the immigration authorities. It is hard to think of a state of domestic tranquillity on the part of Hiram Johnson under a tariff entitled "The Penrose Tariff."

Further, the most important committee that Robert Marion La Follette would get would be the Committee on the Census. The function of this Committee is to have hardly anything to do with a publication which hardly anybody reads. It is not exactly an avenue toward immediate social revolution.

Further, the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations would go to Francis Emroy Warren of Wyoming. And the chairmanship of the Committee on the Judiciary would go to Clarence Don Clark of Wyoming. And the chairmanship of the Committee on Public Lands would go to Reed Smoot of Utah. And the chairmanship of the Committee on Public Buildings would go to George Sutherland of Utah. And the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs would go to Henry Cabot Lodge of

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Massachusetts. And the chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs would go to William Alden Smith of Michigan. And the chairmanship of the Committee on Military Affairs would go to Henry Algernon du Pont of Delaware.

Senator du Pont was graduated from the head of his class in West Point in 1861 and fought all through the War between the States, and was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor for "most distinguished gallantry and voluntary exposure to the enemy's fire at a critical moment" during the battle of Cedar Creek; but he is a du Pont, and he probably did it to promote "Preparedness." Besides, he may have thought that if Virginia was thoroughly and fraternally licked, it would thereafter loyally and fraternally stay in the Union, where all the rest of us would be most sincerely and genuinely unhappy if it wasn't present; whereas Woodrow Wilson says that "Force Never Settled Anything" and can look out of the windows of the White House into Virginia and see the United States flag and the truth of his statement.

As for the rest of the chairmen we have mentioned, their standing with the "Progressives" wouldn't be safe if the ice were slippery and the "Progressives" had them on it. The "Old Guard" is in, so far as the Senatorial end of the Republican Party is concerned, and the "Progressives" are out.

WE TAKE this occasion to point out one of the blessings of the American constitution in comparison with the effete constitution of Great Britain.

It is impossible in Great Britain for a Prime Minister (who is the real ruler of Great Britain) and a majority in Parliament to be of two different ways of thinking. They must and do coincide. Under our Constitution, however, it is quite possible for the voters to continue this Republican "Old Guard" in the Senate and yet to elect to the Presidency Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, who is one of the most untamed and effective enemies that the "Old Guard" has ever had. In this way we could conceivably secure a deadlock and a standstill, whereas in Great Britain, with all its Parliamentary squabblings, an actual deadlock and standstill is unthinkable.

However, in this particular case we would trust Mr. Hughes, who made the "Old Guard" stand around in New York, to make it stand around with considerable liveliness in Washington. It would be different if they belonged to the other Party. That, also, can happen under our Constitution. But in this case they would be members of the party of which the President would be the titular chief. And the President would be Hughes. And Hughes in New York showed that when he was the titular chief he was the real chief. He did not follow the party. The party followed him. On the whole, we think that there will have to be other reasons for voting against Hughes. The question in his case will be not his party but his personality, which, right or wrong, will be dominant.

Now Australia has a whole fleet of socialist merchant ships owned by the Government. Is Australia really socialist? Not quite. Australia is also keen to get England to enter into a United British Empire tariff war against Germany. This is very capitalistic. And Australia for some time has had Universal Compulsory Military Training—which, according to American socialists, is very "reactionary." Yet Australia is ruled largely by Labor Leaders, who, of course, are "radical." Australians are like Englishmen. No label fits them.

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THE "BLIND ABSCESS" IS WELL THOUGHT OF

PEOPLE who think that neuritis is the smartest thing to have, are, we fear, mistaken. Neuritis was all right as a social improvement on appendicitis. But neuritis is now enjoyed by millions of people and the distinction it confers is small. We rush to the rescue with the "blind abscess." It is having quite a vogue, already, in the best circles.

We know a very distinguished man who had a severe case of rheumatism in his left knee. Liniments and liquid muds and waters almost solid with minerals did him no good. The fact was, of course, that the trouble was not in his knee at all. It was in his lower jaw. It was a "blind abscess" under a tooth. The dentist yanked out the tooth and drained the "abscess," and the man's left knee is now as painless as his right one.

Among those who are up to date in their diseases, we notice that these "blind abscesses" have taken a tremendous spurt within the last few months. We are informed by doctors and dentists that this spurt will continue; because, really, there is a good reason for it. These "abscesses" do frequently exist, and they exert an influence in many cases on the remotest parts of the body. Do you have strange twitchings in your toes? Are you so "unstrung" all the time that when the cook drops your best dish you fire her instead of laughing merrily? You may have a little collection of bad humors under your left lower bicuspid.

Sometimes this collection is not only under the bicuspid but under all the other teeth in its neighborhood. Then you indeed have an opportunity for being progressive. Instead of simply losing a tooth and getting an artificial one, you proceed into the field of "serums"—private individual "serums." The dental surgeon, after extracting one of your teeth—you do lose one—but just one—proceeds to compose a "serum" from a "culture" of your special particular bad humors as revealed under that one tooth; and he then inoculates you with your "serum" and hopes that it will mine its way under your other teeth and surprise the germs there found in their trenches and clean them out. Then those trenches collapse, and your "blind abscesses" are gone.

We do not mean to say that there may not be other reasons for rheumatism and grouches. There are. In looking forward to the next medical season, however, we assert, with the utmost confidence, that one of its most prominent social features will be that "abscesses" will be worn.

The United States Marine Corps, which is again proving its remarkable efficiency—this time in Santo Domingo—is pretty well rid of the old idea that "officers" and "men" are of different clay. The chances of a private to become a full commissioned officer in the Marine Corps are excellent. In one case this was accomplished within eighteen months after enlistment.

THE MOST OCTOPODAL CORPORATION WE KNOW

THERE seems to be no end to the variety of the new enterprises of the American International Corporation. The world does seem to be its parish.

On one day it helps to organize a more or less subsidiary company to sell rosin and turpentine to Europe, and on the next day it contemplates a plan for redigging a section of the Great Canal of China.

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It assists in the financing of contractors who have secured the opportunity to build water-works or other public utilities in South America, and then it organizes a company of its own, the Latin-American Corporation, to exercise not only a financial but also a technical engineering supervision over a certain number of such enterprises.

It goes into the steamship business, as, for instance, through its interest in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and in the International Mercantile Marine; and it goes into the business of growing tropical fruits and importing them into the United States, as through its interest in the United Fruit Company.

Nor does it fail to take an interest in harbor improvement. It organizes the American International Terminals Company to study all sorts and conditions of terminals—railway terminals, warehouse terminals, steamship terminals; and it announces that it will begin on this phase of its work by perfecting plans for making New York harbor a scene of rapid transit rather than a scene of interminable congestion.

THERE seems to be no unity, at first sight, to the work of the American International Corporation except that it is always looking outward across the sea. This makes one think, again at first sight, that the American International Corporation is a kind of reversion to the early days of the grandeur of the East India Company and of the Hudson Bay Company, and of the companies which founded colonies on the eastern coast of North America.

People used to trade then in groups—in great groups. Afterward came the days of the individual trader. Everything now became individual. The ships which used to gather in fleets in order to cross the seas in safety from pirates and from the king's enemies, now began to cross the seas in units—began to develop into the modern out-on-its-own-all-by-itself "tramp." The merchants who used to have guilds, and who (later) used to have the East India and other companies, into which all individualities were sunk, now began to export and import individually, each man for himself.

The American International Corporation seems to teach us once more that all life moves in cycles, and that we are again on the point of entering into an era in which the great exporting and importing of the world will be done not individually but in gigantic cooperative organizations.

Yet there is a difference. The great ultimate value of the American International Corporation, after all, is not so much that it will promote trade, as that, by promoting trade, it will promote and extend the investments of the American people. Through it the bonds with which a South American city pays for its water-works will be brought to America and will be distributed.

The old trading company was entirely for its own immediate members. This new trading company is more fluid. It finances a distant enterprise, it takes the securities which that enterprise yields, it places on them the stamp of its approval, it so makes them known (when they would otherwise be unknown) to the man with a thousand dollars in an inland American town, it conveys them to him, and it so brings that town into financial touch with a town in Uruguay.

It is not only commodities that flow through this new trading company into distant parts of the world: it is also money. It is capital, saved here, needed there.

There is not only a difference, but a great advance.

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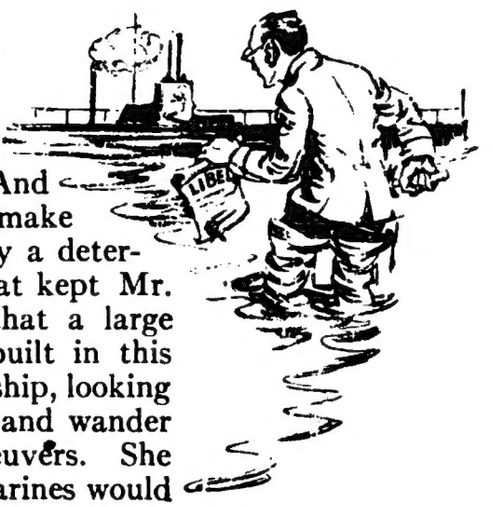
THE ORIGINAL AMBITIONS OF THE SUBMARINE



THE submarine owes a great deal to Pacifism and to Fenianism. When Fulton, the American inventor, did his work on the development of the submarine in the early years of the history of this country, he was animated by a determination to put an end to all war forever. And when John P. Holland, along about 1875, began to make the submarine what it is to-day, he was animated by a determination to free Ireland. It was Fenian money that kept Mr. Holland in funds for a long time. The idea was that a large number of submarines—quite small ones—would be built in this country and loaded into a mother-ship. The mother-ship, looking as innocent as a hen, would proceed to the other side and wander into the middle of the British fleet during grand maneuvers. She would then lift her wings, and the little Fenian submarines would dash out and torpedo all the British war-ships in existence, and the British Army would not be able to get across to Ireland, and Ireland would be free. Inspired by this prospect, Mr. Holland's contributions to the art of building and operating submarines were epoch-making.

As for Fulton, his determination to put an end to war was thwarted by the authorities of Great Britain and of France. He took his submarine to Europe and there demonstrated it. It performed really very well. But a great human obstacle arose. The naval officers of France and of Great Britain asserted that they were gentlemen and that no gentleman would approach his enemies unseen and stab them when they couldn't see him. It was his duty to approach them in the full light of day and to give them every chance either to run away or to stay and take the full consequences of their temerity. In other words, war should not be spoiled by unsportsmanlike methods. War should continue to be made possible, just as hunting should continue to be made possible—by preserving the game. Fulton returned to America with his great mission unfulfilled.

AMONG the other curious facts in the history of the submarine is this: that the very first submarine ever really used in action was an anticipation of Henry Ford's idea of a fleet of one-man submarines. This original under-water boat was used in 1776 by Ezra Lee, an American, who dived in it to the bottom of New York harbor and spent all night trying to tack a revolutionary bomb to the hull of a British war-ship. He did not succeed. Still, his boat—which was shaped like a tortoise and went down tail first—was a real Ford in size and was operated by one man. It was invented by another American named Bushnell.

The only German who ever really distinguished himself as a submarine inventor was Bauer, in the 'fifties of the last century. But he added nothing of novel importance to the art. He was only an adapter. The German submarines of to-day owe little to Bauer or to any other German. Their big ideas in design and in operation are taken from John P. Holland and from the last great submarine genius—another American—Simon Lake.

Holland had put "hydroplanes"—or, so to speak, fins—at the stern of his boat and so had made it dive as it moved forward. But sometimes it might dive in such a way as to stand on its head. Lake, by using a double set of hydroplanes and "leveling" planes, produced a boat that was much

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more certain to submerge on an "even keel." His boat was called the "even keel" boat.

This was really the last big touch in the development of submarine architecture. Bushnell's original boat in 1776 was not a boat at all. It was nearer to a mere diving-bell. When Holland and Lake got through, the submarine was a real boat that would behave approximately as steadily as any other boat even when submerging.

If Fulton were alive to-day, it might be possible to convince him of this truth:

No invention can ever destroy war. Why? Because the same human intelligence which can imagine a new weapon can always imagine a new way of countering that weapon. Fulton would have wept if he could have foreseen that his submarine, unseen in the water, could be detected and located—as to-day—by the "microphone."

The man who first said that he would rather write a nation's songs than its laws, might change his mind if he could hear some of the "sacred" songs now sung as part of the propaganda of a distinguished radical church in New York. One of them is: "Shame on the Social Climbers!" and another is "God, Powerful and Weird, in the Mysterious Realm of the Psychological." We would almost rather write even a tariff law.

THE SORE SPOTS OF EUROPE

IF THE Allies win the war, there are certain spots on the map which will of course change their color; but we doubt if people fully realize what would happen to Europe if the sacred principle of the Allies—the principle of Nationality, the principle of Small Nations—were put into complete force.

Alsace-Lorraine. Most of Alsace speaks German. The eastern part of Lorraine speaks German. Alsace, in spite of speaking so much German, might vote to join France. The eastern part of Lorraine would certainly vote to join Germany. Shall this German part be forced into France?

The Italian Sections of Austria. Some of these sections, in the Alps, can easily be given, in a block, to Italy. But it is different with the sections along the Adriatic near Trieste. There the Italians are often nothing but a thin fringe on the coast-line. The interior is held solidly by Slovenes, who are Slavs. They speak a different dialect from their Slav neighbors, the Croats and Serbs. But they are Slavs. Would it be fair to them to cut them off bodily from the sea by handing the coast-line to Italy just because a few Italians are, so to speak, living on the beach?

Austria Proper. It is German. Will the Allies allow it to annex itself to Berlin?

Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, the Austrian Province of Dalmatia, the Hungarian Provinces of Croatia and Slavonia. These are all inhabited predominantly, and even, for the most part, solidly, by the same race—the Serbo-Croats. Some of them are Roman Catholics, some are Greek Catholics and some are Mohammedans. Still, they might want to be a nation, with their capital at Belgrade. Then what would be done with the Slovenes to the northwest of them near Trieste? They are now ruled from Vienna. But Vienna would be part of Germany. Should the Slovenes be ruled from Belgrade? Hardly. They are not Serbo-Croats. Should they be made into another distinct nation? Certainly. There can not be too many nations, so far as one can see, in the Europe of the future.

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Bohemia and Slovakia. They are now part of Austria. They speak different varieties of the same Slav language—Czech. They would make an all-right little nation. But much of Bohemia speaks German and *is* German, fanatically. There's another wrench. Part of Bohemia would have to be surrendered to Berlin!

Galicia. The Polish part of it could go to a new and independent Poland. But it has a Ruthenian part, and Ruthenian means a kind of Russian.

Bukowina. It lies just south of Galicia and is a "crown land" of Austria, sending delegates to the Austrian Parliament. It contains largely Ruthenians and Rumanians. If we let the Ruthenians of Bukowina go to Russia, and the Rumanians to Rumania, we shall have cleaned up the Austria part of Austria-Hungary entirely. There is nothing left of it. The Hungary part of Austria-Hungary would, of course, persist. It would lose a great deal of its eastern section to Rumania (because that eastern section is peopled largely by Rumanians), but it would persist. And then what would we have? We would have a Greater Germany bordered on the east by a row of the following small and weak countries: Poland, Bohemia and Slovakia, Hungary, and Slovenia. What will the Allies think of giving Germany a soft border of that sort?

But the worst is yet to come.

Russia and the Principle of Nationality. Those Ruthenians are Russians, but they are "Little" Russians. The "Little Russians" extend from what is now Galicia and Bukowina all the way across Russia to the River Don and virtually cut the "Great" Russians off from the Black Sea. They have a language and a tradition separating them from the "Great" Russians distinctly. They call themselves "Ukrainians" and are busily engaged in producing a "Ukrainian" culture, just as "The Irish Revival" is producing a new "Irish" culture—and with the same result: a loud insistence on a separate *political* as well as *cultural* life.

VERY well. After a while "Little Russia" or "Ruthenia" or "Ukrainia" gets "Home Rule." But now, leaving the Black Sea district of Russia, let us proceed to the Baltic Sea district. Along the Baltic Sea in Russia there are these four peoples in a solid row: Finns, Esths, Letts and Lithuanians.

Two of them—Finns and Lithuanians—are already self-conscious nations and demand "Home Rule." The Esths and the Letts are on their way to it. What would be the result? "Great" Russia would be virtually cut off from the Baltic, as from the Black Sea, by a broad strip of territory over which its authority, having once been broken, would grow smaller and smaller year by year. Russia, having spent centuries getting to the Baltic and the Black Sea, would find itself again driven back from them.

Anybody can see what Petrograd will think of letting this devil of "nationality" loose in Central Europe.

It may seem easy to Henry Ford to settle Europe, but it will not seem easy at all to the men who actually sit in the final Peace Conference.

China, as a "Yellow Peril," is being reduced. It has lost Korea and Manchuria and Mongolia and Thibet and Turkestan to Japan and Russia and Great Britain and local revolts. Altogether, it has lost a great deal more than half its territory.

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POVERTY AND THE STATUES OF JO DAVIDSON

JO DAVIDSON, who makes statues that all the world now admires, and who makes them in the south of France, and who is a perfect type of the short and stocky and bearded Frenchman—now—was once a newsboy and a messenger boy and one thing and another on the East Side of New York, where he was born. But, as he says:

"I take no credit for having been born poor. And I don't draw any morals from it about the blessings of poverty. Poverty like the poverty of the East Side is a social crime, and that is all there is of it."

Which makes us think a great deal more of him than if he got off the usual line of talk, which is:

"I was born poor and my career proves that poverty is a grand thing, and that anybody—anybody—can get away from it, if he wants to, by doing what I did—become a genius."

Jo Davidson started to become a genius one day when he passed a shop-window in which there were displayed a great many specimens of burned-wood work. It was in the days of the craze for "pyrography." "I could certainly do that," said young Jo Davidson, and did. Pretty soon he was a chief designer or foreman or the like in a pyrography plant, with some thirty men working under him.

Still he was not a sculptor. He was not a sculptor till much later. This great artist in clay never had a lump of modeling clay in his hands till he was twenty-two years old. And he is now only in his early thirties.

His great specialty is making portrait-busts of distinguished people. He comes to the United States and "sculps" the portraits of President Wilson and of various heroines of American plutocratic society. By doing this, he is able later to spend a good deal of time "sculping" the portraits of persons like Eve, who are no longer in a position to pay much for it.

IN SPITE of what Jo Davidson says about the poverty of the East Side, there is still something more to be said about it. The Jews of the East Side are producing a quite extraordinary number of artists. Besides Jo Davidson in sculpture, there is Jacob Epstein, who now lives in England with much fame. And in painting there is Sterne, and Halpert, and Walkowitz, and Jerome Meyers, and Weber, and Kroll, and many another. Fifty per cent. of the students in the principal art academy of New York are East Side Jews.

Besides, there is a drive toward freedom and reality among them that seems often to be wanting in the wealthier parts of the city. We visited a little cheap East Side restaurant not long ago and noticed that among the twelve or fifteen pictures on the wall there was not one of the ordinary banal restaurant and hotel type. Every one was a specimen of bold experimentation in some one of the latest and most adventurous schools. They may have gone too far but, at least, they were trying to go somewhere. They were a magnificent contrast to the totally thoughtless and stereotyped decorations of most of the gorgeous up-town eating-places.

We suggest the answer:

East Side poverty is a social crime. But a certain phase of American wealth is also a social crime, and—a worse one.

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